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## ULTRAMONTANISM AND CIVIL ALLEGIANCE.\*

THE mystery which envelops an enemy, whose aims and resources are unknown, but whose antagonism is certain, and whose presence is at the door, is the quality which, of all others, makes him so formidable. It is always an advantage if we can walk around our foe, ascertain his object, estimate his powers, and know the worst should fortune fail. Hitherto an inscrutable darkness has hung around the

subject of Ultramontanism. Our instincts, indeed, told us it was a near and irreconcilable foe, but most of us would have found it difficult to define its nature, and to state authoritatively its ultimate designs. But much of late years has been done to dissipate the haze. First came Pius IX. in his celebrated Encyclical, and his still more celebrated Syllabus. The Vatican Council followed with its decree of Infallibility. Next came Dr. Manning, Archbishop of Westminster, with his ingenious essay expository of the principle. Lastly, Mr. Gladstone, in his 'Political Expostulation,' together with all the interesting and instructive correspondence and replies to which that pamphlet has given rise. Ultramontanism, in consequence of these attempts to explain it, now stands before the world in a very clear light. Henceforth, if the public fail to understand its nature, the blame of the failure must be their own.

The Vatican Council, on the 18th July, 1870, as all the world knows, affirmed it as

\* (1.) *Cesarism and Ultramontanism*. By HENRY EDWARD, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. London. 1874.

(2.) *The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance: A Political Expostulation*. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. London. 1874.

(3.) *A Letter to the Duke of Norfolk on occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Expostulation*. By J. H. NEWMAN, D.D., of the Oratory. London. 1875.

(4.) *The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance*. By HENRY EDWARD, ARCHBISHOP OF WESTMINSTER. London. 1875.

(5.) *Vaticanism: An Answer to Replies and Reproofs*. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE. London. 1875.

an article of faith divinely revealed, that when the Roman Pontiff, in discharge of his office as pastor of all Christians, defines a doctrine regarding faith or morals to be held by the Universal Church, he is possessed of the same infallibility which Christ wished His church to possess in speaking under the same conditions. That declaration, coming from a Council accepted as oecumenical, gives a weight to the *ex cathedra* decisions of all popes past, present, and to come, which it was not understood previously that they possessed. By that decree, the various allocutions, encyclicals, and dogmatic documents, issued by Pius IX. since he assumed the Pontificate, became at once the productions of an infallible man. In the Syllabus, which accompanied the Encyclical of December, 1864, we have a summary of the errors condemned in his previous bulls and allocutions, and, at his command, this summary was sent by Cardinal Antonelli, his own foreign secretary, to all the Romish bishops of the world. Subtle and ingenious attempts have recently been made to soften down the action of the Pontiff, and to show that they are only social and political errors in their wildest form which he has condemned, and that there is not, and never was, any intention on his part of denouncing freedom of speech, freedom of worship, or freedom of the press, in their legitimate exercise. But if this be so, the Pope should take care that his official documents should not circulate outside the *schola theologorum*, for every one else into whose hands they fall reads them differently, and understands that when he condemns an error he asserts the opposite. Besides, these explanations, thrown out avowedly in the amiable desire to quench the flames which others have kindled, have received no official sanction; to such private utterances the Pope has given no approval; and, as we have lately learned to our cost, 'that no pledge from Catholics is of any value to which Rome is not a party,' we fear that the same must be said of the interpretations of public ecclesiastical documents by private theologians. Till Rome intimate the contrary, we must believe that the Pope means, without limitation, to stigmatize it as a very serious error to say, for example, that in conflicting laws between the temporal and spiritual powers, the civil law ought to prevail,

or that the Roman Pontiffs ought to be excluded from all charge and dominion over temporal affairs, or that the Roman Pontiffs have exceeded the limits of their power, and usurped the rights of princes, or that the Church has not the right of employing force to effect her ends. In the Syllabus all these are entered as condemned errors.\*

This interpretation of the Papal pronouncements is sustained, we think, by the natural meaning of the words employed: it is most in accordance with the historical spirit of the Papacy; and is abundantly justified by the recent expositions of the Archbishop of Westminster. 'The Church,' he tells us, is 'divinely certain' of the limits of its own jurisdiction, but the civil power 'cannot define how far the circumference of faith and morals extends;' and therefore the Church is entitled to direct the State on every question where the two powers might possibly come into collision.

'This,' says he, 'is Ultramontanism, the essence of which is that the Church, being a Divine institution and by Divine assistance infallible, is within its own sphere independent of all civil powers; and as the guardian and interpreter of the Divine law, is the proper judge of men and of nations in all things touching that law in faith or morals. . . . Christianity, or the faith and law of Jesus Christ, has introduced two principles of Divine authority into human society; the one the absolute separation of the two powers spiritual and civil; the other the supremacy of the spiritual over the civil in all matters within its competence or Divine jurisdiction. . . . I hope to show that these two principles are Ultramontanism; that the Bull "*Unam Sanctam*" contains no more; that the Vatican Council could define no less.†

And again:—

'Ultramontanism consists in (1) the separation of the two powers and vesting them in different persons; (2) in claiming for the Church the sole right to define doctrines of faith or morals; (3) to fix the limits of its own jurisdiction in that sphere; and (4) in the indissoluble union of the Church with and submission to the universal jurisdiction of the Holy See.‡

Further:—

'Unless the Church be divinely certain of the limits of its commission and of its message, no doubt or controversy between the two powers can ever be brought to an end. But if the Church be certain with a Divine certainty as

\* See Propositions 42, 27, 24, and 23.

† 'Cæsarism,' pp. 31, 32. ‡ *Ibid.*, p. 40.



to the limits of its jurisdiction, its voice in such matters is final. But an authority that can alone define the limits of its own office is absolute, because it depends on none; and infallible, because it knows with a Divine certainty the faith which it has received in charge. If, then, the civil power be not competent to decide the limits of the spiritual power, and if the spiritual power can define with a Divine certainty its own limits, it is evidently supreme. Or, in other words, the spiritual power knows with Divine certainty the limits of its own jurisdiction, and it knows, therefore, the limits and competence of the civil power. It is, therefore, in matters of religion and conscience supreme. I do not see how this can be denied without denying Christianity. And if this be so, this is the doctrine of the Bull "*Unam Sanctam*," and of the Syllabus, and of the Vatican Council. It is, in fact, Ultramontanism, for this term means neither less nor more. The Church, therefore, is separate and supreme.\*

It amounts to this: the Archbishop would have us to understand that the Church is to dictate to the State, and to receive obedience in all matters, which in its own judgment touch the territory of faith or morals, and that simply on the ground that the Church is infallible, and that the State is not. The theory known as Ultramontanism, translated into actual fact, is substantially this:—The one Church of Christ in the world is the Church of Rome; the Pope, or head of that Church, is Christ's Vicar on earth. As such, he has the right of laying down the law to men and nations: he alone is competent to declare, with Divine certainty, how far the sphere of faith and morals extends; his decision, within the sphere that himself defines, is infallible; and to such decisions every civil government is bound to give obedience.

To a thoughtful mind it must appear surprising how much has to be assumed as true before a basis can be found whereon to rest this claim of supremacy. In an argument, obviously intended for Protestants, Dr. Manning assumes, as also does Dr. Newman, and proceeds upon it as if it were fact, that the Church which Christ instituted in the world is the Romish Church; that the Pope is the Vicar of the Son of God; that the Pope has Divine authority, either with or without the Church, to legislate on faith or morals; and that his official legislation on such matters is infallible. Now if these premises were true, it would be impossible to

resist the argument that rests upon them. But the fact is that no Protestant admits any of them. These things may be 'divinely certain' to Dr. Manning; but his argument is inconclusive, if he either assume them without proof, or fail to make them at least 'certain' to us. His reasoning is invalid, because a variety of matters forming its foundation are assumed without proof, and are so assumed, we venture to add, for this very reason, that they cannot be proved.

It cannot be proved, as we believe, that the Church which Christ instituted in the world is the Romish Church. For, what is the Church? In its highest sense, it is the whole body of the redeemed; but there is no reason to conclude either that the Romish Church, or indeed any single section of the Christian society, contains within it the whole body of the redeemed. Or, the Church Catholic, in its lower sense, is 'the congregation of the faithful dispersed through the world,' that is, the aggregate of all local churches; but who could say that the Roman communion is the aggregate of all local churches? Now, it is only in the sense of a visible society, comprising all the Christians in the world, that it can be said with truth that Christ instituted any church on earth. As that visible society is historically presented in the later writings of the New Testament, its aspect everywhere is an aggregate of local churches, each provided with its own office-bearers, and all governed by the apostles of Christ; but an aggregate, be it observed, differing entirely from the existing Romish Church in doctrine, government, and worship. A few grand fundamental truths form the common basis of all Christian churches; but the ablest living theologian would count it an arduous task to be obliged to show that the New Testament Church employed images in Divine worship, or believed in transubstantiation, the sacrifice of the mass, purgatory, the immaculate conception of the Virgin, or the Papal infallibility. The New Testament Church, so far as we can see, had no hierarchy, neither pope, cardinal, patriarch, nor prelate; even its ministers were not a priesthood, but apparently each Christian congregation was satisfied with its own bishops and deacons, managing its spiritual and secular affairs, and subject to the directions of the apostles of Christ. In

\* 'Cæsarism,' pp. 35, 36.

the Church of the apostolic age we can find no trace of that gorgeous ritual, whose unauthorized beauty has for the æsthetic tastes of our time more charms than the chaste simplicity of inspired example; and from the New Testament worship we note the absence of incense, altars, sacrifice, compulsory liturgical forms, or prayers in an unknown tongue, as well as of the sacerdotalism which these things usually represent. We find it impossible to believe that the great visible Christian society of the first century, which was destitute of every one of the characteristics thus enumerated, can be the same with the Romish Church of our time, which prides itself on the possession of them all.

We are reminded, indeed, that the historical connection between the two is preserved; that is, that the Romish Church as it now stands has in the course of ages grown out of the state of things which existed in the apostolic age. But the same is true of the Greek Church, which has no less maintained its historical continuity with apostolic times; and even Dr. Manning can scarcely believe that an argument is of much value which would prove as strongly in favor of a body not in communion with Rome, as it would for Rome itself. Besides, as all know, the degenerate Judaism that crucified Christ and stoned the prophets was historically connected with the Church in the wilderness, which Moses led out of Egypt, and which was guided by the pillar of cloud and fire to the land of promise. Historical connection, therefore, is not a proof of identity. The fact is that systems may be so gradually changed in the sweep of ages, that without any disruption of historical continuity they may come to be essentially different, if not antagonistic systems. Democracies may melt insensibly away, and, without passing through anything worthy of being called a revolution, grow up in the course of time into monarchies. Give only time enough, and despotisms may so gradually broaden down into republics, that it were hard to fix the point where the former end and the latter begin. That thing of shreds and patches on the poor man's back is not the dress coat which in better times he wore upon his wedding-day. He may assure us of its identity, but in spite of all his asseverations, he himself cannot but feel that there is a difference.

Nor can it be proved that the Pope is the Vicar of Jesus Christ. We have never yet discovered the Scripture in which the record of his appointment is contained. We wish to see his commission, and to be allowed to examine it. We are constantly reminded, indeed, as if it had in reality something to do with the matter, that Christ conferred certain peculiar gifts upon the apostle Peter. These gifts, even when the passage of Scripture recording them is interpreted in the Romish sense, are found to be that Peter is designated the 'rock' on which the Church is built, and that he was entrusted with 'the keys of the kingdom.' Peter was indeed a rock among the foundation stones of the Christian temple; that is, he was personally eminent among the apostles and prophets on whom the Church was built. He was, moreover, the first man who with the key of Gospel doctrine opened the kingdom of heaven, that is, the Christian Church, to sinners, which he did at the first Pentecost, when no less than three thousand Jews who believed were admitted to membership; and he was the first with the key of discipline to shut the transgressor out of the kingdom, as he did in the case of Simon Magus. Every other privilege usually claimed on his behalf was common to all the apostles, and therefore not peculiar to him. But the two privileges now named, which were entirely his own, are from their very nature incapable of transmission; his personal eminence among the apostles could not be handed over to another, while the distinction of being the first to use the keys of doctrine and discipline in the newly-organized Christian kingdom, is also a privilege which it is obvious no one else could share. Accordingly we find in the Scriptures no trace of an attempt to transmit these prerogatives to any one. How comes it therefore that the Pope claims to be Peter's heir? What evidence have we that he is the apostle's adopted son? What evidence have we that Peter ever was Pope? Or, even that he filled the position of Roman bishop? Or, that he was at Rome? We are not quite sure that Peter ever saw Rome; we are quite sure he was at Antioch and Jerusalem. In absence of all proof of transmission, why should the claim of Jerusalem or Antioch to inherit his prerogatives be inferior to that of Rome? That Peter ever resided in the chief city of the Empire is not by

any means a settled question, as every scholar knows. The most which can be said is that the tendency of the evidence is to lead to the conclusion that he did visit the metropolis and that he suffered there; but the testimony in that direction is neither so distinct nor so weighty as to remove the honest doubt of any unprejudiced mind accustomed to deal with historical proofs. Before anything important can be built on the alleged fact, that Peter visited Rome and acted as its bishop, historical evidence, stronger and clearer than any now known, has first to be produced: and appended thereto, we must be furnished with proof of the transmission of his prerogatives to his successors in that see. Till that is done, we can scarcely be expected to admit that Peter at the present day is Pius IX.

It is manifest enough in history, that, some centuries after the institution of Christianity, the Roman bishop, in virtue of his supposed connection with Peter, laid claim to certain prerogatives, and was not slow to exercise them; but what evidence have we that he was entitled so to do, and that he was not striving to usurp power, to which personally and officially he [had no more rightful claim than any other bishop of the time? Certainly no evidence of the alleged connection of the Pope with Peter, nor of the transmission of Peter's prerogative to the Pope, is to be found either in the Holy Scriptures or in contemporary history. The human origin of the supremacy is virtually acknowledged by able and candid writers. Dr. Newman has shown that it had its origin in the superstitious veneration which Pagan princes on their conversion paid to Christian bishops, and in the secular jurisdiction which they conferred upon them. He quotes, with approbation, Bowden, who states that the Pontiffs 'did not so much claim new privileges for themselves as *deprive their episcopal brethren of privileges originally common to the hierarchy.*' He admits that the concentration of power in the hands of the Pope 'was brought about by the change of times and the vicissitudes of nations.' He contends that this concentration in the middle ages 'was simply necessary for the civilization of Europe,' but candidly adds that 'It does not follow that the benefits rendered then to the European commonwealth by the political supremacy of the Pope would, if

he was still supreme, be rendered in time to come.\* To us this seems a great and honest admission that the supremacy of the Pope had its origin, not in any Divine gift, but in the ignorance and devout folly of princes; that it grew by usurpation of the rights of others; that the circumstances of the time favored its increase; that Divine Providence used it for His own purposes; and that in the present circumstances of mankind its utility is at an end. All this is borne out by historic fact; but the admission of it is doubly acceptable, considering the quarter from which it comes. Indeed, in the early ages of the Church, when all bishops stood officially on a level, the occupant of the Roman see himself did not claim superiority in virtue of any Divine grant. Even as late as the fifth century, a pope, speaking *ex cathedra*, and, therefore, according to the Vatican Council, infallible, assigned a much humbler origin to the growing supremacy of the Roman bishop. In the epistle regarding Cœlestius which Pope Zosimus in 418 addressed to 'all bishops throughout Africa,' after stating that matters so important required careful investigation, he uses these remarkable words. 'To this is added the authority of the apostolic see, to which, in honor of the blessed Peter, the *decrees of the Fathers* have ordained a certain peculiar reverence.† Zosimus, it will be seen, pled only human sanctions for the reverence with which he wished it to be understood that his see was invested.

It is very questionable, and certainly cannot be assumed without proof or elucidation, whether the Church itself, not to speak of its human head, has received Divine authority to legislate in things that relate to faith and morals. Legislation is an act of sovereign power, and Christ alone is Sovereign in His own kingdom. The apostles and prophets were entrusted by Him with a special revelation, and in order that they might be better able to fulfil their mission were endowed with the ability to declare infallibly the Sovereign's will. What they bound upon men was ratified in heaven, and those obligations, from which they loosed men, bound no

\* 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk.' See pages 23, 28, and 30.

† 'His accedit apostolicæ sedis auctoritas, cui in honorem beatissimi Petri patrum decreta peculiarem quandam sanxere reverentiam.'—'Epistolæ et Decreta Zosimi,' ii. 1.

more. This power of infallible legislation was in the first instance given to Peter, but subsequently to the other apostles as well (Matt. xviii. 18): the Holy Scriptures are the written record of its results; and with the last line of Scripture, the whole code of inspired legislation, so far as we are concerned, closes. The inspired records alone bear upon them the stamp of divinity; and the uninspired Christian teachers who succeeded the apostles are not appointed to legislate, but merely to interpret, in accordance with the laws of language and of right reason, the statements of the book, and to apply them, so far as they admit of application, to the circumstances of men and of times. Even in this humbler task, proofs that the wisest fail are only too abundant. Church rulers are to carry out those duties prescribed by Scripture, for which they are appointed, but they have no authority beyond this, except to make those arrangements necessary to their work, regarding which inspiration is dumb, and which are obviously left for human discretion to regulate in accordance with circumstances. This, however, is a very different thing from imposing upon the human conscience any new doctrine or precept, as a matter of Divine obligation.

Where, let us ask, do uninspired men receive authority to bind or to loose in the name of God? Ecclesiastics, indeed, in all ages, not content with the human work of making such temporary regulations as necessity and convenience suggest in order to have prescribed duties more efficiently carried out, have assumed authority to legislate in the name of God, and we have the result in the decrees of Synods, the canons of Councils, and the bulls of Pope. The Canon law is the most celebrated product of human legislation in religious affairs—itself the growth of centuries of sacerdotal rule. But what is the value of that system of ecclesiastical jurisprudence? So far as it is an expression of opinion, it has the worth to which an expression of the judgment of the body, which produced and adopted it, is entitled—nothing more. But in so far as it re-enacts what is already enjoined in Scripture, it is useless; nay, it is worse than useless, for by its merely human sanctions, it helps with intelligent men to weaken what would otherwise bring with it all the weight of the Divine. It is true

that many are found whose lives are more influenced by the former than by the latter; but of what use is the Church if it condescends to accommodate itself to this low level of morality, and does not strive to raise men to a higher and purer atmosphere of moral obligation? In so far, again, as ecclesiastical legislation rises above mere arrangements and presumes to add something new to the sum total of faith and morals in the Bible, it is pernicious; because it corrupts the truth and mingles the Divine and human in such a way, that the bulk of men cannot distinguish the one from the other. Church power strictly speaking is not legislative; it is only administrative. The power apparently legislative, which it can legitimately exercise, is simply power to provide what is necessary for administering the laws of Christ with greater effect; but such arrangements, it ought always to be clearly understood, are merely human in their origin, suggested by necessity, based on considerations of reason and utility, and may at any time be altered or abolished for cause sufficient shown. This power of making by-laws, local in their reach, and temporary in their observance, is to be sparingly exercised, and is not to be mistaken, as it sometimes is, for the sovereign power of permanent and universal legislation.

It has therefore to be proved that the Church, or any section of it, is divinely authorized to legislate in the sense of making a material addition to the sum total of faith and human duty. No legislation emanating from any subordinate source is valid without the consent of the Sovereign; and if the Church were to presume to exercise legislative functions, it has no means of making it clear, except by its own stout asseverations, that it has obtained the consent of Christ the King to its statutory acts. If, as Dr. Manning says, 'the Catholic Church has established upon earth a legislature independent of mankind,' it remains to be proved that she had the King's authority for so doing; and if it turn out that she has ventured on a step so important without His authority, then the acts of such a legislature are without the royal superscription, and can have no binding force on the King's subjects. The work of the Church is not to make laws, but to understand, illustrate, and obey the laws al-



ready made. The Church does not know her own place, when she affects the sovereign, and forgets she is a subject. The true sphere of the Bride, the Lamb's wife, is not to rule, but to obey. She takes the law from the lips of her Lord. The Archbishop makes a nearer approach to the truth when he speaks of the Church as 'the guardian and interpreter' of the law of God. But the duty of a guardian is to conserve what is entrusted to his care, not to supersede it by new enactments, or in any way to impair its value: and the duty of an interpreter is not to legislate but to explain. So long as Dr. Manning and the Church which he represents shall confine themselves to the good and worthy task of guarding and interpreting the Divine law, we are willing to hear them with all respect; provided only, that as the written records of the Divine law are open to all men, and as understanding and spiritual assistance are not the exclusive dowries of any class or order, we must be allowed on our own responsibility to judge how far their interpretations are regulated by the laws of language, and consistent with the analogy of faith.

Much less can it be proved that the actual product of the Church's attempt to legislate is infallible. If proof and assertion meant the same thing, we need go no further, for Dr. Manning asserts very broadly, that 'the Church cannot err, or mislead men or nations.' There is a sense possible to the imagination, in which that statement may be perfectly true. The whole body of the redeemed—the Church 'without spot or wrinkle,' or any such thing—probably cannot err. But that is not the Archbishop's meaning. What we understand him to mean is, that the Roman Catholic Church 'cannot err, or mislead men or nations.' The shortest way of bringing this statement to a practical test, is to compare some of the decrees of the Œcumenical Councils and the bulls of Popes, through which the Romish Church is accustomed to pronounce its official decisions, with the facts of history and with the Word of God. After Gregory VII. had passed a sentence of deposition against the Emperor of Germany Henry IV., and Rudolph of Suabia was induced to set up as a claimant for the throne—a course in which he was encouraged and aided by the Pope—there were times in that career of disaster and

bloodshed, ending with the Battle of Elster on the 15th October, 1080, and the death of Rudolph on the day after, in which the unfortunate Pretender must have often thought that there was at least one man in the world whom the Church's head had done very much to mislead. When those Quixotic expeditions to the East, known as the Crusades, undertaken at the call of successive Popes, to rescue the Holy Sepulchre from the hands of the Saracens, had resulted in the loss of multitudes of lives, in the impoverishment of Christendom, and in disastrous failure; and when Europe declined to respond any more to the urgent appeals which emanated from the Apostolic See, we believe the real cause of the indifference was that the Church's head, if not the Church itself, had been found on repeated trial to have misled both men and nations. Further, do the decrees of the nineteen General Councils harmonize in all respects with the truth of God? Brought into the light of the Second Commandment, is the decree of the Seventh General Council, which sanctioned image-worship, infallible? Was the Lateran Council of 1215 infallible when it affirmed Transubstantiation, and imposed upon men and women, for the first time, the obligation of making at stated times auricular confession to a priest? Did the same Council fall into no error when it promised remission of sins to all who would take up arms to fight with the Albigenses of Languedoc, and held the penalty of excommunication over the head of civil rulers, who should refuse to exterminate these inoffensive heretics when found in their dominions? Is Pius IX. infallible when, in the Allocutions indexed in the Syllabus, he claims for the Romish Church to be 'the only religion of the State, to the exclusion of all other forms of worship,' and condemns the practice of allowing strangers residing in Catholic countries to enjoy the public exercise of their religion? To doctrines of this kind, Councils and Popes have been only too ready to pledge the body which they represent, and none has gone further in that direction than Pío Nono; but if the voice of God speaking in the Scriptures is the Supreme Judge, it is manifest that such legislation is not only at variance with the inspired jurisprudence

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\* 'Syllabus,' Propositions 77 and 78.



of the prophets and apostles, but also earthly in its origin, sacerdotal in its spirit, and inimical alike to the interests of civil society and to the happiness of individual men.

Passing away from the assumptions on which the Romish claim to dominion over the State is known to rest, we come to the claim itself. It is a significant fact that Dr. Manning does not attempt to produce from Scripture any proof of his position. Indeed that would be a difficult task. Peter himself, instead of talking about the Church's right to fix the limits of its own jurisdiction, enjoined Christians to submit to kings and to governors, and thus, by their well-doing, to 'put to silence the ignorance of foolish men.' Paul commanded them to pay tribute, and to be subject to the higher powers, 'not only for wrath but also for conscience sake.' The Master himself indicated that the temporal and the spiritual have each a sphere of its own, in which it may act and be useful, and that to each in its own place Christians have duties to perform: 'Render therefore unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and unto God the things which be God's.' In one celebrated instance, when the civil authorities manifestly overstepped their province, and forbade Peter to preach in the name of Jesus, that apostle at once repelled the intervention, and gave instant expression to the fact, that it is not the province of the civil ruler to forbid men to do what God has enjoined, in the sublime but simple words, '*We ought to obey God rather than men.*' Were the Roman Pontiff to give up meddling in the politics of nations, and to content himself with preaching in the name of Christ, and with worshipping the Almighty in his own way, and with doing what is necessary to enable the Church to advance the spiritual welfare of men; and were the rulers of the earth to attempt to prevent his performance of the duties for which a church exists in the world, and were he to repel their interference with some such words as Peter used, the sympathies of the wise and good would all be upon his side. But disobedience to the civil ruler, who in his blindness may forbid us to do what Christ commands, is a very different thing from insisting that the civil ruler shall obey the Pope in everything that lies within a sphere which the latter claims the right to fix for himself.

For, let Dr. Manning disguise it as he may—and no doubt he has expressed himself very cautiously—the claim, asserted in the interests of the Church, to define as against the State the limits of its own jurisdiction, and to be supreme in all matters that lie within a sphere, whose limits itself has fixed, is a claim to supremacy over the State in temporal matters. Admitting that each of the powers is invested with a distinct and separate jurisdiction, and that each is supreme in its own sphere, they are still co-ordinate, the one in its own province not being the subject of the other. But the moment that we allow to either the absolute right of fixing the limits of its own jurisdiction, their relative position is changed; the power that is allowed at its pleasure to fix the limits of its own sphere, becomes that moment the master of the other. Church and State may be supreme, each in its own place; but if the Church has an absolute right to define the limits of its own jurisdiction, it may give them so very wide a definition as to leave the State a very humble province indeed. Russia and Turkey are separate powers, and each is supreme in its own territory; but if the Czar shall claim, and the Sultan admit, that Russia has the right of fixing the limits of her own jurisdiction, she may fix those limits at a point which will leave the Turks nothing in Europe and little in Asia. Everything is in the hands of the power whose right to fix the limits is admitted.\* To say that the Church has this right, is to affirm that she may at pleasure shut the State out of all right to interfere in any secular matter which she—the Church—may please to say touches the domain of faith or morals, religion or conscience. Under such conditions, the State must not dare to give effect to its own views upon the liberty of the press, liberty of speech, liberty of worship, liberty of conscience; it must not dare to hint that the abolition of the temporal power of the Popedom would be an advantage, or to establish any form of Christianity except

\* It is merely superfluous candor for Monsignor Capel to assert that the Church has the right to fix the limits of the sphere in which the State acts as well as that in which the Church acts. If she has a right to fix her own boundaries, at her pleasure, in so doing she defines those of the State. Every expansion of the one is a contraction of the other.

the Romish, or indeed to say that any other church is a form of Christianity at all.\* The Pope has already decided that all these things lie within the limits of his own jurisdiction; he has pronounced a solemn condemnation upon all who venture to hold upon them an opinion different from his own; and such things he must regard as being within the sphere over which he has supreme authority, for we know that it is in his estimation a very serious error for any one to hold that Roman Pontiffs have transgressed the limits of their power.† Let any man read the Encyclical of Dec. 8, 1864, the Syllabus, and the decrees of the Vatican Council of 1870, not to speak of previous declarations from the papal chair since the days of Gregory VII., and he will see that the sphere of the Church even now covers a vast and ever-growing field, while the field on which the State is left free to act without fear of ecclesiastical dictation, has already shrivelled up into rather narrow dimensions.

Though the claim of the spiritual power to supremacy over the state in temporal things, or as Dr Manning prefers to put it, in things which the Church has the right to say belong to faith and morals, finds no authority in the Scriptures, Dr. Manning alleges on its behalf the sanction of the Fathers. The statement of a Father, it is now well-known, does not amount to much, when the question to be determined is merely the truth of a dogma. There is no solid reason why the mere assertion of a Christian writer, who wrote fifteen centuries ago, should establish a doctrine of religion, more than the mere assertion of another Christian writer who wrote last year. But the testimony of a Father, or, indeed, of any honest writer, is in point, when the question to be determined simply is what was known or believed about the matter at the time when the said writer lived. In regard to the subject before us, it will be found upon examination, that, while the doctrine that Church and State have separate provinces and independent jurisdiction, is clearly stated in the Fathers, as it was long before clearly stated in the Scriptures, the claim to supremacy over the State in temporal matters, or, what amounts to the same thing, in matters which the

Church shall please to say belong to the domain of faith and morals, and therefore to her own exclusive jurisdiction, was seldom, if ever, put forward till the Pope had succeeded in making himself a temporal prince, and the clergy and the monks were anxious to find religious sanctions for his civil usurpations. With the mediæval writers, the Pope is not only head of the Church, but monarch of the world, to whom kings and queens are bound to give obedience, and of whom they hold their respective kingdoms as so many fiefs; but with the early Fathers, the Pope is only first of the bishops, while in temporal things all men, the Roman bishops as well as others, are bound to obey the emperors. This is manifest, even from the authorities produced by Dr. Manning himself.

Thus, Thomas Aquinas, writing when the popedom had attained the zenith of its power, is as strongly in favor of papal domination over earthly princes, as the Archbishop of Westminster is in this age of degeneracy and decay. He is represented as saying—

‘In order that spiritual things may be distinct from earthly things, the authority of His kingdom is committed not to earthly kings but to priests, and especially to the chief of priests, the successor of Peter, the Vicar of Christ, the Roman Pontiff, to whom all kings of Christendom ought to be subject as to our Lord Jesus Christ.’\*

St. Bernard, of Clairvaux, a century earlier, thinks that the sword is put into the hands of kings and emperors for little else, except that they may fight for religion, for the Church, and for the Pope. Dr. Manning cites from him the following passage:—

‘The duty, the honor, the prerogative of the first Christian king, such as the Emperor, is like the right arm and sword of Christendom to defend the whole body, and, above all, the Head, and to promote his civilizing influence both within and without.’†

It must be remembered that St. Bernard and St. Thomas lived—the one in the twelfth, the other in the thirteenth century—at a time when the popedom was the most conspicuous sovereignty in Europe, and when its supporters were anxious to

\* ‘Cæsarism and Ultramontanism,’ p. 29.

† This extract was thus given in the original report of Dr. Manning’s paper in the *Times*; but in the republication of his paper in pamphlet form, this passage is omitted, and another substituted of a less warlike kind.

\* ‘Encyclical’ of Dec. 8, 1864, and ‘Syllabus,’ Propositions 79, 76, 77, and 18.

† ‘Syllabus,’ Proposition 23.

have it believed that its pretensions to supremacy rested on a Divine foundation. But going back seven centuries earlier, when the temporal sovereignty was not in existence, we reach a point when the popes, in their modesty, were satisfied with humbler things. Gelasius I. (492-496), who lived at a time when the Roman Bishop was the subject of Theodoric, the Gothic King of Italy, in his letter to Anastasius, Emperor of the East, does not venture to assert his supremacy over kings in temporal matters, as a thirteenth century pope would probably have done, but contents himself with asserting the independence of the civil and spiritual powers, and with claiming for each supreme jurisdiction in its own sphere.

'There are,' he says, 'august emperor, two things by which this world is governed, the sacred authority of bishops\* and the royal power. Of these, the sacerdotal power is the more important, because priests must hereafter render an account to God for kings themselves. For you know, my son, that though you excel in dignity the whole human race, yet you are humbly to submit to those who preside over divine things,† and that you owe them obedience in all that belongs to the order of religion, and to the administration of the holy mysteries. . . . In all things which are of the public order, these same bishops obey your laws, and in your turn you ought to obey them in all things which concern the sacred things of which they are the dispensers.‡'

It is scarcely fair, perhaps, to press into this controversy, as Dr. Manning has done, the adulatory language, ascribed on very insufficient authority, to the Emperor Constantine the Great, at the Council of Nicæa, when the assembled bishops sent in their complaints against each other, and urged him to decide among them. Eusebius and Athanasius, both of whom were present at the Council, and are our highest authorities for what occurred there, make no mention of the words in question. So-

\* The word in the original is *pontificum*, that is *bishops*, and the context shows that such is the true translation. Dr. Manning ('Cæsarism,' p. 25) translates it 'the Pontiff,' as if it referred to the Pope.

† 'Præsulibus divinarum rerum.' Dr. Manning translates this 'Pontiffs,' as if Gelasius meant to exclude all other bishops; but it is evident to any who examine the original, that the writer is speaking of the respect due by the emperor, not to popes, but to the bishops of the Christian faith in general.

‡ Gelasii, 'Epistolæ et Decreta,' ep. viii. Ad Anastasium Imperatorem.

crates and Theodoret, the historians of the Council, are also silent. The words first make their appearance in Sozomen and Rufinus, neither of whom was present at the Council, but who flourished a century afterwards. According to the representation of Sozomen, the emperor said to the bishops who had tabled their complaints:

'As for me, I am but a man, and it would be evil in me to take cognisance of such matters, seeing the accusers and the accused are priests; and priests ought so to act as never to become amenable to the judgment of others.'<sup>2</sup>

This contains a harmless sentiment, and, withal, very judicious advice. But it reads differently as given by Rufinus. 'God,' he represents the emperor as saying, 'made you priests, and gave you power to sit in judgment upon us, and it is therefore proper that we submit to your judgment; but men are not to sit in judgment upon you.† . . . For God has given you to be gods to us, and it is not proper that man should judge gods, but He alone of whom it is written, "God stood in the synagogue of the gods," &c. Rufinus, it is well known, has obtained celebrity for interpolating sentiments of his own into passages translated from other authors, and the whole speech is evidently fabulous.

But the version preferred by Dr. Manning is that given by Gelasius, of Cyzicum, a writer who flourished one hundred and fifty years after the Council, and whose *Acts of the first council*, owing to its legendary character, receives no consideration from historians. He adopts the fable of Rufinus, and represents the emperor as saying, 'God has elected you to be priests and judges, to judge and to decide (the contentions of the people), forasmuch as God has set you to be over all men.' This is Dr. Manning's version.‡ But when we turn to the original it reads differently. The literal translation of the whole passage in Gelasius is:

\* Sozomen, H. E. I., 17.

† Rufinus, H. E. I., 2, 'Deus vos constituit sacerdotes, et potestatem vobis dedit de nobis quoque judicandi, et ideo nos a vobis recte judicamur. Vos autem non potestis ab hominibus judicari. . . . Vos etenim nobis a Deo dati estis dii, et conveniens non est ut homo judicet deos, sed ille solus de quo scriptum est, "Deus stetit in synagoga deorum," &c.'

‡ 'Cæsarism,' p. 26.

'Seeing that God has chosen you to be priests and rulers both to judge and to decide among the people, and because of your superiority to all men (ἀνθρώπων πάντων ὑπερέχοντες), has appointed you gods, according as it has been spoken, "I said ye are gods and sons of the highest," and also, "God stood in the assembly of gods," it is becoming in you to overlook petty matters, and about Divine things to take very great pains.\*

The emperor speaks of the office and moral character of the bishops as giving them a personal pre-eminence among men; but in Dr. Manning's translation this sentiment reads as if God had bestowed upon them a supremacy over the human race, and consequently, as his argument requires us to infer, over kings and emperors, an idea entirely alien to the mind of Constantine. He had great respect for bishops, but he had no notion of putting himself under their feet.†

These are all the patristic authorities quoted by the Archbishop. It will be seen that none of them bears out his views, at any earlier period than the twelfth and thirteenth centuries. His own witness, when allowed to speak without errors of translation, clearly show that in

the primitive ages of Christianity, before the Roman bishop had become a temporal prince, there was no assertion of a claim on the part of the Church, or of its human head, to supremacy in civil matters, or, what amounts to the same thing, within a sphere the limits of which the Church alone has a right to define. Evidence for this might be produced from still earlier writings than any that Dr. Manning has thought it judicious to produce. We might refer, for instance, to Donatus, the leader of the Donatist party in North Africa, who, when the Emperor Constans sent him alms for distribution among the poor, showed himself somewhat restive under imperial patronage, and anticipated a great modern controversy by asking the suggestive question, "What has the emperor to do with the Church?"‡ He was a sectary, however; but Tertullian also, who lived in the end of the second century, in a work generally allowed to have been written while he was in communion with the Catholic Church, speaks of the emperor, who at the time was a pagan, as 'the man next to God, who from God has received all his power, and is *less than God alone*.'† This is the sentiment of one of the greatest of the Fathers, who wrote at a time when the Roman bishop had not yet begun to dream of supremacy, and to corrupt the sentiment of the Church. It is certainly inconsistent with the words quoted from St. Bernard and St. Thomas; but this is embarrassing to those only who believe in the antiquity of the Ultramontane claim, and who make the unanimous consent of the Fathers a portion of their rule of faith.

There is no great fear that the civil governments of the world will ever accept the doctrine, that the Church has the right of fixing the extent of the sphere in which her own authority is to dominate—that is, to shut out the civil governments from regulating any matter that the church may choose to say is a matter of faith and of morals, and therefore belongs to her own domain. But were they so foolish as to accept the doctrine, and to act in obedience thereto, they would voluntarily abdicate more than half their authority, and place

\* 'Acta Concilii Nicænis' of Gelasius Cyzicus, in 'Hardouin Concilia,' vol. i., col. 384.

† 'Janus' shows that some Romish writers have dealt with the alleged speech of Constantine in a still more objectionable way:

'In the same way a saying ascribed to Constantine at the Council of Nice, in a legend recorded by Rufinus, was amplified till it was fashioned into a perfect mine of high-flying pretensions. Constantine, according to this fable, when the written accusations of the bishops against each other were laid before him, burned them, saying, in allusion to a verse of the Psalter, that the bishops were gods, and no man could dare to judge them. Nicolas I. quoted this to the Emperor Michael. Anselm adopted the story into his collection. Gratian followed, and Gregory himself found in it clear evidence that he the Pope, the Bishop of bishops, stood in unapproachable majesty over all monarchs of the earth. For, as the passage stood in Anselm and Gratian, it was the Pope whom Constantine called a god, and so it has been understood and explained ever since.'—'Janus,' p. 110. The reference stands thus in the Canon law:—'Satis evidenter ostenditur a seculari potestate nec legari prorsus nec solvi posse Pontificem, quem constat a pio principe Constantino Deum appellatum, nec posse Deum ab hominibus judicare manifestum est.'—Part I., dist. xcvi., cap. vii. The value of this statement will be more appreciated, when we remember that Sylvester, the Pope of that day, was not present at the Council of Nicæa.

\* 'Quid est imperatori cum Ecclesia?'—Optatus, 'De Schism. Don.' iii. 2.

† 'Hominem a Deo secundum . . . solo Deo minorem.'—Tertullian, 'Ad Scapulam,' cap. 2.



themselves and their subjects helplessly at the mercy of the Pope. National prosperity in such circumstances would depend simply on his declining to act upon the theory. But if a man put his head voluntarily inside the lion's mouth, he has no right to assume that the grateful beast will never use his teeth. Popes and lions may be expected to act in future in accordance with their antecedents in the past. Let Governments tacitly concede what the Pope demands, and there can be no doubt that the future action of the Church, backed, as in the case assumed it must be, by the civil power, would be in the line of the Syllabus, the Encyclical, and the Bull '*Unam Sanctam*;' and for any State to acquiesce in that, would be to make the Pope master alike of its acts and of its destinies. At Rome it is counted an error for any one to say that 'the Church has not the right of employing force;' so that something worse might result from yielding to the Papal claim of domination than merely the arrest of the progress of science, and the helpless prostration of the nation at the feet of the priesthood; men and nations would most probably be called upon in the end, and dare not refuse, to take up and fight in a modern crusade for the restoration of the temporal dominions of the Roman See—a course of procedure, to which Archbishop Manning, if we are to form our opinion on his citation of St. Bernard already given, would offer no very decided objection; nor would the Pope himself, if we are to judge from the specimens of his public speeches now before the world. On the other hand, if the State refuse to accept a doctrine which the Church, at her convenience, appears determined to force upon it, there must ensue a serious collision between the powers, such as we see at present in Germany and Switzerland. If other countries are not passing through similar troubles at present, the reason simply is, that the Pope is biding his time. When the hour arrives for taking action, it is quite certain that Rome will move. Present silence and quiescence are not proofs of permanent security. The claim may for good reasons be in abeyance at the moment, but the fact that it is on record is a standing menace to the nations.

This claim to temporal domination is made to rest on the personal infallibility of the Pontiff, a doctrine which for seven

centuries has been again and again stated by individuals, but was first raised in 1870 by the Vatican Council to the dignity of an article of faith. 'If the spiritual power can define with a divine certainty its own limits,' says Dr. Manning, 'it is evidently supreme.' The 'divine certainty' thus made to be the basis of the supremacy, is evidently the infallibility. But the dogma, and the claim resting on the dogma, have also important bearings on the attitude, that all who accept them as true are henceforth to hold in relation to the civil government of the countries in which they reside. The relation of the whole matter to the civil allegiance of Roman Catholics is a subject that well deserves attention, and which recently has had attention called to it by Mr. Gladstone, in those powerful pamphlets, which for months past have stimulated the thoughts and opinions of every political and ecclesiastical circle in England.

History shows that there is nothing new in the Pope's asserting a right to dominion over civil governments, and in his undertaking to loose subjects from allegiance to princes who declined to carry out his orders. The claim to supremacy over kings and governments is as old at least as Gregory VII. and Boniface VIII.; and Pius V. in the sixteenth century loosed England from its allegiance to Queen Elizabeth; but for years past these powers had not, for various reasons, been offensively asserted, and the world was beginning to believe, that even the Papacy itself had been modified to some extent by the broader culture and more tolerant spirit of the age. The Pontificate of Pius the IX. has laid that hope to rest. The Syllabus has rudely awakened the public to the real state of the case. The Vatican Council has confirmed the impression. No claim to domination put forward there, ever is withdrawn. No power ever exercised, appears there as defunct. On the contrary the degree of infallibility, extending to every *ex cathedra* or official declaration of dead pontiffs, has given validity and freshness to every privilege claimed, and to every power exercised in the past; and everything that the world knows of the feeling pervading the authorities of the Romish Church, deepens the conviction, that the one thing wanting to call these old claims and powers into active exercise is a favorable opportunity of doing so with effect. Not



only so, but for the first time in history a new disturbing element is cast into the midst. Now for the first time a dangerous and terrible power is put into the hands of a single man, in virtue of which he can at any moment call upon all the Catholic subjects of a State to take sides either for God or for Government.

Roman Catholics and Protestants in this matter stand in a very different position. With Protestants, nothing is infallible except God, and men inspired to speak the mind of God. Infallibility, so far as persons are concerned, died out of the world when the last apostle fell asleep. The Scriptures are the record and remnants of that infallibility; but the interpretation of that record is subject to all the fallibility which attaches to its fallible interpreters. No man or body of men, however wise or intelligent, can under the present dispensation add a single line to the sum total of infallibility contained in the Old and New Testaments. But Roman Catholics in general hold a very different opinion. With them, infallibility has never passed away. It is an attribute, not of prophets and apostles only, but of the Church, living and active in the world, throughout all ages. They believe in the infallibility of oecumenical councils with the Pope at their head, as being the legitimate constituted representatives of the Church. What the recent Council has done is not to assert the doctrine of infallibility for the first time, but to assert and decree that the same infallibility, which Christ conferred on His Church in all ages, belongs to the Pope individually when he speaks *ex cathedra* on matters pertaining to faith or morals. So that the great change inaugurated by the Vatican, is that instead of the infallibility of a General Council, we have now got the infallibility of a man, and this no longer as a private opinion, received more or less generally by Roman Catholics, but as an article of faith which every member of the communion is bound to receive. It is mere trifling to say with some, that there is no obligation upon a Roman Catholic to accept the dogma, because the decree was proclaimed by the Pope with the approbation of the Council. That is technically true no doubt, and supplies a small crevice by which an agile conscience may escape from an unpleasant obligation; but it is no less a fact that of the 533 members present at the last solemn session

of the Council, all voted publicly in its favor except two, and every bishop throughout the whole Church has since accepted it with more or less cordiality. It is in reality the decree of the Council and of the whole Romish Church, as much as any decree of any council which ever assembled.

Let us next inquire how the allegiance of the subject to the civil power is affected by the Protestant and the Romish opinions respectively. To a Protestant the only thing on earth that approaches infallibility is, as we have said, the Bible. That book is found in the clearest terms to enjoin upon men to honour the King, to be subject to the higher powers, to obey the law. In no case does it sanction disobedience on the part of the subject, except as a last resort, when the State systematically and persistently outrages justice in dealing with the life and property of the people, or when earthly rulers say to men that they must not perform under any circumstances what God clearly enjoins them to do. If the State in its folly shall say to the preacher of the Gospel you must preach this doctrine of ours, and not that which you think Christ has commissioned you to preach, or you must worship in this particular form and not in that which you think is sanctioned by God, the Bible authorizes us to say to the ruler who thus oversteps his province—'O king, we are not careful to obey thee in this matter.' 'we must obey God rather than man.' Should the State command us to do what the Scriptures clearly forbid, or what a conscience enlightened and guided by the Scriptures would certainly condemn us for doing, in such a case we must, in obedience to the higher authority of God, and with a solemn sense of the responsibility attaching to such a course, firmly decline to obey, and like the primitive Christians, who refused to renounce Christ and worship idols at the call of the Pagan magistrates, submit to the consequences. But under a moderately wise and judicious government, such things will seldom happen. In ignorant and intolerant ages, cases have no doubt occurred when human edicts have run counter to divine laws, and good men, in obedience to the written word, have felt themselves compelled by conscience to assume an attitude of resistance to civil authority; but under enlightened rulers, who have a moderate

respect for Christianity, examples of this kind are rare. In fact, we believe that they never occur, except in cases where Christians have voluntarily come under obligations to the State in order to obtain certain advantages, and where the State which confers these advantages insists upon it, properly enough, that they shall fulfil their part of the contract. On the other hand, when the civil authorities command men, in fulfilment of their duties as citizens, to perform acts not forbidden by the law of God, every enlightened Protestant admits that under such circumstances obedience is a duty. The State has this guarantee for the allegiance of its Protestant subjects, that the leading principles that are to guide rulers and ruled in their duty are all written in the Bible; eighteen centuries have not added to them in the smallest matter; no century yet to come will add a single infallible sentence to what is there written; and consequently, if the rulers govern in the line of Divine revelation, no man on Protestant principles is allowed to step in at his pleasure between the governor and the governed for the purpose of breaking old relations, establishing new obligations, or setting the consciences of men at variance with the civil authority which they are bound to obey.

But over and above the infallibility of the Bible, a Roman Catholic holds by the infallibility of the Church, as the interpreter of Scripture, and the guide of human conscience. That doctrine, however unauthorized we may think it, did not practically interfere to any great extent in past times with the civil allegiance of the laity. It was always difficult to know what the Church said on any matter, and still more so to determine who was entitled to speak in her name, whether the Fathers, a General Council, or the Pope. The majority perhaps were of opinion that a General Council, speaking with the approval of the Pope, was fairly representative of the Church at large, and that the decisions of such a council were infallible. But it was always found upon trial that it was difficult to assemble such a council, more difficult to keep its members together after they had assembled, and most difficult of all to persuade them to do the thing that was required, no less and no more. Only nineteen or twenty of such councils have met since the origin

of Christianity. Most of them sat only for a few months; some only for a few days; and a very few, by proroguing their sessions, extended over years. After all, it was found that they could agree upon a few doctrinal and ecclesiastical matters only; and that in the onward march of human affairs their decisions were almost out of date as soon as they were pronounced. They had not much time or inclination to interfere in the political business of States; they usually found their own affairs quite enough to occupy their time. For these reasons General Councils rarely, if ever, stepped in between the rulers and the ruled, and the civil governments were seldom under the necessity of resisting their interference. The result is, that the civil allegiance of subjects has never been affected to any very appreciable extent by the doctrine of the infallibility of the Church as lodged in a General Council.

But as it appears to us, the case is entirely altered now, when the infallibility is lodged, not in a body of bishops, drawn from all parts of the Church, and meeting on an average once in a century, but in an individual, whose every official utterance on what he pronounces to be a question of faith or morals is held to be as certain as the voice of God, and when every member of the Romish Church is bound to believe that dogma on pain of anathema. The Pope, like the sovereign, never dies; when the chair is left vacant for a moment, the successor is at the door. He directs a keen eye to every government, and has his emissaries in every nation, keeping guard over all lands in the interests of the Papacy. In past ages the Pontiff has meddled in the civil affairs of almost every civilized country in the world. History shows that he does not think it beyond the limits of his power to appoint kings, to depose emperors, to loose subjects from their allegiance, to interfere in questions of education, marriage, and divorce, to claim immunity for his clergy from taxation and from criminal trials, to order and to countermand military expeditions—to act in every way exactly as he might be expected to do, if he was sovereign of the earth, and all kings and emperors his vassals. But in past ages, no king, except it suited his own interests, was very careful to give ear to the fallible head of an infallible church;

even a devout prince, except he saw some profit in the affair, was not too ready to obey, for the Vicar of Christ was after all subject to mistakes, and obedience to him, however praiseworthy in itself, was not an essential to salvation.

But matters are changed indeed, when a General Council has made the personal infallibility of the Pope, which no Roman Catholic was bound to believe up till the 18th of July, 1870, an article of faith divinely revealed. This puts a new weapon in the Pontiff's hands, which, however ambitious he may have been, he could never before draw from the sheath. Now he can draw, wield, and strike home in a moment. He is no longer under necessity to take counsel with any but himself; and when a critical moment arrives in the history of a nation he can strike suddenly with stunning force. He can speak to his own people at the moment when he wishes to speak, with the authority of God. The temptation henceforth to meddle in the politics of nations will be irresistible, now that the power of making himself so formidable is thus largely increased. In the civil affairs of kingdoms his voice will be heard more frequently. There are few departments of legislation or civil administration which do not impinge upon the domain of faith and morals; and, therefore, *ex cathedra* declarations of the Infallible will henceforth grow numerous, and secretly influence legislators, if not judges, in the discharge of their duties. Soured by the loss of his own temporal dominion in Italy, he will find more and more occasion to push his spiritual authority to the utmost, and to make the nations feel that though he has ceased to be a king he is a power nevertheless. He cannot, in the nature of things, be expected now to consult too anxiously for the welfare of kings and for the stability of nations, some of which, in their heretical pravity, refuse to yield him spiritual homage: and therefore he will be sure, as years pass on, to intervene without leave, in order to guide their action, to diminish their power, and to embarrass their movements, when, by so doing, he can strengthen his own position, or advance the general interests of the Papacy.

Now, so long as the civil government and the Pope shall both move in one line and act in one direction, it is quite possible for a good Catholic to believe in the

infallibility, and at the same time to be loyal to the throne. If the Pope shall either decline to meddle directly in the political affairs of a nation, or shall content himself, through his adherents, with taking no more than constitutional action, and with influencing the government in the usual legitimate fashion, there is nothing to prevent the Catholic subjects of the State going on for centuries loyal to the sovereign and devout believers in the great dogma of the Vatican. This is the case at present in our own country. For two centuries the Pope has not interfered with the British Government, any further than by guiding and directing such members of the community as adhere to him in the use of their political power, and using the great influence which their numbers give them in advancing the interests of their faith. Owing to this cause, a Roman Catholic citizen is, for anything that the public know to the contrary, as loyal to the Crown at present as any Protestant in the realm. Dr. Manning and Dr. Newman both say that they are loyal to both powers, and we fully believe them. So long as matters go on in the same way, there is nothing that we can see to prevent a Roman Catholic in future from being at once loyal to the Queen and faithful to the Pope.

But matters may soon, it is obvious, undergo a very serious change. The Pope may, at any moment, issue an *ex cathedra* judgment, which runs in direct opposition to the interests of the Crown and Government. Let us suppose, for instance, that there goes forth from the Pontifical Chair the edict that it is a Christian duty for every Catholic to *decline the oath of allegiance* in existing circumstances, and to *take up arms, if necessary, and drive an heretical monarch from the throne*. Such an edict is not indeed likely to be issued, mainly because it is very well known that it must fail in its object, and bring upon its authors punishment and disgrace; but a man has read history with little attention, if he does not know that many edicts in the past have issued from Rome, not less unjust and not less improbable. But supposing that, for any cause, the Pope should issue such an order, in what position would a good Roman Catholic find himself then? Duty to the Pope would lead him in one way; duty to the Queen would lead him in

another. Can any man doubt the course that would be taken by one who means what he says, and who says that 'He is a Catholic first, and an Englishman afterwards'?

But we may be told this is an impossible case. Here is another then. Let us suppose the Pope to speak of a Roman Catholic State, which had recently adopted a republican constitution, and to remonstrate *against* a law proposing to enact 'that immigrants to that country might have the *public exercise of their worship* whatever it was.' Suppose him further to say: 'Nor must we pass over in silence that, by the new constitution of that republic, enacted in these recent times, among other things, the *right also of free education is defended*, and liberty of all kinds is given unto all, so that each person may *even print and publish his thoughts*, and all kinds of monstrous portents of opinion, and *profess privately and publicly whatever worship he pleases*.' And suppose he should go on to say to his Cardinals: 'You assuredly see, venerable brothers, how *horrible and sacrilegious a war is proclaimed against the Catholic Church* by the rulers of the republic.' And suppose him to end by saying: 'We raising, with apostolic liberty, our pastoral voice, in this your most illustrious assembly, do censure, condemn, and *declare utterly null and void* all the aforesaid decrees which have been there enacted by the *civil power*.' But the fact is, that this is no bare possibility—it is an actual occurrence. The language quoted is that of an Allocution, pronounced by Pius IX. on the 27th of September, 1852, and published in the *Tablet* on the 6th of November following, in regard to the republic of New Grenada;\* and it is this Allocution on which Dr. Newman makes the following singular comment: 'The Pope *merely* told that Government that that act [allowing immigrants the public exercise of their worship—see 'Syllabus,' Prop. 78], and other acts which they had committed, gave him very great pain; that he had expected better things of them; that the way they went on was all of a piece; and that they had his best prayers.† This comment may no doubt be capable of some 'pious interpretations' not apparent

to any but the *schola theologorum*; but to us it seems that the Pope, in that Allocution, said something more than this; he told them that for a State to allow foreigners, coming to reside in a Catholic State, the liberty of worshipping God in their own way, and to grant to its own subjects the right of free education, liberty of the press, and freedom of worship, was to proclaim horrible war against the Catholic Church; and he took it on himself not only to condemn, but to declare null and void, these decrees of the civil power. Now what has been done in regard to the State of New Grenada in our own time, might be done in regard to the State of Great Britain, provided the circumstances were favorable. Suppose such an Allocution to go forth against the Acts of the Imperial Parliament, and the Pope to declare free education, liberty of worship, and the freedom of the press in this country, dangerous to faith and morals, and hostile to the Catholic Church, and to pronounce the laws securing them to us to be null and void, we would wish to know what then would be the attitude of all who believe in the infallibility of the Pontiffs—to the civil law and to the Queen's Government, as well as toward those precious privileges which, bought at a great cost, are now the birthright and the dearest possession of every citizen in this great and happy country?

There can be no doubt, therefore, that the relationship towards Government of any man, who accepts as true the dogma of the Vatican Council, is not what it was before. He may boast, and boast truly, that he is as loyal to the Crown to-day as he ever was, and in certain circumstances his loyalty may be lasting as his life. But it is true, notwithstanding, that with his own consent a man—an infallible man—has been set over him, who at any moment may step between his earthly sovereign and himself, and tell him that he is not to obey the Crown at the peril of the salvation of his soul. Most men would, no doubt, prefer both if they could, but if the Infallible assure a man that obedience to the throne involves the loss of the soul, and disobedience to the throne is everlasting life and reward, it is easy to see what a devout spirit, ambitious of notoriety and martyrdom, who believes what the Vicar of Christ enjoins, is likely to do. Of course he will not fail to be 'a Catholic

\* See *The Catholic Layman* for 1853, p. 19.

† 'Letter to the Duke of Norfolk,' p. 87.



first, and an Englishman afterwards.' Before the personal infallibility became an article of faith, a man who declined to obey the Pope could flatter himself with the hope that a General Council, speaking the mind of the Church, might sustain him in his resistance, and take a different view of the case. But the Vatican dogma cuts that ground from under his feet. Is it wise, therefore, for any man, by accepting that decree, to put himself wilfully in a position where his liberty is in the hands of another, and where a man, over whom he has no control, and over whom, unfortunately, the Church itself has now no control, and who has interests of his own apart from those of the individual believer, can compel him, at the peril of his eternal hopes, to enter on a line of action certain in the end to be attended with the most fatal results? Why should any man voluntarily take up ground, the result of which must be that at any moment when another chooses he must either prove unfaithful to his Sovereign and disobey the law, or else disobey the Infallible and forfeit salvation?

It is no answer to allege that the thing supposed is impossible, that no circumstances can ever occur when the State will bid men go in one direction, and the Pope bid them go in the opposite direction at the same time. Such cases have occurred; they may occur, and in countries where Catholicism is the established religion, there is every probability that they may often occur. When absolute power is entrusted to an individual, there is always danger. He may turn out to be a very wise man, and in that case the community is tolerably safe. But he may prove to be a weak, a foolish, a rash, or an obstinate man; and for objects of his own he may run in the face of all advice, and issue an *ex cathedra* declaration which may set every conscientious Catholic in hostility to the civil government. Dr. Newman, in his remarkable pamphlet which touches so many interesting topics with a master's hand, remarks:—"Till there comes to us a special direct command from the Pope to oppose our country, we need not be said to have 'placed our loyalty and civil duty at the mercy of another.'" But suppose such a command to come, who would be the victims? And are not men at the mercy of that other man who can make them victims when it suits him-

self? No amount of acuteness and dexterity can ever turn Mr. Gladstone's main position, that he who accepts the dogma of Papal Infallibility relinquishes command of himself and puts himself at the will of another, who may, for purposes of his own, call upon him to act in open hostility to his country.

Consistency may be a virtue, and no doubt is when a man's principles are sound and reasonable; but the fact is, that, in this erring world, the inconsistency of individuals is often the gain of humanity. Few men comparatively live up to their opinions, be those opinions what they may. Men who believe in the moral obligation of the Divine law have been known to break almost every commandment in the Decalogue. Clergymen who once preached the Divine right of kings and the duty of passive obedience, have been known under provocation to throw away the surplice, and to aid in driving a tyrant from the throne. Men, who in past ages professed to believe in the infallibility of the Church and of General Councils, have been found as ready as other men to condemn something that the Church and the Councils said and did. Lord Acton, in his powerful letter, has given some celebrated instances of an inconsistency that is worthy of all commendation. Now we cannot believe, however pernicious the aim of the Ultramontanes, that they can succeed in eradicating the principles of human nature, and in imparting to their own adherents a consistency of action beyond what men have exhibited in past ages. If they could, the world might well be alarmed, and human freedom tremble at the prospects opening before it. But as it has been in the past, so it will be in the future. With the bulk of Roman Catholics the infallibility of the Pontiff is likely to remain an abstract theory, destined never to be acted out to its legitimate results, except by converts, who, knowing that their sincerity is suspected, think to convince the world by a superfluity of zeal, and by maniacs smitten with the insatiable thirst of winning, at any cost, the crown of martyrdom. The Vatican Council may affirm what it pleases, and the Roman Curia may do its utmost to stir the embers of disaffection and rebellion against kings and governments which refuse to take its orders, but the great Roman Catholic masses of the community, while they would never



think of perilling their salvation by doubting as to whether the Pope could, by any possibility, make a mistake, will think twice before they take a step which may irreparably damage their temporal interests, and when called on to act against the Crown, in the interests of the Pontiff, will quietly abide in their tents. The denial of the infallibility may involve an evil, but it is spiritual, unseen, distant; and perhaps they might see, if they had a little more knowledge, that it is no evil at all; whereas the consequences of treason and rebellion are at the door, and look a man broadly in the face. So long as loyalty is the best means of securing one's temporal prosperity and happiness, believers in infallibility, especially under a strong government, may always be trusted for unfaltering allegiance to the throne. Fanatics there have been, and there may be, but fortunately their numbers are not large at any one time; the great majority of Ultramontanes may therefore be safely trusted without exciting alarm in others, to do in their own way what they count best both for this world and the world to come. If any man wants to know how to keep in terms with the Church, and yet to believe of the dogma no more than he pleases, Dr. Newman will show him the way.

Though the general community may thus derive some comfort from a philosophical consideration of the very inconsistencies of human nature, civil rulers may not relax their vigilance and caution. Of the elasticity of Roman principles, the recent controversy has supplied us with a memorable example. In the 'Pastoral Address of the Romish Hierarchy of Ireland,' dated January 25, 1826, it is stated in Article 11:—'They declare on oath their belief that it is not an article of the Catholic faith, neither are they required to believe that the Pope is infallible.'<sup>\*</sup>

Mr. Martin Archer Shee has shown that a protestation was drawn up in 1788, and signed by the four Vicars Apostolic, and by most of the Catholic clergy and laity of England, in which they declare without any qualification, 'We acknowledge no infallibility in the Pope.'<sup>†</sup>

But now Dr. Manning, the most promi-

nent representative of Ultramontanism in this country, has published to the world the following statements:—'In proof of my assertion I add—1. That the infallibility of the Pope was a doctrine of Divine faith before the Vatican Council was held. . . . 2. That the Vatican Council simply declared an old truth, and made no new dogma.'<sup>\*</sup>

This is an illustration how a church that boasts of being unchanged and unchangeable, can with such marvellous elasticity assert to day what it yesterday denied, and how closely and carefully the words of ecclesiastics, who put themselves forward to expound its principles, require to be construed. Civil rulers in dealing with men who can employ the English language to express such delicate refinements of thought, will find the ordinary rules of diplomacy at fault, and must take pains to detect the idea which lies hidden deep down underneath the apparently plainest of verbal representations. Besides, Rome knows how to wait. Infallibility is a theory, which it would seem nobody at the Vatican intends at present to turn into action. The Pontiff may now say to the nations in the words of Him, whose servant he professes to be, 'This is your hour and the power of darkness.' But let a nation grow weak, and let its rulers become embarrassed, it may find to its cost that the infallibility is something more than a theory. Beyond all doubt, that is the moment which the Vatican will take to demand and to exact submission, and also the time when every Catholic subject of the realm will be most strictly conscientious and most warm in devotion to the see of St. Peter. Let it not be forgotten, therefore, that it is only a strong government, able to meet all its enemies in the gate, which can count with confidence on the inconsistency of its subjects. A weak government must not presume on such a thing. There is no potentate in Christendom who requires to be more carefully watched than a Power, which, however innocent and helpless it may appear, still claims to define with infallible certainty the limits of its own sphere; and which, though it has in past ages deposed kings, excommunicated prime ministers, loosed subjects from their allegiance, and set law at defiance when

<sup>\*</sup> 'The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance,' p. 31.

<sup>†</sup> Mr. Shee's 'Letter to the Times,' dated Nov. 19, 1874.

<sup>\*</sup> 'Letter to *New York Herald*,' dated Nov. 6, 1874.

it saw occasion, now assumes the look of meek and injured innocence, but still pronounces it sin to say that the Pope has ever usurped the rights of princes or exceeded the limits of his authority.\*

The Free Protestant Churches of Christendom have sometimes been charged with holding principles substantially at one with the Ultramontanes in regard to the relationship of Church and State, and with claiming for the Church certain powers which if granted would denude the State of its legitimate authority. Dr. Manning has ventured the assertion that some of the Scottish churches hold opinions in this matter identical with his own. Individuals may no doubt have occasionally expressed opinions in regard to the extent of Church power, which could not be very well defended; but on behalf of all the Free Protestant Churches—English, Scottish, and American—we think they are unanimous, or nearly so, in holding, *first*, that Church and State are two entirely distinct and separate jurisdictions; *secondly*, that the ecclesiastical rulers are under God as much bound to act within the sphere of the spiritual, as the authorities of the State are to act within the sphere of the civil; and, *thirdly*, that the Church has no more right to direct the State in its temporal affairs, than the State has to lord it over the Church in spiritual matters. Instead of claiming for the Church, as Dr. Manning does, the absolute right to define the limits of the sphere in which she is to act, and thus to limit the action of the State at her pleasure, the Free Protestant Churches claim no jurisdiction over the State in any civil matter whatever; they merely assert their right to carry out without disturbance the objects for which a church exists, as they think that God in the Scriptures directs to be done; and they say, that, in matters where the civil and the spiritual overlap, each power is to decide the matter in its own way in a spirit of forbearance and charity, and that neither should wantonly trespass on the domain of the other, or assume a jurisdiction which does not rightfully belong to it. If both powers were scrupulously to act on these principles, they would seldom come into unpleasant collision. The doctrine of the Free Churches on the subject is not materially different from that stated in a printed

memorial, signed by various Catholic Bishops of the minority, and addressed to the Presidents of the late Vatican Council, in which they say:—

'The Popes have deposed emperors and kings; and Boniface VIII., in the Bull "*Unam Sanctam*," has established the corresponding theory, which the Popes openly taught down to the seventeenth century under anathema, that God has committed to them power over temporal things. But we, and almost all bishops of the Catholic world, teach another doctrine. We teach that the ecclesiastical power is indeed higher than the civil, but that each is independent of the other; and that while sovereigns are subject to the spiritual penalties of the Church, she has no power to depose them or absolve their subjects from their oaths of allegiance. And this is the ancient doctrine, taught by all the Fathers and by the Popes before Gregory VII.'

The same memorialists, as if anticipating Mr. Gladstone's pamphlet, expostulate with the Council in the following words:—

'But if the Pope, according to the Bull "*Unam Sanctam*," possessed both swords—if, according to Paul IV.'s Bull "*Cum ex apostolatus officio*," he had absolute dominion, by Divine right, over nations and kingdoms—the Church could not conceal this from her people; nor is the subterfuge admissible, that this power exists only in the abstract, and has no bearing on public affairs, and that Pius has no intention of deposing rulers and princes; for the objectors would at once scornfully reply, "We have no fear of papal decrees; but after many and various dissimulations, it has at last become evident that every Catholic, who acts according to his professed belief, is a born enemy of the State, for he holds himself bound in conscience to do all in his power to reduce all kingdoms and nations into subjection to the Pope."'

The minority at the Vatican may not have been prophets altogether, and yet they predicted what has now been assuredly fulfilled.

So long as Church and State can be satisfied each to do its own work in its own way without needlessly interfering with the other, they can exist in the same country harmoniously enough; it is only when the Church is raised to the position of an Establishment that there occurs much risk of discomfort and collision. If the Church can be persuaded to surrender its self-action, and resign the management of its own affairs into the hands of the State, and carry out the orders of the temporal power, in order that it may enjoy the worldly advantages of State support, all

\* 'Syllabus,' Proposition 23.

\* 'Quirinus,' Letter xlii. p. 490.

things move forward smoothly. But when the Christian Society, thus patronized, awakes to the remembrance that it has a King and Master of its own, to whom it owes a higher allegiance than to man, and while grasping firmly all the profits of State connection, begins to think and act independently, a collision is imminent, the end of which must be a disruption of the union between the two powers, or else the victory of the one accompanied by the degradation of the other.

Occasion for such collisions is never wanting. Questions are constantly arising in daily life, civil in one aspect, spiritual in another, which each power is naturally anxious to have decided finally in its own way; and, in employing means to accomplish its end, either body may act in a way so aggressive and offensive as to leave to the other no option but resistance. Besides, if the truth must be told, both jurisdictions are only too fond of making encroachments on each other. Each undertakes to fix the limits of its own sphere, and that of necessity implies that it shall fix the limits of its neighbor. The tendency of Cæsarism is to dominate in the temporal and spiritual; the tendency of Ultramontaniam is to dominate in the spiritual and temporal. But so long as each power shall claim, first, to rule in its own domain, and then in that of its rival also, conflict is inevitable. So long as States shall assume authority to give legal sanction to articles of faith, to appoint clergy to office, to decide religious questions in civil courts, to control ecclesiastical discipline, and to legislate generally in spiritual matters; and so long as churches, on the other hand, shall continue to claim temporal dominion over large territories, to send legates to foreign governments, to call upon kings to use the sword at their command, to depose rulers, to loose subjects from their allegiance, to insist upon civil immunities for the clergy, and to dictate to governments in any matter which they choose to say touches on faith or duty—so long as the two powers shall continue thus designedly and persistently to cross each other's path, nothing need be expected except collision and strife.

How far the spirit which was dominant at the recent Council is calculated to excite the jealousy of civil governments and is responsible for the state of affairs which

now exists in Germany and Switzerland, will be evident from the following passage of the Bull '*Unam Sanctam*,' which gives expression to the civil supremacy claimed by the church, and which, as Dr. Manning informs us, 'contains no more' than Ultramontaniam:—

'There are two swords, the spiritual and temporal. . . . Both are in the power of the Church, the material to be used on behalf of the Church, but the spiritual to be used by the Church itself. The spiritual sword is the priest's; but the material sword belongs to kings and soldiers, who are to use it at the command and by the permission of the priest. It is becoming that the one sword be under the other, and that the temporal authority be subject to the spiritual. . . . For, as the truth testifies, the spiritual power institutes the earthly and decides whether it is well exercised. . . . If the earthly power errs, it is judged by the spiritual; but if the spiritual err, it is judged by its own superior—by God alone. . . . To resist the spiritual power, therefore, is to resist the ordinance of God, unless we falsely say, with the Manicheans, that there are two first principles. . . . Wherefore, to every human creature we declare, assert, define, and pronounce, that it is entirely essential to salvation to be subject to the Pope of Rome' (*subesse Romano Pontifici*).\*

Remembering that this Bull clearly asserts the subjection of the civil to the spiritual authority, that Dr. Manning says it contains no more than Ultramontaniam, that it is the *ex cathedra* declaration of an infallible man, who, according to the *Syllabus*, has never exceeded the limits of his power, we need not feel surprised that every civil government in the world is now fully alive to the ultimate aims and objects of the Vatican—aims and objects which, to do the party justice, it is no longer at pains to conceal.

Were the State to surrender to the Church of Rome the supremacy which its hierarchy claim, consequences would speedily result from which civilized society would recoil with horror. 'The material sword,' says Pope Boniface in the passage already quoted, 'is to be used for the Church, and to be wielded at the command and by the permission of the priest.' The Inquisition, with its dark secrets, and with its horrible story of blood and death, lurks underneath that sentence. The theory of course is that the Church does not murder the heretic. She is too holy thus to defile her hands:

\* 'Extravag. Commun.,' lib. i. tit. viii. cap. i.

she merely hands him over to the civil power, who is to fill the office of executioner, and let the Church see her desire on her enemies. The magistrate is thus made the hangman of the priest. The result, fruitful in deeds of darkness and crime, is no secret to one who is familiar with the extermination of the Albigenses of Toulouse in the thirteenth century, the crusades against the Vaudois, and the proceedings of the Order of St. Dominic in the Netherlands, Spain, and Italy. In the interests of humanity, not to speak of religion, it is to be hoped that no civil government will ever again consent to accept a position where it shall be obliged, at the beck of an intolerant priest, to hunt down its own subjects like so many wild beasts for no offence except error, or supposed error, of belief, and to perform the ignominious task of both capturing the victim and gathering the faggots for the flame. But if the principle, that the sword of the king and of the soldier is to be wielded at the order of the priest, is admitted as the maxim of infallibility, the servant cannot well refuse to smite when the master gives the command.

Every State throughout the world in which the Romish religion is established or tolerated, is put more or less into a difficulty by the Decree of the Vatican. The sphere of faith and morals to which that decree extends, is so very comprehensive, that a very little ingenuity can, as is well known, make it include almost everything in the life of man or in the affairs of a nation. The infallibility that it affirms, extends to all the Popes of past ages, and gives new force to all their Bulls, Allocutions, and official declarations, from those of Siricius down to Pio Nono. It is prospective, as well as retrospective; there is no *ex cathedra* statement, however absurd or extravagant, that a Pope may choose to utter in future, that the reception of the Vatican decree does not prepare men by anticipation for hailing as the voice of God. How the power of pronouncing infallible decisions may be exercised in future, may be judged of from the fact that the present Pope has already in the Syllabus condemned as errors the non-intervention of a civil government in the quarrels of foreign nations, the separation of Church and State, and the toleration of different forms of faith in

a Catholic country.\* Dr. Newman has plied all his intellectual skill in a futile attempt to diminish the force of this fact; but the fact remains, when he has done his best. No man knows what new article of faith, or what new declaration on duty, the Pope may issue at any future time; but no matter what, a Roman Catholic, on pain of sacrilege and heresy, is bound to accept it when it comes as the voice of the Infallible, and consequently the revealed will of God. If a State shall now accept the dogma of the Vatican, it cannot at a future day consistently resist any ecclesiastical demand whatever; for if it should, it may be reasonably charged with resisting what itself once admitted to be the voice of the Almighty, and no arrow in the Church's quiver will be found too keen to avenge the insult and the outrage.

Foreseeing that temporary acquiescence is only the postponement of a quarrel that infallibility will force forward some day, and do so at a time perhaps when she is not so strong as now, Germany has taken up the gauntlet thrown down by the Vatican, and in the interest of the nation, as opposed to the Church, has passed the Falck laws. Following the precedent of the Council, which, by giving official sanction to a new article of faith, has in some degree altered the conditions of connection between the civil and spiritual powers, the State in its turn has exercised its privilege of altering the conditions. It is not comfortable for either party, when the Church on the one side assumes an attitude which threatens the State with a supremacy that history and experience prove to be simply intolerable, and the State on the other hand seems to be experimenting as if to discover what amount of spiritual torture the Church will consent to endure before it shall relinquish the temporalities with which it is invested by law. There can be no doubt that the Roman Catholic Church in Germany feels the Falck laws to be very burdensome and oppressive. But it ought to be prepared for the disagreeable drawbacks with which the advantages of State connection are accompanied in every land. It should remember, too, that at the Vatican Council the Church threw the first

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\* See Propositions 62, 55, and 78.



stone, and that retaliation usually follows provocation. If two bodies enter into connection, and one of them exercises in its own interest the privilege of altering the conditions of union, it is not reasonable in it to complain, should the other in its own interest exercise the same right and improve upon the example.

Suffering, however, is not always alleviated by such sober reflections. But we may venture to suggest that when the discomforts of State connection accumulate, and when remonstrance, protest, and even the voice of indignant complaint all fail to bring relief, there is at least one remedy which never fails a persecuted church, and which it can take without the leave of its haughty oppressor; it can resign all advantages of union with the State, and begin the world afresh. But we forget—even this last remedy is of no avail to a church which has surrendered her freedom, and has the dead weight of infallibility hanging about her neck. The Syllabus ranks the separation of Church and State

among the great errors of modern society, and the Archbishop of Westminster, who as an obedient son of the Pope believes as he is bidden, pronounces 'a free Church in a free State' an impossible theory. The misfortune of the German Catholics is that they cannot voluntarily adopt a remedy which infallibility has already condemned; they must therefore hold on till the State either casts off their Church, or succeeds in breaking it up. With their own hands the Vatican bishops tied the knot, and now they themselves cannot loose it. They were well warned of the consequences. Time, we doubt not, will eventually put an end to the difficulty; but meanwhile they can count on very little sympathy outside their own party, when they complain of hardships which they clearly foresaw, but did not choose to avoid. Samson may be pitied for the loss of his eyes; but he is not entitled to much commiseration if he pull down the house upon his own head.—*British Quarterly Review*.

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#### TETUAN.

SOME recent traveller has said that Morocco is more Eastern than the actual East, and certainly it is the fact that European ideas have penetrated far less into that country than into many others lying much more out of the way of the tourist. Within the last year or two, however, some events connected with the Barbary States, and amongst others the marriage of an English lady with a native prince, who, besides being a member of the Imperial family, is the acknowledged head of the Mohammedan religion in Morocco, have drawn more public attention to that country than formerly. I therefore think it possible that a short account of an expedition which I made not long ago to Tetuan, one of the principal cities of the Empire, may not be uninteresting to the reader.

Early in May last year I crossed over by steamer from Gibraltar to Tanjier, and found myself just in time to make one of a party about to start for Tetuan, a town which, I was informed, lay about forty miles distant by road and twenty-five as the crow flies. Tanjier itself is an ordinary Moorish town, consisting, for the most part, of low flat-roofed whitewashed

houses, built in a succession of narrow tortuous streets. It contains a mixed population of Moors, Spaniards, and Jews, and, besides being the residence of the European diplomatic body, has, owing to its close proximity to Gibraltar, more of civilised society than any other town in Morocco. The European element seems to be increasing year by year: two or three hotels have been established; and now that regular steam communication exists with England and Spain, it is probable that the place will be more visited than it has been hitherto. Indeed, as a temporary residence it has many advantages. The scenery in the vicinity and along the opposite coast of Spain is really charming, the climate is delightfully mild and healthy, added to which one experiences a species of peculiarly exhilarating freshness in the bright clear atmosphere, most enjoyable after the depressing damp climate of Gibraltar.

Our party consisted of a lady and gentleman, myself, a Moorish servant, and one of the Pacha's soldiers, for the presence of the latter functionary is considered necessary as a guard to any party of Euro-



peas travelling throughout that country, where fanaticism is rampant and police are unknown. I believe it is true that the Moors are not as a rule actively hostile to foreigners, and to the English they are perhaps better inclined than to any other nation of Europe; but as a sentiment of hatred to Christianity and Christians is inculcated from their earliest childhood, an attempt at robbery or outrage might be the result were a party of travellers to pass without an escort through unfrequented districts or those inhabited by natives more than usually fanatic.

It was a bright May morning when we started on horseback from Tanjier, our way at first lying through a multitude of small vineyards, and afterwards for a couple of miles over a level fertile plain planted with Indian corn, wheat, and barley; rain had fallen within the last few days, and now all the country looked charmingly fresh and verdant. On our left were the blue Straits of Gibraltar unruffled by the slightest breeze, and bounded by a long background of majestic Spanish hills, with Gibraltar plainly discernible in the distance. Before us, in the direction of Tetuan, the country was gently undulating, and as we advanced the path wound through a succession of green eminences, which increased in size until the view terminated in a lofty chain of mountains, a continuation of one of the spurs of the Atlas.

Occasionally on our way we met groups of camels and mules laden with merchandise, and accompanied by wild picturesque-looking Arabs, dressed in long woollen bournouses and white turbans; they seemed by no means ill pleased at seeing strangers in their country, and wished us a good-humored 'Sbalkheir' ('Good morning') as we passed.

Rather more than half-way we halted at a spot called El Fondouk, or the resting-place, and here we found a shady knoll, where, beside a fountain and under a grove of evergreens, we stopped for lunch—such a place altogether as Cervantes would have loved to describe, so replete was it with sylvan beauty.

Our path had been a gradual ascent since we started, so that now, on looking back, we could see almost to the town of Tanjier. The country did not appear by any means populous, as few and far between were the small clay-built villages

which here and there were perched up amongst the hills. I noticed also that there was comparatively little cultivation, and extensive sweeps of land appeared only to be used as pasturage for cattle. Having rested sufficiently, we again started on our journey, and now the path commenced to ascend rather abruptly, and led along a hill-side, where we came upon the remains of an old Roman road which formerly connected Tanjier, the ancient Tingis, with Tetuan, the Yagath of the Romans. For a moment we saw the town itself through a break in an opposite chain of hills, and a bright beautiful city it looked, like a chaplet of pearls lying along a table of green cloth, the towers and minarets of the different mosques piercing at intervals the clear blue sky, and on one side towered up, apparently overhanging it, a mass of rugged hills.

Tetuan soon became lost to view on descending into the valley, and as evening advanced we slowly continued our course, stumbling over the broken paving-stones of the ancient Roman way. As we approached the town, we passed by a few gardens and orange groves belonging to some of the wealthy inhabitants, and were informed that large quantities of fruit are exported to Europe every year.

It was about ten o'clock at night when we arrived at the city walls, the broken and dilapidated battlements looking most picturesque in the clear bright moonlight, and their white surface indented by numerous bullet marks, for Tetuan has passed through stormy periods before now, and, could those old fortifications speak, they would relate many a tale of blood and slaughter.

The south gate of the city by which we were to enter was closed, and it was only after loud and continued knocking that we attracted the attention of the drowsy gate sentinel; his dusky countenance, however, at last peered through a small window in the tower, above the entrance, as he asked who we were, and what we wanted. The answer being satisfactory, we were admitted, and, passing under a massive horse-shoe archway, we entered the town, and rode through a large square, surrounded by houses, on the way to our hotel, which was situated in the Jewish quarter.

I may as well here mention that in every town in Morocco except Tanjier the

Israelites are confined to a certain quarter surrounded by walls, the gates of which are shut at night, though why such a precaution should be taken seems strange, for of all the Maroquine races the native Israelite is certainly the most law-abiding and inoffensive.

The streets of the Jewish quarter are so narrow that people could almost shake hands with their opposite neighbors from the windows of the houses; that is, if the numerous small openings, about twelve inches by eight, made to let in a limited amount of light and air, could be called windows, and if they were not, as they always are, provided with a network of thin iron bars, for what purpose I cannot imagine, since the slenderest of even Arab burglars would find it impossible to wriggle through these narrow apertures. At the same time, the rooms are not by any means dependent on the diminutive windows for ventilation and light; each house is built with a square open court in the centre, round which, in the case of the upper storeys, runs a balcony; thus, as the doors and windows of the different rooms open into this court, the inmates secure for themselves that great desideratum in Barbary—perfect privacy and security from outside observation.

The hotel to which we were conducted was itself a good specimen of a Moorish house, but, I should say, rather excelled the majority of them in cleanliness and comfort; the proprietor, Mr. Nahom, speaks English perfectly, and acts as British vice-consul in Tetuan.

The next morning, at six o'clock, I mounted up to the flat roof of the house, and, as Tetuan stands on an eminence, and the hotel is somewhat higher than the neighboring buildings, I was in a position to secure an ample view of the town and surrounding country.

On close inspection the city did not appear as handsome as when seen at a distance. Within the walls, towers, mosques, and private houses were grouped together, without design or regularity, in narrow streets and crooked lanes. All was plaster and whitewash, and therefore all looked bright and clean; but the absence of any architectural beauty, the many blind walls, and the deficiency of windows, produced an impression of disappointment which is not uncommonly felt on entering an Eastern town. In one

part of the city was an enclosure surrounded by a well-planted garden, where stands the Spanish Consulate, and attached to it a Catholic church, over the tower of which floated the Spanish flag.

The view of the country, however, was truly magnificent, and one to which, I fear, I can scarcely do justice. About two miles away commenced the Beni Hosmar heights, a wild romantic chain of hills, the summits of which, between five and six thousand feet above the sea-level, were skimmed by driving fleecy clouds, while along their base stretched for miles green lawns and park-like slopes. Occasionally, too, the scene was diversified by rich orange groves, amongst the luxuriant foliage of which peeped the white walls of Moorish country villas. Through the valley which separates these hills from Tetuan ran, foaming and surging, a small rapid river, the Wad Marteen, and along its banks, stretching across the valley, were still more orange groves, and wooded dells, and shady lanes, full of myrtle and jessamine, where the fig tree, the olive, the vine, and the pomegranate grew in rich abundance. Behind the Beni Hosmar hills were other peaks, still higher, one of which, Ben Shouen, had still unmelted snow on its summit. Indeed, these heights may be considered as the commencement of the great mountain system which is inhabited by the Riff Arabs, and which extends in a long succession of ranges as far as the frontier of Algeria. It would be indeed difficult to convey an adequate notion of the picturesque beauty of this mountain territory, for it seemed to be Switzerland in its Alpine grandeur, Ireland in its soft green verdure, mid-England in its noble timber and wide parks; add to which an Italian sky and a semi-tropical vegetation, and some idea may be formed of the country about Tetuan.

I must say that it struck me as not a little strange that in these days when we hear of even English ladies scaling the sides of Fusiuma in Japan, when British noblemen have begun to make summer tours in their yachts among the South Sea Islands, when an expedition up the Nile is about as common as an excursion up the Rhine was thirty years ago, when, in fact, all the nooks and crannies of the civilised world, and very many of the uncivilised and barbarous world, are being explored

by English and continental tourists, it does, I say, seem strange that the country of the Moor should be so untravelled and so unknown. More strange still when we remember that it is but six days from England and within sight of Europe—that is, supposing Europe to terminate at the Straits of Gibraltar, and not at the Pyrenees, as has been stated before now on good authority.

In Morocco the antiquary, the artist, and the sportsman may all find occupation and amusement; living is not expensive, hotels have already sprung up at Tanjier, and—well, at one or two towns along the coast are to be found establishments which the proprietors call hotels, and which are admirably adapted to the tastes of those who always tell you they rather prefer to travel where they can avoid the comforts and conveniences of civilisation.

After breakfast we called on the Spanish Consul, and on leaving the consulate found a procession passing the gates, consisting of the Pacha and his bodyguard. Of the Pacha himself we only caught a glimpse as he rode by enveloped in a flowing haick and mounted on a prancing charger, but the bodyguard formed up in the square outside his residence, and I therefore had an opportunity of seeing a portion of what might be called the regular army of Morocco. The specimen was certainly not calculated to inspire me with respect for the military resources of the empire, for it would be scarcely possible to conceive soldiers more grotesquely accoutred, with greater incongruity, or more execrable bad taste. The force consisted of about one hundred and fifty men of every shade of color, from that of the swarthy Mulatto to the ordinary complexioned Moor, who, by the way, is no darker than the Andalusian Spaniard; they were got up in the cast-off tunics of the Gibraltar garrison, and armed with flint-lock muskets of ancient date. Some of the guard wore turbans and some wore fezes. Some of the tunics had buttons and some had none, but all the men wore yellow slippers, and all had bare legs from the knee downwards, while a pair of linen drawers of a uniformly dirty color completed their simple and inexpensive costume. The men were dirty and grimy, the tunics were ditto; some, I perceived by the numbers on the shoulder-straps, had belonged to the 13th Regiment, and

some to the 81st Regiment, and one fellow, a tremendous swell, was got up in the cast-off green jacket of a piper of her Majesty's 74th Highlanders. At the same time, I am bound to say the raw material was excellent: the men were fine, straight-backed, broad-shouldered fellows, who, if only properly armed and well drilled and commanded, would, I am convinced, make first-rate soldiers.

We had already sent early in the morning to request an interview with the Pacha, and now received a message from him to say he would be happy to receive us. We proceeded through the large open square I have spoken of as having passed through the previous night, and on arriving at the official residence found it to be merely a straggling, whitewashed building, constructed regardless of design or uniformity, but covering a considerable area. We entered by a long covered archway, and then passed through a doorway into a garden, at one end of which, and at the back of the building, we found a long stone-built verandah. Here were scattered about in groups a number of officials and soldiers, the latter not dressed as the so-called regulars before described, but in their irregular and extremely handsome costume of loose white robes, bound round their waists by colored sashes, into which were thrust ornamental daggers and crooked scimitars. All had hanging from their shoulders, but open in front, a long dark-blue garment of fine cloth, and their head dress consisted of a snow-white turban wound around a tasseled fez. The *tout ensemble*, as the men were grouped together under the shady trees, was picturesque in the extreme, and the dress well became the wearers, who were all handsome soldier-like looking fellows, with dark beards and moustaches neatly clipped after the Mohammedan fashion, and bronzed intelligent countenances. Amongst them was the Khalifa or second Pacha, a clever-looking young man with cunning, rather Jewish features; he requested us to be seated, and apologised for the absence of his chief, who, he said, would be with us shortly.

Perhaps I may as well here explain that every Pacha of a district has for his assistant a lieutenant, or a Khalifa as he is called, who appears to take the place with reference to the Pacha that the buffer of an engine occupies in connection

with a railway train; that is to say, should any thing go wrong in his chief's department, it is he, the Khalifa, who bears the shock of public outcry, on the one hand, and the far more powerful shock of the Sultan's ire on the other. In the latter case, he is tolerably sure of being invited to present himself at court and explain his conduct, which, if he cannot do in a satisfactory manner, i.e. if he has not the means to fee the ministers and court officials well, he enters into the seclusion of a prison, which, in some cases, he only leaves for the place of execution, in others to govern and plunder another district.

We had not been waiting long, when the Pacha made his appearance, an elderly, intelligent-looking man, with an easy gentlemanly manner, which is characteristic of the upper class Moors. We conversed with him for some time, one of the party acting as an interpreter, and then took our departure, in order to have a stroll through the city. What a labyrinth of streets and lanes Tetuan is, to be sure; what studies for an artist are to be found there; what picturesque costumes we encountered as we made our way amongst gaily-dressed turbaned Moors; wild-looking Riffians in short woollen tunics, with bare legs and close-cropped heads; Israelites in their dark-colored garments and black skull caps; women enveloped in long white haicks, their eyes only exposed to view as they wandered silently about with that noiseless gliding gait which seems peculiar to ghosts and Eastern women! Our guide conducted us at length to the house of a wealthy man, who, having amassed a fortune by trade, had retired from business and settled in Tetuan. We entered by a narrow lane into a house which outside presented nothing but high whitewashed blind walls, and, passing through a wooden doorway, we found ourselves in a handsome building, constructed and decorated in the Mauresque style; it consisted of two storeys, having all the doors and windows of the different rooms opening into the court, which was paved with azulejos or glazed colored tiles; a marble fountain was playing in the centre, and a pleasant shade was produced by four acacia trees growing up round the fountain in places which, for a space of three or four feet, had been purposely left untiled. Running round the court was a verandah supported by the usual horseshoe Moorish arches, its

roofs forming the floor of a balcony into which the upper rooms opened. The walls were decorated with pretty arabesques, and the carved wooden ceilings of the long narrow rooms were inlaid with a coloring of cinnamon and gold.

During the visit three or four negro slave girls came in to have a good look at the strangers; but with the exception of a lovely little Moorish girl of about eight years of age, the daughter of the master of the house, the females of the family had retired to a secluded room, and shut themselves up, so that we saw nothing of them.

In walking through the town it seemed as if I were surrounded by everyday scenes and characters reproduced from the pages of the *Arabian Nights*. At one place the story-teller, surrounded by a silent crowd who listened with rapt attention, sitting cross-legged in a circle round him. There again was the barber, who, in this country, acts also as blood-letting and dentist, employed in shaving the head of a pensive Moor; here came Ayesha and Fatima, demurely wrapped in their veils and attended by a slave girl as they wend their way to the baths; and, as I live, there is the famous hunchback himself, but he now officiates as porter at the doorway of the Jewish quarter,—a hideous bandy-legged dwarf, armed with a long gun, who grins horribly as he opens the gate for us on our return at night, and on being tendered a coin deposits it for safety in his mouth.

The next morning, being anxious to explore the country in the direction of the Beni Hosmar hills, which I have before alluded to, I started early on horseback, and, after crossing the Wad Marteen by a ford, I struck on a path which led up through a narrow gorge amongst the hills.

As I receded from Tetuan, quantities of low cistus bushes took the place of the fine timber which grew in the valley, and the land became much less cultivated than near the city. From time to time I passed a few Arab villages, the inhabitants of which appeared to live chiefly by tending and rearing cattle, of which I observed considerable numbers grazing about, and of these, I was informed many are exported every year to Gibraltar and different parts of Spain. The country through which I was now making my way was occupied by the Beni Madan tribe; they seemed a primitive, simple race, and judging only



from the specimens I saw in the neighborhood, I should be inclined to say that amongst them, always supposing their religion and social customs were not interfered with, European life and property would be perfectly secure. Several of the men left their work unasked to accompany me and show me the way, besides which, on stopping at any village, Arab small boys, after the manner of small boys all over the world, struggled with each other to hold my horse, but in neither case did they ask, or seem to expect, money for doing so, thereby differing considerably from natives of more civilised lands I know of.

The system of seclusion to which the Moorish women are generally supposed to be subject appears only to be at all rigorously observed in the large towns, for in the country villages the veil, which in Morocco consists of a voluminous woollen haick, is laid aside, and the country women taking their share—sometimes, I thought, rather more than their share—of the daily toil, enjoy nearly the same amount of liberty as females of the corresponding class in Europe.

The Moorish women, when young, and especially in the mountain districts, have fine clear complexions, usually dark hair, and the soft liquid almond-shaped eyes, so common in the East, and so characteristic of the daughters of Shem; in fact, they are extremely pretty—a thing I can easily account for, considering their vegetable diet and free open-air life. But what I cannot account for is the fact that, in spite of the laborious existence to which they are condemned by the Arab lords of creation, they have extremely upright, graceful figures, and the Arab maiden generally possesses a hand and foot never seen amongst the working classes of any European nation.

I returned to Tetuan by a circuitous route, leading through a kind of suburb of the city, which seemed to be composed chiefly of the villas of some wealthy Moors, who reside there during the summer. Indeed, Tetuan, more than any other town of Morocco, has the reputation of being the favorite residence of natives of the country who have amassed a decent fortune by trade, or as public functionaries. Here linger any remnants of taste and refinement which have been preserved from a time when the Moslems of Spain were conspicuous for these qualities.

On the expulsion of the Moors from the Peninsula, great numbers settled in this city, and at the present time the inhabitants are, for the most part, descendants of those unhappy fugitives from one of the most cruel persecutions which one race has ever inflicted on another.

According to European notions of amusement, few men have less fun for their money than a wealthy Moor. Field sports, such as hawking and coursing, though not quite unknown, still are not followed with any degree of zest by the upper classes. Society in our sense of the word does not exist, for from society women are excluded. The Moor, no matter how wealthy he may be, is insensible to the pleasures of literature, and, besides, the days of Arab literature have long since passed away; so when his active and public career is over, he only hopes to retire to some favorite spot, such as Fez or Tetuan; there he plants his orange grove and garden; he builds a country house according to his taste; and then, undisturbed by the turmoil of the outer world, undistracted by the cravings of ambition, surrounded by his wives, his slaves, and his children, he floats placidly down the stream of life—a picture of happy contentment and sweet nothing-to-do.

On my return to the city in the afternoon, I visited the Jewish Free School, which has now been established for twelve years, and at which about five hundred children of both sexes receive their education. I understand that schools on the European system only exist at present at Tanjier, Tetuan, and Saffie; they are supported by two societies—that of the Alliance Israelite in Paris, and the Jewish Board of Deputies in London. The Alliance Israelite was formed several years ago, on the occurrence of the Mortara case, when the attention of the French Jews was directed to the state of oppression under which so many of their co-religionists lived. The object of the Society was, by extending to them the advantages of education, to place them in a position which would render them less liable to such oppression for the future, or which would make it altogether impossible. Subscriptions for the purpose are received from Jews scattered over all parts of the world who may be desirous of supporting the cause, and already good schools for

both sexes have been opened in Morocco, Tunis, and some towns of the Turkish Empire.

The Jewish Board of Deputies was established about twelve years ago, subsequent to the visit of Sir Moses Montefiore to Morocco. The immediate cause of that gentleman's expedition to the country was to procure, if possible, the remission of sentence of death which was impending over a few individuals of his own persuasion who were falsely accused of the murder of a Spaniard. The only evidence against the prisoners was the confession, extorted by torture, from a Jewish lad, who, though he admitted he was concerned in the murder, and named some of his accomplices, yet on being released from his anguish retracted everything he had deposed to. Another adult Jew, though severely tortured, consistently refused throughout the entire of his dreadful ordeal to accuse himself or others; still some ten or twelve individuals were arrested, one was executed, and it was probable the others would have shared the same fate if Sir Moses Montefiore, who had been made acquainted with the circumstance, had not himself visited the Sultan, and by the most earnest endeavors, in which he was amply supported, I am told, by the British Minister, Sir John Hay, succeeded in procuring a pardon for the accused.

Sir Moses Montefiore then petitioned the Sultan to relax the restrictive laws against the Israelites, which had existed in bitter force for so many centuries. This request was also acceded to by that potentate, which it well might be, for it cost his Sheerifian Highness no more than the paper on which the promise was written. The engagements have not been kept, and most certainly were never meant to be kept, for the simple reason that, were any serious attempt made to place the Jews of Morocco on an equal footing with the Mussulman population, a revolution would be the consequence, which would cost the Sultan his throne, and most probably his life also.

The Jewish race in this country may be divided into three distinct classes, all differing considerably in manners and customs, and holding but little communication with each other.

The members of the first division claim to be descended from some of the Jewish

nation who, they say, left Palestine and migrated to the Barbary States before the Babylonian captivity. They reside in the Atlas mountains, and always attach themselves for protection to some Berber tribe, the language of which people they speak; they are permitted to bear arms, and are naturally more independent than the Hebrews of the plains, whom they affect to despise. Very meagre and untrustworthy are the accounts generally received of the Atlas Jews, as they never visit the low country, and communication with them is both difficult and hazardous; it is a fact, however, that a city inhabited by this race exists, either in the distant recesses of the Atlas, or between that range and the Sahara desert. The descriptions given of it are very vague, and even a fair approximation to the locality cannot be indicated.

The Barbary Jews who are comprised in the second class generally inhabit the towns and villages of the interior; they are descended from those wandering Israelites who, on the general dispersion of their race through the world, settled in Morocco, where they have lived up to the present time, an oppressed and despised but perfectly distinct race. Their language is the dialect of Arabic which is spoken in Morocco, and they can scarcely be said to profess Judaism, for in the long course of centuries during which they have been completely isolated from the outer world, their religion has degenerated into a most degrading system of superstition, embracing rites and observances not only not sanctioned by, but actually contrary to, the faith observed by the Jews of Europe. Thus, early marriages are encouraged to a degree which must produce disastrous consequences; it is by no means uncommon to see girls of ten years old already married, and often to men five times their own age. Sometimes, on the other hand, both bride and bridegroom are mere children; and I know of one instance myself in which a boy of ten was married to a girl of eleven years of age. The race has now become stunted, and both mentally and physically enfeebled; in fact, it is fast dying out.

The Jews of the third class live for the most part in the coast towns; they are descended from the Jews who were expelled from Spain during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and from other parts

of Europe at earlier periods. Though until lately much oppressed, and even still denied equal rights with the Moors, they are enlightened compared with the other races just described, and it is this section of the people who are now endeavoring to avail themselves of a system of European education. They speak a dialect of Spanish, said to be precisely the same as that which was used in Spain at the period of their expulsion, and differing considerably in idiom from the modern tongue. As at the same time they are well acquainted with Arabic, and in some cases with both French and English, they have become the channel of communication between the Moors and those Europeans who have business relations with the country. Besides acting as agents to European merchants, they carry on a certain amount of trade themselves, and the small quantum of banking business which exists in the country is in their hands.

The Jewish school which I visited consisted of a range of one-storeyed buildings divided into different class-rooms, one spacious apartment being set apart for the female pupils, of whom there were about two hundred. The principal, Monsieur Gogman, a French Israelite, appeared to be very well fitted for the post he occupied, and, as he showed me over the school, gave me many interesting particulars regarding the educational movement now going on amongst the Hebrews of Barbary. He said that the pupils were generally extremely intelligent, showing an avidity for work seldom exhibited in the same degree amongst European children; on leaving school many of them repair to Algeria, where they find more ready employment with better remuneration than in Morocco, and Monsieur Gogman mentioned with just pride that excellent accounts are received continually regarding his former pupils, many of whom are occupying good positions in different public offices throughout the colony. He also informed me that gratuitous instruction had been offered by him to any of the Moorish families who he thought might wish to avail themselves of it; in not one case, however, was it accepted, owing to the strong prejudice which exists in Morocco against any (no matter how intelligent or well educated) of the despised Jewish race.

There at present residing at Tetuan

sixty-two Arab families who have migrated from Algeria, and who, though preferring to live away from the direct sway of the Christian, yet, being subjects of France, claim the protection of that country, and, in point of fact, are French subjects residing in Morocco. On these Arabs, many of whom are people of comparative wealth and intelligence, Monsieur Gogman urged the propriety of allowing their children to be educated on the European system; he thoroughly explained to them that the instruction to be imparted would be purely secular, that it could not fail to be of use to them in after life, fitting them, as it would, for the most important offices under Government, and that, besides this, it would be the first step towards their attaining once more that state of civilisation for which their ancestors were so famous. Those to whom he addressed his arguments admitted their force, said they had seen the good effects of a European education in Algeria, and professed themselves anxious to profit by the instruction thus generously offered, but to do so would have been to incur an amount of contempt and odium from their co-religionists which they dared not encounter. Their children are now growing up in the dense ignorance common to the Mussulman population of Morocco, where education consists, for the most part, in repeating by rote passages from the Koran in a dialect which the learner does not understand.

It is scarcely possible that a country gifted with an exceptionally rich soil, and the boundless mineral resources which Morocco possesses, should remain for many more years beyond the influence of European enterprise. The Sultan and his ministers are well aware that the present system of official rapacity and oppression would be speedily swept away by the influx of any considerable number of Europeans into their country, and therefore, wise in their own generation, they will not permit the mines to be worked in any case, or the agricultural products to be exported unless saddled with duties all but prohibitory.

On the time arriving, however, when the country and its Government may be brought more directly under the influence of European opinion (and I believe myself that period cannot be far distant), an era of prosperity will set in to which it has long been a stranger; and when the shower of

gold falls on Morocco, so wretched and poverty-stricken at present, in spite of its extraordinary natural wealth, it is not difficult to see that, of its different races, the

hitherto despised and persecuted Hebrew will be the first to profit by the change.—*Fraser's Magazine.*

#### MAINE'S EARLY HISTORY OF INSTITUTIONS.\*

A PHILOSOPHICAL work may be regarded from two points of view, with reference, namely, to the additions which it makes to our knowledge within its special department, and to its bearings on other subjects. The special subject of Sir H. Maine's book is archaic law, but the results of his researches derive additional value from their relation to some of the chief social and political problems of our time. The early history of law is full of interest, the curiosity it excites is ever increasing; and to Sir H. Maine belongs the whole credit of arousing attention to it in this country. But modern questions respecting the capacities of different races and sexes are among those on which his Lectures throw light; and his historical method is applicable to other than the legal phenomena of society. As to one class of early institutions, his present work may be considered as complementary to his two previous ones, *Ancient Law* and *Village Communities*, together with M. de Laveleye's *De la Propriété et ses Formes Primitives*. The extraordinary extent of M. de Laveleye's researches in both hemispheres made the lacuna in respect of Celtic institutions more remarkable. This could be filled only by the study of ancient Irish usages, and Sir H. Maine's present work may be said to complete the proof of the collective ownership of land in early society by groups of kinsmen. But his investigations have a much wider range, covering the whole field of the primitive institutions of men arrived at the social stage. Some English scholars have looked askance at the Celtic nations, and shown a manifest reluctance to admit them on equal terms within the pale of historical inquiry, as though the Greek, the Roman, and the Teuton had almost an exclusive claim to the philosophic historian's attention. The chief place in Sir H. Maine's book is assigned

to the ancient Irish, the obscurest and most unfortunate of the Celtic nations.

The early history of Ireland—of the events of which it is made up—is buried in darkness and disaster, but something may be recovered through the study of the native institutions of the Irish people. It would, however, be a misapprehension of Sir H. Maine's chief object in investigating Irish law, and of the point of view from which he examines it, to suppose that he is concerned with the legal history of Ireland as such. He considers it in connection with the general problems of historical and comparative jurisprudence. He takes Irish law as an example of an archaic legal system, and proceeds to ascertain its characteristics as such, the degree of its archaicism, if we may so speak, or the stage of early progress to which it belongs, the mode of its development, its analogies to other bodies of primitive law, its peculiar features, and the causes of those peculiarities. The inquiry is one as to which on many points only probable, on some only conjectural conclusions can be reached, and on not a few doubt and diversity of opinion may always exist. It is said in the *Senchus Mor* that the ancient poets of Ireland were "deprived of the judicature" because "obscure indeed was the language which they spoke, and it was not plain what judgments they had passed." If the judgments of the Brehons who succeeded to the poets were no clearer than are the tracts which go by their name; they too might fairly have forfeited the judicial office. Sir H. Maine's acuteness and learning afford a clue through much which before was a pathless maze, but no genius could extract from the tracts as yet published or accessible a decisive answer to several inquiries which present themselves. One of these relates to the mode in which the ancient laws of Ireland were developed. A legal system may be developed in several ways, by the spontaneous growth of popular usage, by the interpretation of lawyers, by the judgments

\* The Early History of Institutions. By Sir Henry Sumner Maine. New-York: Henry Holt & Co.



of regular tribunals, and by the legislation. Sir H. Maine, who traces to primitive Aryan usage the original elements of Irish law, inclines to refer its subsequent development chiefly, if not exclusively, to juridical interpretation.\* A class of writers, on the other hand, of whom Dr. Sullivan is at once the latest and the ablest, attribute to Ireland at a very early period a central government with a complete legislative and judicial organization for the enactment and administration of law, and to this period they refer the institutions described in the so-called Brehon law tracts. A third view which seems to the present writer most in conformity with the evidence will subsequently appear.

A preliminary question is, what authority are we to ascribe to the tracts just named? Can we accept them, according to the title officially given to them and under which they are published, as the *Ancient Laws and Institutes of Ireland*? Ought they in strictness to be even called Brehon law tracts? O'Curry, one of the translators, when citing them, uses the phrase, "the law says," and Dr. Sullivan attributes to part of them the authority of statute law. A material observation is that they ought not to be taken in the lump as entitled uniformly to the same character and authority; a consideration of the more importance, since besides those already published and hereafter to be published by the Brehon Law Commission, others, such as the *Crith Gablach* and the *Book of Rights*, are sometimes cited as authentic records of Irish law. There is for the most part no unity of authorship even in the case of each tract singly. An original text is in most cases imbedded in glosses and commentary, written by different and unknown hands at different periods. "On its face, the commentary," in the language of the learned editors, "bears the appearance of a work which has grown up under the hands of successive generations of lawyers,"† with frequent variations and contradictions. Sir H. Maine traces an analogy in several respects between the writers of these Irish tracts and the authors of the Brahminical jurisprudence, at the same time observing that it is doubtful how far the latter can be accepted as truly repre-

senting the old customary law of India. But we do not even know that the writers of the so-called Brehon law tracts were all Brehons, and are not without reason for supposing that some of them were not. Sir H. Maine suggests that the compiler of the *Corus Bescna* may have been an ecclesiastic, or if a lawyer was one writing in the interest of an ecclesiastical client. He finds evidence of bias, mere speculation, triviality and silliness in the tracts; and in truth there are passages which it is impossible to record as the utterances of expert judges, legal practitioners, or professors of law, and which must be the work of mere tiro and dabblers. The tracts moreover appear not to have been in the hands of the Irish lawyers generally; each appears, in Sir H. Maine's words, to have been "the property and to have set forth the special legal doctrines of a particular family or law school."\* He remarks that Shane O'Neill's view of the Irish law of legitimacy was directly contrary to the legal doctrine of the *Book of Aicill*, and that it would seem to follow that this book had not an universally recognised authority. The *Books of Rights*, according to Dr. Sullivan, contains the law regulating the relations between the local authorities and the different kingdoms; but this book is really a book of the claims of the Munster dynasty, and its authority could hardly have been recognised by the rival dynasties. The editors of the tracts officially published, in their preface to the third volume, compare the *Corus Bescna* with *Chitty on Contracts*, as the work, not of a legislator or a judge, but of a private lawyer without official authority. But, apart from the possibility that the compiler was not even a lawyer, there is the essential difference that Mr. Chitty's treatise was written for, and has circulated as a standard work among, the whole English legal profession, whereas the *Corus Bescna* may have been unrecognised by, and even unknown to, the majority of the profession in Ireland. Edmund Spenser evidently had never heard of the Brehon law as being in writing, and defines it as "a rule of right unwritten, delivered by tradition from one to another." Some written texts of law may have been in the possession of Irish lawyers in general, but the tracts as a whole, with their glosses and commentaries, seem

\* *Early History of Institutions*, pp. 10, 11; 42, 43; and 286-290.

† "*Ancient Laws of Ireland*" vol., iii. General Preface.

\* Lecture i. p. 16. Compare pp. 21, 33, 280.

certainly not to have been so. Sir James Ware appears to have been as ignorant as Spenser of any written corpus of Irish law, and states that the Brehons in their judgments were guided by aphorisms taken partly from the Civil and Canon laws, and partly from certain Irish rules and customs.\*

A fresh set of difficulties arise with reference to the period to which the tracts belong. Most of the extant MSS. appear to have been written in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, but when were they originally composed? Mr. Whitley Stokes ascribes the *Senchus Mor* to the eleventh, and the *Book of Aicill* to the tenth century, but this opinion is understood to refer only to the text, with perhaps the oldest part of the glosses and commentary. From the differences in substance, as well as in language, between the text of the tracts and the commentary and glosses, it is plain that the latter are often of much later date than the former; and it is hardly conceivable that the transcribers of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries added no glosses or comments of their own. But were we able to fix the time of the composition of every part of each of the tracts, the inquiry would in many cases remain, were the writers describing a past, a present, or an ideal state of things? It is impossible to answer this question with respect to the *Book of Rights*, much of the *Crith Gablach*, and various passages in the *Senchus Mor* and the *Book of Aicill*. In some cases a sufficient answer may be arrived at. We know, for instance, that the *eric-fine* for murder and other offences was an existing institution in the time of Edmund Spenser, and we may be certain that it had existed for many centuries. We may, again, feel assured that the Irish process of distress, with the practice of fasting on debtors of rank, is older than any known event in Irish history, and was a primitive Aryan institution. But there are not a few cases where we are left in doubt as to the period, and even as to the real existence at any period, of the customs and rules which the tracts describe. The conclusion to which all these considerations conduct us is, that the tracts are *not* properly entitled to the name of "the Ancient Laws of Ireland," and that even "the Brehon law tracts" is an inaccurate and a misleading title, though one

probably now irrevocably attached to them. They are not the Laws of Ireland, but only evidence respecting them, evidence of great importance, yet needing to be scrutinised at every step with the utmost caution. No one would give the title of the Laws of England to all the books, tracts, and unpublished manuscripts that have been written about English law. We may accept the *Senchus Mor* as unimpeachable evidence of the nature of the Irish remedy of distraint, because the learning of scholars like Sir H. Maine and Mr. Whitley Stokes has established the close analogies between it and ancient Roman, Germanic, and English remedies on the one hand, and the Hindoo custom of "sitting *dharma*" on the other. We may further accept some, perhaps nearly all, of the tracts as sources of law, through the influence they exercised on the Brehons who had access to them, but this influence must have been in a great measure local, since as a body they were not in the hands of the legal profession throughout the country.

The question then arises, was there no source of law in Ireland of a more authoritative kind? Dr. Sullivan, in his very learned and ingenious treatise, asserts that during two or three centuries previous to the invasions of the Danes, Ireland was far advanced in civilisation, material and moral, and possessed a complete legislative and judicial organization. But after the eighth century, through the anarchy resulting from the incursions of the Northmen, this organization was, in his view, broken up; and such continued to be the condition of things after the English invasion, by reason of "the isolation of the numerous small states into which the country was divided, and the continuous feuds between their chiefs."\* The assumption of a complete legislative and judicial organization in the seventh and eighth centuries is founded mainly on the *Crith Gablach*, though apparently a composition of comparatively modern date, and one or two other tracts; but Dr. Sullivan attributes it chiefly to the influence of the Christian Church, together with peace, extensive commerce, industry, wealth, and learning. If however we are, with Dr. Sullivan, to take the *Senchus Mor* and the *Book of Aicill* as recording the usages of that early

\* *Antiquitates Hiberniæ*, cap. viii.

\* Introduction to O'Curry's Lectures, pp. xvi., ccliii.

period, they certainly do not bear out his conclusions respecting the powerful influence of the Church, or the high civilisation of the country. The lax relations of the sexes which they disclose and sanction, the rules respecting divorce, legitimacy, and abduction, are as incompatible with his theory of the state of religion and morals, as the archaic character of some of the customs of which they are evidence is with his supposition of a very advanced economic development. The composition for injuries in the primitive form of payments in cattle exists; no coin is current, notwithstanding the assumed wealth and commercial development of the island; and, notwithstanding the learning of monks and missionaries, the *Senchus Mor* describes the education of sons of chiefs as confined to chess-playing, riding, swimming, and shooting. Had so martial a people, one may add, as the Irish been so perfectly organized under a central government as Dr. Sullivan supposes, it seems certain that they must have easily driven the Danes back into the sea in the ninth century. "I have heard," says Edmund Spenser, no panegyrist of the Irish, "some great warriors say that in all the services which they had seen abroad in foreign countries, they never saw a more comely man than the Irishman, nor that cometh on more bravely in his charge."

On the whole, Dr. Sullivan seems much to exaggerate the social, political, and legal development of Ireland in the seventh and eighth centuries. But the chief defect in his representation is, that it leaves us in the dark with respect to the government and judicial institutions of Ireland during a much longer and more important period—the period to which the tracts really belong—namely, the eight hundred years from the beginning of the ninth to the end of the sixteenth century. With respect both to this and to the antecedent period, the learned editors of the third volume of the tracts conclude that the authority of the Brehons depended merely on public opinion and the voluntary submission of the litigants, and that the Irish people were altogether without legislative and judicial institutions. "The total absence," they say, "of such institutions is the most remarkable point in the Brehon law." This view is, however, contrary to many passages in the tracts referring to courts of jus-

tice and their procedure.\* Citing one of these passages, Sir H. Maine indicates the importance of the question involved:—

"The Brehon lawyer who ought to accompany the distrainor is expressly stated by the *Senchus Mor* to aid him 'until the decision of a Court.' What was the proceeding here referred to? What authority had the Irish courts at any time at which the Brehon law was held in respect? To what extent did they command the public force of the sovereign State? Was there any sovereign power established in any part of Ireland which could give operative jurisdiction to Courts of Justice and operative force to the law? All these questions—of which the last are in truth the great problems of Irish history—must in some degree be answered before we can have anything like a confident opinion on the working of the Law of Distress set forth at such length in the *Senchus Mor*."

To these questions Sir H. Maine makes no positive answer, but suggests that if any such courts as the *Senchus Mor* assumes really existed, their jurisdiction may have been voluntary like that of the ancient Frankish courts. His remarks on the subject, however, seem to relate chiefly to the early period which Dr. Sullivan represents as one of such advanced and elaborate organization. Respecting the period from the reign of Henry II. to that of Elizabeth, Sir John Davis, Sir James Ware, and Edmund Spenser give decisive answers to Sir H. Maine's questions; and the governmental and judicial institutions which Sir John Davis describes must obviously be taken as having existed before the reign of Henry II. "To give laws," he says, "unto a people, to institute magistrates and officers over them, to punish and pardon malefactors, to have the sole authority of making war and peace, and the like, are the true marks of sovereignty, which King Henry II. had not in the Irish countries, but the Irish lords did still retain all these prerogatives to themselves. For they governed the people by the Brehon law; they made their own magistrates and officers; they pardoned and punished all malefactors within their several countries; they made war and peace without controlment; and this they did not only during the reign of King Henry II., but afterwards in all times even until the reign of Queen Elizabeth." He relates, too, that when Sir W. Fitzwilliams, the Lord De-

\* *Senchus Mor*, vol. i. pp. 85, 121, 201, 203, 294; vol. ii. p. 89.

puty, told Maguire that he was about to send a sheriff into Fermanagh, Maguire replied: "Your sheriff shall be welcome to me, but let me know his eric, or the price of his head beforehand, that if my people cut it off, I may cut the eric upon the country." Spenser's View of the state of Ireland contains evidence to the same effect.\* And Sir James Ware has graphically described the tribunal in the open air, and the rude seat of judgment from which the Brehons of the king or lord of the local territory at fixed times administered justice to the suitors litigating before them.† The editors of the tracts speak as though the existence of law in the proper sense of the term depended on the existence of a supreme central government; but there were laws in England before the states of the so-called Heptarchy were consolidated into a single kingdom, and Ireland, as a polyarchy of petty states, may well have had regular courts of justice in which the laws were expounded and administered by Brehons sitting as judges. And the judgments of such Brehons constituted, it is submitted, the true "Brehon law." The view which Sir H. Maine takes, that the Brehons succeeded to the Druids as judges, is strongly borne out by analogies, but the conclusion which the evidence seems to establish is that Irish law was developed in a great measure by their decisions in courts, and not solely, as Sir H. Maine rather inclines to believe, by "the opinions of lawyers." "The ultimate criterion of the validity of professional opinion" in Ireland as at Rome‡ seems to have been "the action of courts of justice." The constant internal warfare in which the Irish were involved is by no means incompatible with the regular working of tribunals. "The Norse literature," as Sir H. Maine himself observes, "shows that perpetual fighting and perpetual litigation may go on side by side;" and the Paston Letters prove that such was the state of things even in England so late as the fifteenth century. It is not improbable that there were suits where no public authority

intervened, and the Brehons acted as arbitrators chosen by the suitors; but in large classes of cases the language of the Senchus Mor respecting the procedure of courts appears to be amply warranted. There were, it would follow, at least two sources of Irish law, doubtless acting on each other; the authoritative judgments of courts on the one hand, and the theoretical jurisprudence of lawyers and law schools on the other. There is some ground also for thinking that down to the time of Spenser, decisions on both public questions and private controversies were arrived at in local assemblies such as Mr. Freeman describes as among early Teutonic institutions.\* "There is a great use amongst the Irish," says Spenser, "to make great assemblies together upon a rath or hill, there to parley about matters and wrongs between township and township, or one private person and another." Decisions thus arrived at may have constituted a third source of Irish law, and several passages in the tracts support the supposition.

The point of principal importance is the stage of political and legal development which Ireland had reached prior to the establishment of English law over the whole island. And the conclusion to which the evidence points, is that the native Irish were not in the anarchical and utterly barbarous condition commonly supposed. Their judicial system seems to have reached a considerable development, and to have been such that the establishment of a native central government (which Sir H. Maine believes the English settlement prevented †) would have rapidly led to a complete national system of legislation and judicature. To judge of the stage of social and legal progress to which the Irish institutions belong, we must, however, look not only to the external machinery for the enunciation and administration of law, but also to the nature of the laws maintained. The question thus arising is one of general importance in historical and comparative jurisprudence, over and above its interest in relation to the history of Ireland. For we have to inquire what are the institutions belonging to the different stages of development? By what marks are we

\* "The judge, being as he is called the Lord's Brehon, adjudgeth for the most part a better share (of the eric fine) unto his Lord, that is the Lord of the soil or the head of the sept, and also unto himself for his judgment, a greater part than unto the parties grieved."—*View of the State of Ireland*.

† *Antiquitates Hiberniæ*, cap. viii.

‡ *Early History of Institutions*, p. 42.

\* *Comparative Politics*, pp. 242, 243.

† *Lecture ii.* pp. 54, 55.



to determine whether laws and customs are of an archaic, a modern, or of a transitional type? Are the institutions of the ancient Irish those of an advancing, a retrograde, or a stationary society? In the third volume of the tracts, the editors specify various tests of the more or less archaic character of a body of laws, and a number of others might be suggested. For the present inquiry it may be sufficient to instance the predominance of collective or of separate property; the existence or non-existence of wills, of individual contracts, and of powers of alienation of land *inter vivos*; the classifications of property; the nature of legal remedies and penalties, especially in the case of wrongs known in modern jurisprudence as crimes; and the proprietary and other legal rights and the social status of women. Some, however, of these tests are not decisive. In the earlier stages, the institutions of a people have one common bond, a tie of blood connects them all. Tribal or family ownership in common, the absence of testamentary and other powers of alienation, the exclusion of women from property, the blood feud (which passes subsequently into fines to the kindred of a slain or injured person), the absence of the legal remedies which regular tribunals confer, are closely related phenomena. Thus the absence of the will, and other modes of alienation, and of proprietary rights on the part of women,\* keep the tribal or family property from being broken up; and the blood feud, and its successor, the eric-fine to the kindred, grow out of and mark the same unity founded on kinship which makes the tribe, clan, sept, or other group of relatives, an indivisible corporation in respect of the ownership of land. But an advanced society may long retain some of its early institutions, as the Romans did in the *patria potestas*, the distinction between *res Mancipi* and *res nec Mancipi*, and the treatment of theft as a tort; and as English law does to this day in the distinction between real and personal property, the laws relating to the property of married women, and the rights of inheritance of women in general. On the other hand, a people

whose legal system is fundamentally archaic, may have imported from without some advanced institutions, such as the will, which Roman example, or the influence of the Christian Church, introduced among nations of mediæval Europe whose usages were in other respects of the archaic type. Nevertheless we are not without decisive tests, both positive and negative. Thus, although the existence of the will is not conclusive, its absence is. In two words, *nullum testamentum*, Tacitus enables us to pronounce as to the primitive character of the institutions of the Germans; and he does so in nearly as few words when he states that the penalty for crimes was a fine in horses and cattle, although we may perceive a step onwards in the payment of part of it to the king or the State. Passing to Irish institutions, we find tribal ownership of both land and chattels; an eric-fine in cattle for crimes (though here, too, part of the fine goes to the chief, marking the interposition of public authority); and a process of distress with the most archaic features. On the other hand, testamentary and other powers of alienation of property exist; and the modern character of the doctrines relating to contract, partnership, contributory negligence, and the measure of damages, is emphatically noticed by both the editors of the tracts and Sir H. Maine. The former, indeed, observe that it is doubtful whether such advanced doctrines corresponded with popular usage; but, even in that case, they would indicate an advance in the legal mind.

The conclusion to which these opposite characteristics point is, that while the native customs and jurisprudence of the Irish exhibit the marks of a state of society retaining many primitive features, they reveal also not only the germs of potential advancement, but evidence of actual progress in certain directions, in spite of obstacles which might well seem insuperable. In this view, one of the most interesting departments of Irish law and usage is that relating to the rights and condition of women, though it is one the difficulties surrounding which are greatly augmented by the circumstance that Sir H. Maine's luminous researches into the history of the property of women relate almost exclusively to other communities. Nevertheless we may discover unmistakable indications in the Irish institutions of that im-

\* See on the connection between the joint ownership of kinsmen and the exclusion of women from property, M. de Laveleye's "De la Propriété et ses Formes Primitives," pp. 172-5.

provement in the legal and civil condition of women which he characterises as a test of advancing civilisation. The societies which he takes up for examination on this subject are the Roman and the Hindoo, and at the patriarchal stage. Indications, however, of an earlier stage, even among communities of the Aryan stock—the ancient Irish, for example—seem clearly discernible. Sir H. Maine may fairly treat the stage at which the family is constituted as that at which the history of human society, in the proper sense of the term, begins; and he seems justified in calling the usages of that stage the primitive institutions of society. But he sometimes too narrowly circumscribes, both in space and time, the investigations of juridical history. He limits (Lecture ii., p. 65) the inquiries of the student of jurisprudence to two or at most three great races; and he somewhat curtly dismisses the evidence of practices at one period on the part of those races themselves, resembling in respect of the relations of the sexes those of most of the lower animals. Yet his own researches show that the domain of historical and comparative jurisprudence ought to include every section of mankind in every stage of progress, since he illustrates the growth of the power of the feudal lord by the customs of African tribes. And the farther we go back in human history, and the lower the condition of the primitive human being, the greater will be seen to be the progress achieved, and the more encouraging is the evidence of human capacity for improvement. It is only in this way that we can regard with any satisfaction or hope the career of mankind. The Germans of the age of Tacitus were farther advanced than those whom Cæsar knew; in the eleventh century the English were in many respects far more civilised than their forefathers who landed in Britain; and the progress of all Western Europe since the eleventh century has been prodigious. Other parts of the world, however, have receded; all the regions under the sway of the Turk have retrograded since the Romans governed them; ruin and desolation have succeeded to wealth and prosperity over a great part of Asia. It is only by going back to the earliest condition of mankind that we discover the real movement of humanity. All mankind were once savages; savages are now to be found only in parts of the

globe which have been until recent times shut out from intercourse with the progressive regions. And thus it is by taking into account evidence of usages on the part of Irish tribes of a pre-patriarchal period, that we perceive the real movement of Irish history in relation to women. Dr. Sullivan gives no reason, and there is none, for attributing "to prejudice rather than accurate information" the description which he cites from St. Jerome (who speaks as an eye-witness), of communism in wives and the practice of cannibalism among the ancient Scoti and Atticotti.\* That down to the seventeenth century the relations of the sexes in Ireland were not regulated by Christian morality appears clearly from a comparison of the Irish law tracts with the statements of Sir John Davis. Nevertheless there is decisive evidence of an immense advance beyond the state of morals and habits described by St. Jerome; and Sir H. Maine himself suggests that the rules of the tract on Social Connections, lax as they are, may indicate a social advance. Lawful marriage has been instituted, and is held in honor. Marriage is not indeed the only recognised relation between the sexes, but the concubine or mistress is regarded as holding a position very inferior to that of the wife; her connection, moreover, is with only one man, and her industrial services are a principal reason for the connection which actually subsists, and for its recognition by the law. Another proof of a rise on the part of women is that a bondmaid has ceased to be the common medium of exchange, and the original term "cumhal" has come to signify a value in cattle. The abduction of women continues to be a frequent occurrence in the society portrayed in the tracts, but it is visited with heavy fines; and it is moreover a practice which points to the earlier and ruder usage of marriage by capture described by Mr. McLennan. According to the original law of Irish gavelkind, males alone shared in the repartition of a deceased tribesman's land, and Dr. Sulli-

\* "Scotorum natio uxores proprias non habet, sed ut cuique libitum fuerit pecudum more lascivunt. . . . Scotorum et Atticottorum ritu ac de Republicâ Platonis promiscuos uxores communes liberos habeant. . . . Ipse adolescentulus in Gallia vidi Atticottos, gentem Britannicam, humanis vesci carni bus."

van adduces no authority for his statement that ultimately daughters appear to have been admitted to succeed in the absence of sons. But whatever may have been the law of succession, the women of the period to which the tracts relate have become largely possessed of separate property, by marriage portions from their own family and marriage gifts from their husbands, by their own earnings, and probably also by bequest. The proprietary rights of the wife are considerable, much exceeding, as Sir H. Maine observes, those conceded by the English common law. The rights of women, both married and single, are in many respects equal to those of men. They can sue and be sued; they may give evidence and go security; and from a comparison of the glosses and commentary with the original text of the tracts, their power of making contracts uncontrolled by husbands or guardians appears to have undergone a considerable expansion. Disabilities which in the text seem imposed on women in general, are treated by subsequent commentators as applying only to women cohabiting without lawful marriage, and even the latter are invested with certain contractual powers. An especially remarkable feature of ancient Irish society is the important place in its industrial economy which both the law tracts and later testimony exhibit women as filling. Edmund Spenser describes them as having "the trust and care of all things both at home and in the field;" the tracts represent them as both superintending and sharing the work of the farm out of doors, and spinning and making linen and cloth in the house; and this was evidently a principal reason for the temporary cohabitation of women as mistresses, and for the care of the law to secure to them the value of their services. Women of high birth, again, had several of the privileges of chiefs; and among these the Crith Gablach states, according to the translation, that the wife of an Aire-Tiusi, a chief of high rank, had "the right to be consulted on every subject."

On the other hand, there are proofs of the long continuance, among the Irish, of some very early usages in relation to women. Part of the bride's dower or marriage gift went, if her father were dead, to the chief of her sept. Part of the honor-price of an abducted woman went to her

chief and her family; the children were the property of her family, who might sell them if they liked, according to the Book of Aicill, though it is not improbable that this custom became at a later period obsolete. In one particular women appear from the tracts to have lost ground; several women being mentioned as having anciently been judges. Dr. Sullivan suggests, with considerable probability, that these traditional female judges were Druidesses. The entrance of the Christian Church on the stage would, of course, account for the loss of the priestly functions which, in the age of the Druids, were blended with the judicial. But throughout Europe the mediæval clergy exerted their influence against the exercise of public functions by women. There is a passage in the Senchus Mor in which the hand or the inspiration of the Churchman clearly appears, at the same time that it contains a remarkable recognition of women as law-worthy:—

"What is the reason that it is called the Senchus of the men of Erin, since it does not treat more of the law of the men of Erin than of the law of the women? It is proper indeed that it should be so called, that superiority should be given to the noble sex, that is to the male, for *Christus caput viri, et vir caput mulieris*—Christ is the head of the man, and the man is the head of the woman; and the man is more noble than the woman, and it was on account of man's dignity it was ascribed to him."

Sir H. Maine shows how injurious priestly prejudices and interest have been to women in India, but credits the mediæval clergy with having done much to improve their position in Europe in relation to property. The subordination of women was, nevertheless, a prime object of ecclesiastical policy, and in his Ancient Law, Sir H. Maine has shown us how, by proprietary disabilities consequent on the complete subordination of the wife, the canon law deeply injured civilisation. But the influence of the Church over Irish law was comparatively slight, and this probably explains the comparatively independent position of married women prior to the establishment of the English common law, which instantly lowered the position of the Irish wife.\*

On the whole, the movement towards the emancipation and elevation of women,

\* Early History of Institutions, p. 324.

which Sir H. Maine regards as part of the general movement called civilisation, is distinctly visible in Irish legal history. Its features in this respect corroborate evidence previously adduced, that the state of society exhibited in the native institutions of Ireland, during many centuries prior to the establishment of English law, is not one of utter anarchy and barbarism, but one grievously hindered in its development, and retaining many traces of archaic usage, yet exhibiting marked tendencies to improvement, and in some important points great actual progress. It is not to the past, but to the future, that eminent Irishmen like Dr. Sullivan should teach their countrymen to look for proof of Irish capacity for civilisation. More hope, however, for the future is to be gotten from St. Jerome's description of the Scots and Atticotti in the fourth century, than from Dr. Sullivan's picture of the high civilisation of their descendants in the seventh and eighth centuries. The idea presented by a comparison of St. Jerome's account with the evidence respecting the condition of Irish society in later ages is one of remarkable progress in the face of enormous obstacles; the picture which Dr. Sullivan holds up is that of a precocious social maturity, followed by rapid decay.

An important conclusion which Sir H. Maine has established in relation to Irish institutions is, that some of the rudest of them are of the genuine Aryan type, exhibiting the closest analogies to early Roman, Teutonic, and Hindoo customs. Few chapters in historical jurisprudence are more instructive than the Lectures in which he compares the Irish process of distress with the Roman *pignoris capio*, the *pignoratio* of the *Leges Barbarorum*, the English remedy of distraint and replevin, and the Hindoo custom of "sitting dhar-na." Irish customs which Sir J. Davis denounced as "lewd and unreasonable," were "virtually the same institutions out of which 'the just and honorable law of England' grew;" only without the development which English law owed to the establishment of a strong central government, introducing general legislation, effacing ancient tribal and local usage, taking on itself the redress of wrongs and jurisdiction over all controversies, terminating feuds and private war, and promoting the substitution of contract for kinship and status as the basis of rights.

One striking analogy, however, between Irish and ancient Teutonic institutions, of which Sir H. Maine may claim to be the original discoverer, is to be contemplated with small satisfaction—the growth, namely, in Ireland, as throughout most of Western Europe, of feudalism, in the sense of the transformation of the chief of the tribe or the clan into the lord of its territory; a change which involved the sinking of the tribesmen among whom the chief had been only *primus inter pares*, into dependents and serfs, and the conversion of the patrimony of the many into the estate of the one. Nor does the economic compensation to which Sir H. Maine points appear to have really followed. Property in land, he points out, has had a twofold origin, having arisen partly from the disentanglement of the individual rights of the tribesmen from the collective rights of the family or tribe, and partly from the growth of the dominion of the tribal chief. "The English conception," he states, "of absolute property in land is really descended from the special proprietorship enjoyed by the lord, and more anciently by the tribal chief in his own domain;" and he adds that "we are indebted to the peculiar absolute English form of ownership for such an achievement as the cultivation of the soil of North America." Whether absolute individual property in the soil be the best political and economic institution, or, as M. de Laveleye thinks, the reverse, there seems, in the first place, no necessity for tracing it to the proprietorship of either the chief or the feudal lord; it finds its archetype in the absolute property of the tribesman in his own dwelling and surrounding plot of ground. Nor is it plain why the English form of property, descended from the dominion acquired by the lord, should be described as peculiarly absolute. The same process which transformed the chief of the village community into the lord of its land, subjected him to an overlord, and one of the fundamental doctrines of English real property law is, that "the idea of absolute ownership is quite unknown to the English law." Sir H. Maine himself contrasts socage tenure, "the distinctive tenure of the free farmer," which he traces to the ownership of the tribe, with military tenure descending from the suzerainty of the lord; and it was only by transforming itself into the socage tenure that military tenure relieved



itself of burdens most obstructive to good husbandry and improvement. Seigniorial proprietorship hindered, as Adam Smith has pointed out, improvement on the part of both landlord and tenant; and it was one of the main causes of the backwardness of English agriculture at a time when the humbler forms of proprietorship and tenure descending from the village community had converted the swamps and sandbanks of Flanders into richly cultivated gardens. M. de Laveleye doubtless errs on the other side, in attempting to trace the instincts of justice and a beneficial natural law, in the original common proprietorship of the tribe and the village group of kinsmen. It involved the exclusion of men of different blood, and of women even of the same blood; it was closely connected with slavery; and Sir H. Maine is obviously justified in objecting to descriptions which represent the communism of the primitive cultivating groups as an anticipation of modern democratic theories. Nor is the statement groundless, that "the transformation and occasional destruction of the village communities was caused, over much of the world, by the successful assault of a democracy on an aristocracy." This description, however, is not applicable to either England or Ireland. In both the assault was made by an aristocracy or a plutocracy; and in both the economic results to the cultivators of the soil were disastrous.

Works of genius and learning not only convey new information to other minds, but also stir them to reflection and further investigation, sometimes resulting in difference of conclusion. And especially where the subject is one, like the laws and legal history of Ireland, bristling with points respecting which much is necessarily open to conjecture and doubt, one of the uses of a work such as Sir H. Maine's is to excite controversy. But it establishes many important conclusions incontrovertibly, and does so not only with respect to

its special subject, the early history of institutions, but also in respect of several social problems of our own day. One of these is the great question of race, and the causes of diversities of national character and career. Edmund Spenser, and Bishop Berkeley after him, saw in the manners and customs of the Irish, and the state of Irish society, the traits of a race naturally repugnant to civilisation. Sir H. Maine teaches us to regard them as the characteristics of an early phase of social progress, presenting manifest germs of and proofs of capacity for improvement. Sir John Davis denounced Irish institutions as "lewd and unreasonable;" Sir H. Maine shows that they belong to a stage of development through which the laws of all civilised nations have passed. It is needless to say how the lessons which Sir H. Maine deduces from the history of law tend to diminish national prejudices, to improve international relations, and to facilitate the government of different nations and races under the same empire, or how hopeful they are in respect of the attitudes of all races for civilisation under propitious conditions. His investigations have likewise the merit, seldom possessed by the researches of scholars, of taking both sexes into account; and of showing that the same process of social development which displays itself in the transformation of archaic into civilised institutions, tends to raise the legal condition of women to the same level with that of men, leaving individual position to individual powers.

The method of investigation, it ought to be added, which Sir H. Maine has done more than any other writer to introduce into England, is applicable to other departments of social philosophy besides jurisprudence; and it is not a rash prediction, that one of the results of his works on the history of law will be the application of the historical method to political economy.—*Fortnightly Review*.

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#### THE COST OF LIVING

COMPLAINTS about the increase in the cost of living have of late been rife in every quarter. In these complaints themselves, and in the various suggestions and appeals for relief which have been founded

upon them, the fact of such a rise has been so generally assumed that any attempt to explain that it is in great part imaginary will seem to most persons simply paradoxical. Does not every mistress of

a household, it will be urged, have, in details, the evidence of the fact brought to her mind in her morning interviews with her cook or housekeeper? And does not every master have the same evidence, in the aggregate, when the time comes to add up and discharge his Christmas bills? And where else is the explanation and justification to be sought for the Civil Service Stores, and their rapid and startling success? The matter is worth inquiring into. We are convinced that here, as in so many other cases, the popular mind has got hold of a few unquestionable facts, but has been rather too apt to turn aside from equally important groups of counterbalancing facts.

Discussions upon the subject have not as a rule, we apprehend, taken the most convenient and conclusive form. They have depended too much upon vague individual recollection of details, or hearsay, on the one hand, or upon appeals to statistical columns on the other hand. We are convinced, however, that the examination of concrete instances offers practically the only available plan. It is certainly the most interesting, and we hope to give sufficient reasons for establishing that it is the most trustworthy plan. Long lists of figures, containing the statistics of the rise and fall of various commodities are at best the mere elements of an inquiry, and need a considerable amount of dressing up before they can be of any service to us. The price alone is clearly not sufficient. We must also know the relative amount of each of the commodities which may happen to be consumed, so as to understand how far a saving in the one direction will neutralize a loss in another. But the moment this is done the inquiry really becomes a concrete and relative one, for the comparative amount of the various articles demanded for different households varies widely according to tastes and circumstances. In one family bread and meat will be the important items; in another, amusements, travel, and literature will be the main outlets of the income. Tastes and circumstances being various, expenses must be so likewise. Hence it seems to follow that if we wish to get at the facts in a simple and intelligible manner, we have really only two courses before us. One of these is to endeavor to construct a sort of fictitious person who shall represent the average expenses of any given rank or

position. We may assign him an average number of children, of average health and appetite, and credit the parents with a sort of average disposition and line of expenditure. As regards the simple wants and tastes of the agricultural laboring-classes, such a plan as this might answer. It has in fact been repeatedly adopted in their case with the result of establishing, conclusively we think, that even in spite of a rise of money wages their position is on the whole worse in some parts of the country than it was a generation ago. When, however, we attempt to apply the same method to the middle and upper classes, with their widely varying tastes and circumstances, it loses most of its interest and value. No one would feel his own case sufficiently nearly coincident with that of the fictitious individual to find much interest in carrying out the comparison.

A far better plan, therefore, seems to be to find some actual concrete case, that is, to take an instance of a family (if such can be found) which we happened to know occupied about the same social position, and possessed approximately similar tastes and means in two successive generations. What we may thus seem to lose in scientific accuracy will be more than made up in other ways. What we want to know is not the cost or wholesale price of things, which is what the statisticians are mostly concerned with, but the actual price which had to be paid by ordinary householders of common sagacity and opportunity. Moreover, by thus taking actual concrete instances, we are saved from much uncertainty and conjecture in the assignment of the supposed proportions in various directions which the outlay of our fictitious householder would assume.

We may remark that it was the accident of such an opportunity as this coming into our way that put us upon the present line of inquiry. We recently fell in with some tolerably full and accurate household books of from forty to fifty years ago, having the best possible grounds for knowing what was the cost of living for a similar family a generation further on. We will call the householders respectively father and son. They occupied the same social position in the upper, or upper middle class, whichever people may please to call it. Their incomes were not very different, say about 1,000*l.* a year. Their

tastes also were somewhat similar. Both had decided literary sympathies, were fond of hospitality in a quiet way, and of travel, and were both fairly good domestic managers. As far as we can judge, therefore, each would want similar classes of articles and of about the same quality, and would be likely to get it at much about the same relative cost. The cases are also analogous in that neither of them lived either in London or in the heart of the country, but for the most part in country towns; so that that source of uncertainty is avoided which arises from the fact that formerly the difficulties of transit produced much greater differences than now exist between the price of some things in the metropolis and in the country.

Before giving some of our results in detail, there are one or two prevalent sources of confusion which require to be cleared up. Perhaps the oddest, one might rather say the coolest assumption often made in discussions upon this subject, is one which really amounts to a claim that all loss arising from increase of cost is to be regarded as a privation, and therefore a ground for complaint, whereas all saving arising from diminution of cost in other directions may fairly be regarded as being swallowed up by the greater "demands" of the present age. Beef and butter are dearer, therefore here is a privation; but when it is urged on the other hand that travelling is vastly cheaper, the answer will very likely be, 'Oh! but people are obliged to travel so much more now than they used to do; every one does so now, even those who formerly never thought of such a thing, and therefore we, like others, are forced to do the same.' Still more is the same answer resorted to in the case of every sort of social display. It need hardly be remarked that every plea of this sort must be peremptorily rejected. All that we are concerned with is the simple question, Can I or can I not procure a larger supply than a man of my own means could, a generation or two ago, of the common necessities and luxuries of life? To turn aside to examine whether we get more or less pleasure out of these sources than people would formerly have done, is to enter upon a totally different question. If our physical frames actually required more sustenance now, that would be a fair set-off to any cheaper price in the materials; but if a man can adorn his

walls with double the number of engravings or pictures that could have been procured for the same money fifty years ago, this is an unquestionable gain. For him to turn round and say that after all it comes to nothing, because society "demands" a greater show, is to miss the whole point in dispute. Of course the stomach must be fairly filled before our walls are decorated, but we are not discussing the case of the very poor, all whose earnings go to necessities, with the smallest margin left for luxuries. We are concerned with the case of the middle and upper classes, of whose expenditure, whether we choose to give it the name of luxury or not, a very large portion is spent on what are not necessities. "Life" with them is not a struggle for the means of existence, but a choice amongst many forms of amusement and relaxation. Unless therefore we take an absurdly narrow view of the matter, we must include under the term "cost of living," for any class, all that makes life enjoyable, as well as what makes it possible for them.

The fact is, that to put up such a plea as the above is to concede almost all that is needed. Society has no fixed claims whatever; it claims just as much as it can get. Men on an average live pretty nearly up to their income, or at any rate spend about the same proportion of it in one age and another. If then they are found to buy more of some article of enjoyment than they used to, it is a sign almost certainly of an increased income, but also not improbably of some fall in the price of the article in question. After a time they get accustomed to the enjoyment of it, regard is as essential to their rank or position, and grumble if they cannot have it, and the margin by which it was originally procured, as well. Every increase therefore in the demands of society often marks a *decrease*, recent or of long standing, in the cost of living. It may of course have been attained by an increase of the average income, but it may also be due to a fall in the price of the article. People say, for instance, that dinner-giving is more expensive now, because every one expects champagne. But why do they expect it now? Our fathers liked the taste of it as much as we do, and would have been just as glad to drink it; but they could not afford it. This means that the son's income is on an average larger

than the father's; but the claims and expectations of society are simply a consequence and sign of this gradual enrichment: they are not a product which goes on growing of its own accord. We shall therefore neglect all such considerations, and confine ourselves to the simple question, Will a given income in the middle and upper classes buy more or less of such things as they choose to lay it out in?

Another and rather perplexing question arises out of the fact that nearly all articles have of late years improved in quality, owing to increased knowledge or mechanical skill in their production. Indeed, in many cases this improvement has been so great as to have taken the form of the entire supersession of the old material or instrument by modern substitutes. In the case of scientific and manufacturing commodities this is too evident to need more than a passing allusion. Compare, *e.g.* the Moderator or Silber lamp with the best oil-lamps in existence forty years ago. The quality of the light now used in every little drawing-room is such as hardly a nobleman could then procure. In respect of the lighting of our streets, halls, and passages, the contrast is of course more striking still. So in every other direction. Modern linen is finer and whiter, modern paper smoother, steel pens (to most tastes) infinitely less vexing than quills.

We are quite aware that a contradictory belief circulates in some minds. Many people have a conviction that things are now made cheap and nasty in comparison with the excellence and solidity of old workmanship. It would take up too much space here to give the full grounds of our own conviction, but we have very little doubt that the fact is that in the case of almost every article those who really wish for excellence can get it as good or better than they ever could before; but that to suit the democratic taste of the day, and the consequent desire to secure a sort of outside quality in all ranks, showy articles of inferior durability are made as well; in other words, that the cheap and flimsy things, in so far as they are really more numerous, represent not so much a substitution for the good as a supplement to them. Hardly any one would deny that this is the case in jewelry, for instance, and we suspect that the same explanation is

equally valid in almost every other direction. The common objection which consists in pointing to some stout, and probably ugly, old chair or cloak, and comparing it favorably with those in use now, is met by the simple reply that all the weak ones have been broken up or thrown away, so that none but the few strong ones are left. Of the general rickety houses which the builders run up now-a-days about London, who can tell but what a small remnant may be left a century hence which shall be pointed out as a favorable contrast to their latest successors?

This improvement in quality throws a difficulty in the way of our inquiry, for since we have not got the old articles to compare with the new, we are apt to forget how much cheaper the latter may often be at nominally the same price. It is of course impossible to estimate the value of such a saving as this with any approach to numerical accuracy, but clearly some account ought to be taken of it, for the object of life is not merely to get much, but also to get it good.

So again, to refer to a somewhat similar class of cases, there are many articles which simply were not procurable at all in former days; for instance, photographic likenesses. Any laborer can now procure for a shilling a more perfect likeness of a relative than the richest man could have purchased a generation ago. When the comparison is made between past and present cost, what account is to be taken of such things as these? It is clearly an advantage to have the power of procuring things which our fathers would have liked as much as we do, but which they had not the chance to get, but it is an advantage which cannot well be expressed numerically. The best we can do is to make a rough comparison with the superior articles of the class which most nearly took their place in former days.

So again with the saving which is made, not in money, but in time. A man can now go from London to York at about one-third the price which his father would have had to pay. But he can also do it with comparative comfort and safety, in all weathers and at all times of the year, in less than five hours, instead of requiring, as formerly, from twenty to thirty. The former advantage admits of accurate determination, but how are we to set about estimating the latter? Such considera-



tions as these serve to remind us that any comparison between past and present cost of living must be at best a somewhat rough affair, not so much from the difficulty of procuring statistics, as from the difficulty, in fact impossibility, of deciding clearly the principles upon which they are to be applied in a large number of cases.

We will now give a glance at some of the facts. It will be best to divide the total outlay into four or five principal groups corresponding to the main classes of wants. The first of these corresponds to what are often called "household" expenses, viz. food and drink, and the necessities for procuring and dressing these. In their case, the comparison is for the most part very simple. Nearly every important article which we consume now was consumed forty years ago, and there has not been much difference in the quality during that interval. All that we have to do, therefore, is to make a comparative estimate of their values then and now. On the whole, there can be no doubt that they have risen, and risen considerably. Butchers' meat is about double what it was, and the same may be said of its occasional substitutes, such as game, fowls, rabbits, &c. Butter is considerably more than double, and eggs and milk are also dearer. Bread, of course, fluctuates from year to year, but has shown no sign of any permanent fall since the repeal of the corn laws. Some things, no doubt, have fallen; sugar and coffee to some extent, and tea to between half and one-third of its former price. The lighter kinds of wine also have lately become a cheap drink; the choicer wines, on the other hand, remaining as they were, or becoming, like all scarce things, dearer. Of the innumerable remaining things supplied mostly by the grocer we cannot attempt to offer an estimate; some have risen, others fallen, but their aggregate alteration does not amount to very much. Coals are one of those commodities which vary in price with the locality; railway communication, however, has produced such an effect that even now, in the south of England, in spite of the late rise, they are cheaper than they were forty years ago. The father, in our comparison, had to pay in the neighborhood of London in winter thirty-five shillings a ton for his coals; they could be delivered there even now for less than that; and three years ago could be bought for twenty-seven shillings.

When we add up the gain and loss on all these various items, taking into account not only their price but their amount, we find, as might be expected, that the scale in which the butcher and his allies, the poulterer and dairyman, stand, shows a decided tendency to sink. This is readily understood when it is observed that the aggregate of these household expenses runs up to more than a fourth of the total income (in the son's case), and that of this aggregate, meat costs not much under one-third; viz. some 75% out of 250%. We should not, perhaps, be far from the mark if we were to reckon the loss in this department at from 30% to 50%; that is to say, the son has to pay that annual sum extra in order to keep his table as well furnished as his father's.

We will next discuss that group of expenses which may be called educational. By this we mean, not merely school and college expenses, but all those which most directly concern mental enjoyment and improvement, such as books, newspapers, lectures, writing materials, and so on. We are here getting on to ground on which some of the sources of error already pointed out are especially likely to mislead. People are very apt merely to think of what they have to pay, and to neglect to consider the quality of what they get for their money. They complain of school charges being higher, but they fail to realise how vastly greater in proportion has been the improvement in the instruction given. Formerly, after a few great old schools had been named (and these with many drawbacks of antique prejudice and barbarous custom), it was quite a chance whether, in a small country grammar school, you got any return worth mentioning for your outlay. You might possibly get a good return, and you might get a bad one, and there were few opportunities of knowing beforehand which was the most likely. We strongly suspect that if any parent were content to put up with an article no better than his father got he might still procure it at the old cost by simply sending his boys to cheap and inferior schools. But he chooses instead, very wisely, one of the now numerous large schools and colleges which in every respect, except social prestige, stand on the level of the old public schools. Much the same may be said of University expenses, though here the rise of price has

been but little, great as has been the improvement in the instruction. The direct charges for teaching are not much more than they were. The rise in the indirect charges, for living, &c., fall into the same class as those for other persons; whilst in regard to the style of living we have already said all that is needed, and will therefore merely remark that when people on the whole choose to spend a great deal more than their fathers did, they are simply showing that their pockets are fuller, but are throwing no light upon the question whether the cost of living has increased. In regard to the universal instruments of mental improvement, books, papers, &c., the saving of cost is so gigantic that no one who thinks that these things are comparable with beef and mutton should venture to assert without careful inquiry that the total cost of living has risen at all. In respect of standard favorites, for instance, we have every range of cheapened production, from the novel of Walter Scott, which we procure at one sixty-third of the price which it cost our fathers, to the old classics, in which much of the improvement consists rather in the better paper and typography. In the case of newspapers again, the *Times*, for instance, has halved its price and doubled or trebled its size; whilst in respect of the infinite variety of other daily, weekly, and monthly journals, no comparison can be made, simply because one of the elements of such a comparison is entirely wanting. We now enjoy sources of information which simply could not be procured by any one, at any cost, forty years ago. Somewhat similar remarks apply to pictures. The great rise in the price of original works of art need not be noticed here, since this does not touch one man in ten thousand; but the cheapening effected in all kinds of copies by photography, chromolithography, and the numerous other substitutes for the old engraving process, opens sources of enjoyment to every one. The general expenditure under this head of education is of course very variable, and depends in amount and direction upon the accident of there being boys in a family, or of a son being trained for a learned profession. But we may safely say that the increased payment for schooling is not great, and is more than made up by the improvement in quality; whilst, in regard to literature,

&c. we should be well within the mark in saying that half the old cost is saved, so that any man whose expenditure under this head is large, might be able to recoup himself here for his butcher's extortion, if he likes so to call it.

Another drain upon the purse is found in travelling expenses. These are of course just as much a part of the cost of living as anything else. It needs no great penetration to see that if one man spends 100*l.* in entertaining his friends in the course of the year, whilst another spends the same sum in taking his family to Switzerland, these are both ways of enjoying life, and that, therefore, it would be the flimsiest of conventions to include one in the cost of living and to exclude the other. If the former finds that his income, in his own line of outlay, will not go as far as one-half, and the other finds that his goes further by the same amount, these are clearly to be regarded, on any broad and rational view of life, as compensating considerations to be set off the one against the other. The real difficulty in giving even the roughest numerical estimate here consists in the fact that so much of the pleasure derived from this source is not a mere cheapening of what was procurable before, but is the opening out of new satisfaction which could not possibly be attained formerly. A fortnight in Switzerland, we assume, is a better article than one in Wales. A banker's clerk can command the former easily with a three weeks' leave, whilst his father could scarcely have done more than go there and back within the time. Hotel expenses have of course increased abroad, but then the quality of the accommodation has risen too. If people were content now with such inns as their fathers put up at, and chose to go to those parts of the Alps where such inns only are to be found, they would discover that the difference between, say, many parts of the Tyrol now, and the Oberland or Chamouni then, is by no means great, and dwindles into insignificance in comparison with the cost of getting to such places. The only item belonging to this class which has greatly risen is, oddly enough, just the one which was commonly supposed forty years ago to be about to suffer a terrible depreciation, viz. horses. As between the families in question, we find that the father could get a horse to suit him well for 30*l.*, and was quite con-

tent with riding and driving horses at 25*l.*, and even 20*l.* The son never had the luck to be offered one of presumably equal value for less than from 40*l.* to 60*l.* This expense, however, is one that does not concern many people, nor those more than occasionally, so that travelling may safely be included amongst those items in the cost of living which have greatly decreased during a generation and a half. Those who may wish to make a comparison between the cost of travelling in England then and now will not be very far wrong in assuming that the outside places in a coach journey corresponded in price to the present first-class fares. At least this is almost exactly the proportion in some cases, and, therefore, is probably not far from the average. Posting, of course, was vastly more expensive. For occasional trips, a horse and gig did not cost very much less than it would now, for some reason or other; whereas a saddle horse was by comparison a very cheap luxury. It seems that at Cambridge, for instance, one could be procured for the best part of a day for three shillings, whereas now from seven to ten shillings would be the least sum that would be charged for the same.

When we come to house-rent we find, as we need not say, a considerable rise, but the amount of it is subject to many uncertainties, arising from change of fashion, accessibility, and the commercial progress of the particular neighborhood. The father, we find, paid 80*l.* a year for his house. The son, for a somewhat larger and more convenient house, with a smaller garden, paid 125*l.* The former, however, was considered rather low and the latter rather high for its neighborhood; the true difference, as regards rent alone, would probably have been more like 30*l.* Rates and taxes have of course risen; but here we get a *quid pro quo*, for most of the increase goes to pay for such things as drains, light, and police, luxuries that our fathers had mostly to do without.

Servants' wages, again, have risen, at least those of indoor servants, but to what precise amount is not easy to say, owing to variations in respect of what they are expected to find for themselves. We shall not be far from the mark, however, if we reckon that the housemaids have risen from about 10*l.* to 15*l.*, and the cooks, perhaps, from 10*l.* or 12*l.* to 18*l.* Out-

door servants have not apparently profited so much; the father and son each paid his gardener about the same sum, viz., one guinea a week. On the whole, the total rise in this branch of expenditure (amounting to about 150*l.* a year) cannot be reckoned at more than 35*l.* or 40*l.*

The only remaining outlay of a regular and unavoidable kind seems to be dress. Here, where fashion reigns supreme, at least in the case of the ladies, we entirely abandon any attempt at figures. That they could dress cheaper if they pleased we have little doubt, owing to the smaller price of cotton and some other cheap goods. Moreover, the women in the poorer classes dress much more showily now, which cannot be more than very partially accounted for by increased incomes on their part. Men's clothing does not seem to have varied much. Some things, hats, for instance, are decidedly cheaper. Those who would not now without compunction pay more than fourteen or sixteen shillings for the modern silk hat, could not have bought the old-fashioned "beaver" for less than twenty-six shillings; and if we may judge by the frequency with which the entry occurs it would not appear that the latter had much more vitality in its constitution than the former. Some things, like gloves, are dearer; but in the most costly part, viz., cloth garments, we cannot detect any difference worth taking into account.

We have now taken account of all the principal permanent sources of expense; but besides these there is always a margin, and in households where the circumstances are easy a large margin, of occasional expenses. One year the house is to be painted or the carpenters have work to do; another year a carriage is bought, or the garden altered or added to, or some kind of machine or implement is being constantly wanted. Most men have some kind of scientific, mechanical, or artistic hobby, and the gratification of these, or the procuring of presents for friends, often amounts in the aggregate to a considerable sum. These are far too variable things for us to try to take them individually into account. All we can say is that those which depend directly upon human labor, like house-repairs, have mostly risen considerably, owing to the rise in the workmen's wages; whilst those which involve much machinery in their production, like

most kinds of mechanical appliances, have shown a decided tendency to fall. So these two conflicting influences may to some extent be set off one against another. Amongst the most important of these occasional expenses is furniture. Almost every one has to furnish a house completely at least once during his life, and a year seldom passes without his having also either to replace some old articles or buy some new ones. The outlay, therefore, even if converted into an annual equivalent, will be by no means inconsiderable. We have made the best comparison we can, and conclude that there has been on the whole a considerable saving in this direction. Few things have risen here, and some have fallen very considerably. Amongst the latter, iron and glass are, as might have been expected, prominent. We find that 30*l.* was paid for a drawing-room mirror, whilst one as good in every respect could not now, at the outside, cost more than 10*l.* Fire-grates and other metal articles seem to have been nearly double their present value. In ordinary wooden furniture we do not notice much difference. Carpets are cheaper; a good Brussels carpet costing five-and-threepence a yard against the present four-and-sixpence or thereabouts.

On a general review of the whole case, we may say that the three main classes of universal necessities, viz. food, house accommodation, and servants' wages, have all risen considerably; whilst the fourth, viz. clothes, may be regarded as but little altered. These comprise, of course, a large proportion of every one's income (we find, by a rough estimate, that in one of the cases under discussion, they

amounted to about two-thirds of the total income), and the total loss upon them is not inconsiderable; according to the conjectures we have hazarded, this loss might, perhaps, come altogether to from 50*l.* to 80*l.*, or even 100*l.* On the other hand, of the three occasional and less necessary expenses, viz. culture, travel, and what we have left under the head of miscellaneous, the first two show a vast diminution of cost.

Whether the saving under this head will suffice to make up for the loss under the other depends of course upon the circumstances of the individual case. It is easy to see what these circumstances are. Those whose incomes are but moderate, or who have large families, for instance struggling professional men, will find, of course, that the necessary expenses make up a very large proportion of the whole. They will, therefore, suffer by the rise of prices in these things, that is to say, they will not find that a given annual income will procure them as many and as good things as it would procure their fathers. On the other hand, men with large incomes, and small families, will find that in such things as travelling and the various forms of mental gratification, they have a large and in some cases more than ample opportunity of indemnifying themselves. The person who is best off of all is the literary bachelor. His losses are but very small; much of what the butcher has put on, the tea-dealer and tobacconist have probably taken off; whilst in nine out of ten of the things which he wants to purchase he will find a saving, sometimes small, often considerable, and in some cases enormous.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

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## JONATHAN.

BY C. C. FRASER-TYTLER, AUTHOR OF "MISTRESS JUDITH," ETC.

### CHAPTER XII.

#### WHAT JONATHAN HAD DONE.

JONATHAN had gone to Hepreth on the Saturday afternoon. It was nine o'clock when he got home, too late to disturb Jael; and his tidings could not be as good to Jael as they seemed to him. But at five o'clock he was up, though it

was a Sunday morning, and before six he was at the Thornes' house.

The latch lifted at once—Jael had forgotten to lock the door that night.

It seemed to him a long, long time since he had set out for the hospital, carrying the weight of his disquietude. Andrew was not fit to be troubled: and yet Jonathan knew he would ask after Priscilla. He had, too, a longing to hear



Andrew say that he was grieved for the terrible wrong he had done to the girl he loved, and to her mother. Jonathan could not understand the love that could ruin its object.

"It should be called by a worse name, I reckon," he said to himself as he walked along the white chalk road between the cuttings, and past the elm wood, and then past the tan-yard, and the workhouse, and the brewery, and the little villas outside the town, and reached at length the High Street and the Hospital.

He had timed himself purposely to arrive there only half an hour before the time for admitting visitors was over. It was the first time he had ever known the feeling of unease in Andrew's company; it was the first time he had ever shortened an hour that was to be spent with his mate. Yet how could he be at ease with Andrew now? Afraid to excite him or give him pain when he was already ill and suffering, and so afraid "to have it out," as he had with Andrew in every trouble they had got into before.

The sickly smell of chloride of lime and medicines in the clean, airy ward seemed sicker than ever to Jonathan.

At the first sound of his foot on the boards, Andrew's face was turned and looking at him.

"I thought you'd come," he said. "I'm a deal better. The doctor says I'm gittin' on first-rate."

How could he look so pleased and cheerful? Why did his eyes seem so clear and honest, as if there was no stain upon his conscience—as if he had done no wrong?

Perhaps most of us look ashamed only when others are ashamed for us, not before; then the veil is torn down, and the real man we have known so long ourselves, has taken the place of the seeming man in the world's eyes. Then we think we are ashamed; but it is of the shame—not of the sin. And how does that stand in God's sight, who loves righteousness?

Jonathan sat down beside the bed, but he pushed the chair back against the wall, so that he sat beside Andrew, not facing him, as he had done before. You would have thought that Jonathan was the culprit to have seen them;—he felt like it himself when he became conscious that he could not bear to meet Andrew's eyes.

They sat there and talked of little or nothing. Jonathan asked questions about the other patients in the beds on either side. It wearied Andrew very soon. He wanted to hear about home and 'Scilla. He had not forgotten that Jonathan had told him she was sorry for him, and for what had happened. Forgotten it? how should he? He had dreamt about it all the night, and thought about it all the day.

"You haven't seen 'Scilla again, have you?" he asked shyly, after a silence, broken only by Jonathan's playing with the little medicine glass on the small table beside the bed.

"Not again," said Jonathan.

Andrew was silent again for a few moments. Then he said—

"I has a deal o' time to think, I has, here. I thinks a deal about the old place—and her. I'd like to see Muster May, I would. I've often been hard when he's spoken kind to me. Now I've thought sometimes maybe my trial had come, and that it 'ud go hard with me. It's a thing to make a chap remember the wrong things he's done, and the right things he's left without doin.' But I'm feared I thinks most of 'Scilla; she's hardly never out of my mind, day nor night. I suppose she couldn't come to see me, could she? I'd take it so kind if she could. I sometimes keep on a-thinkin' I'd get round quicker if so be as I could see her face."

"She's not like to come just at present," said Jonathan. Andrew must be prepared for something like the truth; his sin was lying at his heart, plain and sure enough.

"She's not ill?" said Andrew, straining his neck to catch a sight of Jonathan's face. "She's been out o' evenin's in the wet, I warrant, and me not there to look arter her and see her home."

Jonathan did not answer. A fearful dread leapt up in Andrew's heart.

"My God!" he said, and the sweat stood out upon his forehead. "Naught's happened to 'Scilla? My girl's not dead?"

The truth would be less hard to Andrew than what he feared. He that was father of 'Scilla's child could not be so troubled or surprised to hear it had come into the world, as he seemed now thinking that 'Scilla had died. Andrew had put the fact of the child's expected birth and

'Scilla's death together; that was plain enough. Jonathan would relieve him of half his pain.

"'Scilla's not dead," he answered, lowering his tone, "she and the child is living. It was born Friday morning—that's yesterday, early. It's a little boy."

Jonathan never forgot the look upon Andrew's face at that moment. It was a look that troubled Jonathan like a haunting spirit all his life through. Despair and anger, agony and shame—they met and made havoc with the plain face of the quiet young man, with the straight fair hair across his brown forehead, and the kind honest eyes that had lain so patiently in his narrow hospital bed.

Before Jonathan could stop him, Andrew had raised himself in bed, throwing the clothes off him violently, as if he were going to get up. The quiet decided nurse was beside him in a moment; she looked angrily at Jonathan, who sat saying nothing.

What had he done? Was this the way Andrew would have taken the news he must have been waiting for?

"Andrew, don't hurt yourself now," he said, looking at the pale, agitated face beside him. "You can make amends to 'Scilla when the Lord raises you up. You love her, and——"

"*Love her?*" cried Andrew. His voice rose almost to a shriek, and all through the wards they heard him crying again and again—"Love her! Love her!" with a wild defiance that made Jonathan sick at heart.

Every thin face on every pillow lifted itself up, and asked what it was. The thin faces in the Accident-ward only, saw Andrew sitting up with wild, dilated eyes, and the fierceness of delirium or madness in his face. Jonathan could do nothing; the nurse could do nothing; but the house surgeon, who had come up, after putting a question or two to Jonathan, said kindly,

"Put the screen round the bed, nurse." Then to Jonathan, "You stay with him for half-an-hour. Have it out with him quietly, and before you go speak to me. I don't want to know any secrets," he said, laying his hand on Andrew's trembling shoulder, "but I must know what state you leave his mind in, if we're to do anything with him."

They were left alone together. After a little Andrew lay down, too exhausted

to sit up. Jonathan held a little sponge which he dipped in vinegar and water and pressed on his burning head. His fingers were large and clumsy for work like this: the little sponge seemed nowhere, as he squeezed it carefully and slowly every time on the edge of the basin, and carefully moved it, without any drip, over the pillow.

After half-an-hour he came out from behind the screen, and the nurse called the surgeon.

"It's a bad job, and it's best I should tell you, sir."

"It's better I should know as much as you like to tell," he answered.

Jonathan looked down upon the ground, and his voice shook a little. The surgeon noticed it, and it did not make him like Jonathan the less.

"Tell me what you can," he said again. "It's quite safe with me."

"There ain't nothing to be ashamed of, sir," said Jonathan, lifting up his face. "He's got a girl he keeps company with, and she's got in trouble. He's my mate, but I thought he was the cause of it; and I thought by what he said he were expecting it—and I told him as she was taken bad, and the child was born. And he says, sir, by the God above him, that it isn't his child, and he's never done her no wrong."

The surgeon looked puzzled.

"You think that's the truth, then," he asked, a little doubtfully.

"The truth, sir? He's my mate, sir. He's never told me a lie yet; and if you'll go and see him, you'll believe it's the truth."

They went in together. Andrew was lying quite quiet, and worn out; crying silently like a broken-hearted girl.

"It isn't my babe," he said, suddenly, looking up fixedly into their faces. "But I'll make her amends!" He stopped crying and dried the tears himself off his face.

"I'm afraid he's wandering a little," said the surgeon, "you had better go."

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### DAYLIGHT.

So Jonathan walked home under the quiet stars, and felt happier. In spite of Andrew's terrible grief, in spite of the foreboding he had that it might be too

much for him, and that unwittingly he might be the cause of Andrew's death—in spite of all this, he could not help thanking God that 'Drew was his old mate still—the man he had taken him to be.

Insensibly he quickened his pace. He must set Andrew straight now with the rest of the world. How he would silence the unkind reproaches and evil-speakings that had set all tongues wagging! And then Jonathan felt ashamed thinking that even *he* had believed that Andrew had ruined 'Scilla. This brought him to think of Mr. May. Mr. May, he knew, must have been terribly troubled about it. Andrew was one of his favorites in all the parish. Jonathan was quite sharp enough to know that he was another; his eye twinkled as he thought of it.

The owl in the church tower hooted as Jonathan went in at the lodge gate, and walked up to the Place. He had passed Abraham Male's without going in, because he was afraid Mr. May and Mrs. Myse might have gone to bed if he delayed. And Martha and Abraham he knew would sit up to hear about Andrew. He had seen the light in their window.

He rang at the bell, and Mr. May opened it, holding a flaring candle in his hand, that only threw its light upon a patch of the oak floor of the large empty hall.

"Come in, Jonathan," he said.

"I thought, sir, you'd have heard this bad business about 'Scilla Thorne, and that you'd think, like other folks, that it was Andrew. So I came along to tell you I've been to the hospital, and it's not Andrew that's the guilty party, whoever it is. As sure, Mr. May, sir, as I stand here, it's not 'Drew. He said before Almighty God he's done her never a wrong!"

"Aunt!" called Mr. May, unable to withhold the news a moment from her.

"Yes, dear." She came out thin and worn, and with a sadder look on her face than usual.

"It's not Andrew," said Mr. May; "Jonathan's seen him, and he is innocent."

"Thank God!" she said. "Oh, thank God!" and they stood shivering and smiling together in the big, dark hall.

"It has weighed upon us so, we've been quite *miserable*," she said, clasping her little thin hands over each other. They

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were clothed in black silk mittens, now that the weather was getting cold. "But you'll come in and have some hot elder wine, Jonathan, now you are here?"

But Jonathan was impatient to be off. It was Saturday night, and he had to go to Abraham's house before he got to supper and bed. And all the time the sweet little deaf mother would be sitting up waiting.

"I never goes to bed before Jonathan comes back," she used to say. "He goes to the 'Red Inn' for half-an-hour now and again; and he often goes and has a bit of crack with Andrew, or does a job for Mr. Byles. But he's never behind's time, he isn't."

Mrs. Male burst into tears when she heard Jonathan's news.

"I never thought as it were him, I didn't, and they may say it who like. He never give me no trouble yet, nor yet his father. But folks is that malicious they'd like to blacken better folk than my poor boy. And him with a mischief and a-lyin' there hurted on's—and a frettin', I'll warrant, about that poor make-shift hussey with her chance child. Bless the Lord, there won't be no summonin' nor nothin' for 'Drew. And what's better, he's got a clean heart, bless his soul, and it's with some bad fellow that the ruin of the poor dazed thing 's a lyin'."

And at last Jonathan got to bed; but he was awake and up very early, and we find him again where we left him—on the top of the ladder in Josiah Thorne's house.

"Missus!" he said. And Jael had risen from her cramped knees, and gone to the door.

Her sad eyes, and distracted, disordered look, awed Jonathan. He knew Jael would grieve, but he had not guessed how much.

"I've grieved for you, Jael," he said. It was a great deal for Jonathan to say.

She only shook her head, and went on looking at him absently, wearily.

"I want to speak with you, missus, if you can give me a hearin' for a minute," he said presently.

She followed him slowly down the ladder.

"Have you the rheumatics?" asked Jonathan, seeing how stiffly she moved, and noticing that she held her brown hand upon her heart.

"Rheumatics?" she repeated, and then

she shook her head again, always without speaking.

"I've been to Hepreth," began Jonathan. Jael's eyes turned to a fierce brightness. "And I've come to tell you, missus, as it weren't Andrew as has served 'Scilla so."

"*Weren't Andrew?*"

"No, missus, it weren't 'Drew. He loved your girl straightfor'ard and true, and——"

"*Ay, straightfor'ard; ay, very true—true 's the Devil as follows the innocent soul and body to——*"

"Missus, if you don't believe what I says, nor what Andrew says, come into Hepreth hospital, and into Harper' Ward; and on the second bed beyond the first window you'll see Andrew lyin'. I ask you to look at him, and see whether he's spoke true. If ever man were cut up and bröken in pieces like, with bad news, that man's Andrew. And it's me that did it, all unknowin'. And if I had known how he'd have took it, and that he was as clear as day, I'd have cut my hand off to have saved him. We've always been mates; and it's hard as it must be me that was to give him a blow like what I've given him to-day."

Jael was staring at him now, and silent.

"Then he didn't know as she were like to come to this?"

"Know it? No more than I knew it, missus. He swore it before 's Maker, lyin' there upon 's bed."

"And who done it, then—*who done it?*" moaned the woman, rocking herself to and fro, and fixing her grief-laden eyes upon Jonathan.

What use was it to answer? Jonathan knew no more than Jael. God's silence was over them.

They sat in His silence, looking at each other; and Jael shivered over the black, empty hearth, and the cold, grey light of the early morning fell on the dusty, disordered room, and wrote one word on everything—desolation.

Suddenly Jael rose and said, still holding her hand upon her heart—

"*I'll know who done it—I'll know who done it!* If he's far or near I'll find him, and I'll shame him."

And up the ladder she began toiling again, with hurried, uncertain steps.

"Come up," she called to Jonathan, who stood below.

He followed her, because her ashy color and trembling gait made him fearful for her and for Priscilla. He would not go quite in, but he would stand in the doorway to be at hand if he were needed.

Jael went straight to the bed where Priscilla lay; she drew the counterpane down a little, and showed the girl's fair, fresh, childish face, flushed with sleep, and the rounded arms clasped round the little bundle wrapped in the ragged flannel.

"'Scilla!" she said, roughly.

The girl woke with a start, and clasped her baby tighter.

"Don't kill the babe as you've nigh killed me—as you're a killin' me," said Jael; "no one don't want it, nor yet the shame it's brought. I've come to ask who's done this to 'e, 'Scilla, and leave 'e I won't, till so be as you've spoken out and told me true."

The girl looked at her wonderingly, but made no answer.

Jael went to the old Bible. Priscilla raised her head a little, and followed her mother with her bright blue eyes.

"See," said Jael, lifting the book off the chest of drawers. "I'm agoin' to look in here. This'll tell me true, 'Scilla, and it's no good for you to try no deceivin'."

She lifted it in her hands, and raised it over the bed where 'Scilla lay. The short broad figure threw a dark shadow over the girl. She trembled, and hid her face in the little warm bundle in her arms. But there was no answer.

"Missus!" said Jonathan, taking a step forward. He thought Jael would be the death of 'Scilla.

But she would brook no interference. Angrily she waved Jonathan back, and stood a minute thinking.

At last a sudden thought seized her, as she watched her girl beginning to fondle the baby again, crooning over it softly, lovingly.

"'Scilla!"—Jael threw the Bible on to the pillow; then she fell upon her knees, and looking into the girl's face with an expression of mingled love and passion, she said fiercely—

"'Scilla, if 'e don't tell me who it is as has done thee this wrong, I'll take the child from 'e!"

It was then that Jonathan heard distinctly across the room, through the cold twilight, an audible whisper; it said—"Mr. Falk!"



## CHAPTER XIV.

## AARON FALK'S SUNDAY.

"RING-A-DING, ding!" went the merry bells of Shelbourne Church that Sunday morning, just as they had done on other Sunday mornings. Out came the sun in his glory, and out came all Shelbourne in its Sunday best.

Pedley, the clerk, in his black, swallow-tailed coat and white cravat; Hare, the baker, in his pea-coat, with the velvet collar; Peel, the butcher, with his blooming fat cheeks; Horne, the postman, with his tramp, tramp, up the aisle, and his business-like way of opening his pew door as if he had letters to deliver there, and letters of importance; Mr. May, in his neatly darned surplice and smoothly brushed hair; Mrs. Myse, in her best pelisse and tucker; all the school-children helter-skelter, push and jostle, tumbling over each other into their places. Behind them, coughing, wheezing, and dyspeptic, something long and straight like a bottle, robed in great coats and corked with a comforter. It was Mr. Byles.

Pedley was breathing about the church heavily—he always breathed heavily when he was busy, and happy, and important. And what busier, happier, more important day could be for Zimri Pedley, parish clerk, than Sunday?

The harmonium had begun to play, the basses were scraping their throats, and the trebles were touching bonnets and whispering. However many practices there might be during the week, there was always something to whisper about on Sunday.

Martha Male, in black cotton gloves and with folded hands, was seated complacently in her place. It was not the custom for the women to come to church in the mornings; but to-day Martha Male felt constrained to make an appearance in public. She had worked well that morning in Andrew's cause; now, for the credit of the family, she would come and show her happy full face, framed in its neat bonnet, to the Shelbourne world. Not only her face told her story; the crown of her bonnet, and the grey ribbon in it, stood out stiffly with respectability. Every bow was a banner of motherly peace and pride.

But one pew was empty—the great square pew, red cushioned and comfortable, that belonged to Mr. Falk.

He stood in his back-yard and heard the bells ring that Sunday morning; he went in-doors, and stood in the parlor, with the Hepreth paper in his hand. The bells followed him there, till they had beat out a long half-hour, and then they ceased. Aaron Falk put down the paper, and stood irresolute. Should he go to church? Had people heard? Had the girl perhaps told the truth? Was it being passed from mouth to mouth now amongst the women that stayed at home to cook the dinners, and would the men whisper it while they waited for the harmonium to strike up?

The harmonium struck up even then. Still Aaron Falk stood hesitating, with his face towards the door. It was cowardly not to go; it would stamp him, perhaps, as the guilty man. If he went, it would be braving the scandal, showing he cared nothing—that the tale was false.

*What tale?* Aaron Falk had heard no tale but that of Andrew Male's misconduct. He had not heard that Andrew had denied it the night before from his bed, in Hepreth Hospital. For all he knew, the people still thought Andrew to blame. For, said Aaron to himself—and as he said it the harmonium pealed out with all its little strength, as if to drown his thought—if Andrew *did* deny it, who would believe him? He had kept company with the girl so long. With *him* the blame must rest—*must* rest, said Aaron Falk, with irresolute resolution.

Yet suppose *another* tale *were* abroad? Suppose Aaron Falk's good name were gone? Suppose the well-to-do, respected brewer—whose fathers for generations back had been the great men of Shelbourne, to whom all the people had looked for help—suppose he had fallen in the esteem of these poor laborers and their wives, and fallen all the lower because he had stood so high before?

The harmonium ceased; the service had begun. It was too late to go to church now. Aaron Falk sank into his arm-chair and stared restlessly at the empty grate.

The thought of how he might now stand in the sight of all the people, in the sight of Mr. Byles—above all, in the sight of Mr. May—this unnerved him quite. The color had gone from his straight, regular features; they had taken a pinched, worn look. To lose his name, to lose the goodwill of his neighbors and his descendants, it was a terribly hard thing for Aaron

Falk. Fool that he had been! If he could but undo the past, and be sure he held the place he had held a year ago! A month ago, said he, remembering that a month ago every one had smiled on him—that even yesterday no one knew!

Later, but not yet, the better man in him carried the wish to the year ago, and left it mostly there. Later he knew repentance, and was so far a nobler man. Now his suffering was too great for anything but a keen and hard remorse. That it should be known—there was the sting.

He sprang up suddenly. Perhaps it was not known! Fool that he had been again, to loiter here, when something might be done to avert the evil thing he dreaded. But yesterday they thought it was Andrew; to-day, all Shelbourne might be thinking the same. The girl might not have betrayed him; she might have been *afraid* to tell.

He seized his hat and went out again by the back yard. He saw a man in a field a little way off, and hesitated. If people saw him going to Josiah Thorne's cottage he was undone. Should he wait till night? And his thoughts turned to a large dark comforter that hung in the lobby, and that would be suitable and useful for that evening walk. But no—Sunday was an idle day. Before nightfall half Shelbourne might have been at Jael's house, perhaps at Priscilla's bed-side. It was now only ten o'clock; the chances of his being the first visitor to that out-of-the-way place were good and many.

Some people say a Sunday morning in the open air is as good and as inspiring as any service between four walls. It may be so to some. It was not so to Aaron Falk, on whose eyes the familiar landscape ached, this Sunday morning. He went by roundabout paths, it is true; he was ready at any moment to strike off in an opposite direction from the Thornes' house. But he knew every field and lane; it seemed to him they knew him also.

The air was sunny and light with the lightness of early autumn, and the sky a very tender delicate blue. The thistles had gone to seed, and the linnets stirred them and sent them flying. The crows cawed lazily, knowing no one would molest them now. The very stubble looked golden in the sunlight. God's finger was on everything, and it was all fair.

Perhaps there was too much of God for

Aaron Falk's peace, as he walked on hurriedly through it all.

That mysterious un-ease that falls upon the transgressor of His laws had fallen upon the soul of this man, though as he quickened his pace the hope came more and more strongly to him that Shelbourne did not know—that Shelbourne never *need* know after all.

## CHAPTER XV.

### JAEL'S SECOND VISITOR.

OUT of breath, and with some color once more in his face, Mr. Falk reached the little gate, still swinging out crazily upon its broken hinge.

On the orchard trees were still the un-gathered apples; a few clothes dried to boards stood out stiff on the privet hedge. The grass was rank and long, and Jael's black cat crept stealthily about in it. It was a weird place always, looking neglected and uncared for, and never more so than to-day, when the old man had been a month in his bed, and Jael's thoughts and time were given to other things than the clothes or the orchard.

Aaron Falk buttoned his Sunday coat at the waist, and eased his collar, as he approached the house.

He tapped. A chicken rushed between his feet through an opening in the old weather-beaten door. It startled him. But not more than the face which looked out at him when the door had been pushed open with a harsh sound as if stones were under it, and Jael Thorne's short, stout figure filled the foreground.

They stood looking at each other, the well-dressed, well-to-do brewer, and the dirty, middle-aged, poor woman, and neither spoke.

It was Mr. Falk who hesitatingly broke the silence.

"I have come to speak to you," he began, his color changing a little under her steady glance.

"And speak you may," she answered sternly, "though it's little good as ever came o' words when deeds is done and over. And speak outside you shall, if you please, for come across this door you shan't, so long as I've breath in this here body."

Mr. Falk considered a moment which line he had better take. He thought the safest would be to try and appease Jael's

anger. *She* knew then ; did any one else know ? The haunting fear made him hesitate no longer.

"I hear your girl has come to trouble, Jael," he began again.

"*Trouble ?* you *hear*, do you ? It's been a long time reaching *your* ears. It's a wonder you didn't come by the knowledge wi'out *hearin'!*" She raised her clenched hand, and said, fiercely, "You've ruined my girl, Aaron Falk, and for all I've been a bad 'un before her, and for all you're a brewer and a landowner, and she a poor, half-witted thing as can't save herself—no, nor fight for herself—for all that, I'll have my revenge on ye, and I'll see her righted, so far 's one can be righted as a man's wronged as *you've* wronged her."

"Jael," said Aaron, changing color very unmistakably now, "I've come to have a word with you. Perhaps it will be better for you, as well as me, if you'll listen."

He had keen eyes, and now that he was on his mettle and master of himself again, he fixed them with a determined look on Jael. Her glance had conquered him for a moment : he would master her now. Under the keenness of his look there was an under current of fear—an almost craven fear, but it was hid away from the blunt, honest woman, and might have been hidden to wiser eyes than hers.

Jael involuntarily drew back into the house, and suffered Mr. Falk to follow her. He lifted the latch, and shut the door carefully. Then putting his stick on the table, he said, with affected *hauteur*—

"Priscilla has told you, I suppose, what is not true. I guess so by your behavior to me."

"*Told me !*" cried Jael, too excited to speak without repeating his words continually ; and her tone struck terror to Aaron's heart. "*Told me !*" Did it mean *every one* knew ? Was all chance over ?

He was still knocked down by this fear, when Jael called out suddenly, "What has brought *you* here, Aaron Falk, if it's a false tale ?"

He could only look at her with a startled and ashamed look.

"Hear the *tale* you've not," said Jael, standing away from him, as if she would not defile herself by contact with him, "and if it's not a guilty heart as has keredied you here this mornin', it's a wondrous

strange thing, it is. Make a clean breast of it, and humble yerself, Aaron Falk, for to try on deceivin' with me, it ain't no manner of use nor profit."

A sudden hope had filled his mind while she spoke. "*Hear* the tale you've not," she said. Then it was not abroad yet !

"Jael," he said—almost trembling with the sense of sudden relief, and forgetting in the sweetness of it the denial of his guilt—"Jael, you've not spread the tale abroad, I see ; you would not do me such an unkindness, I know. I am so willing to try and make amends to you—to—to"—he began feeling in his pocket for his purse. "Anything you would consider a compensation—anything in reason, you know, Jael," he said, opening the purse and looking at her at the same moment, furtively.

The room shook under the thundering blow that Jael's fist came down with on the table. She hissed out her words at him, while the veins swelled in her brown neck and face stretched towards him.

"*Compense me ?* Compense *me* for my gal's good name ? Out with your money, you Aaron Falk, and begone from my doors. You think to tie our tongues, do you, with your gold and your silver ? They can do a deal, they can, making a villain look like a gen'leman, and whited outside like the 'pulchres as the blessed Lord talked about, as was full of rubbish and muck within. My tongue's free, and so 's my gal's ; and if others is blamed as is innocent like the lamb unborn, and t'other is the bad 'un as has done the wrong, I'm not one to let the mud stick to the other, and let t'other go clean and dry, with a stiff neck and a foul heart. I'll say my say, and all the *parish* shall know the truth, Aaron Falk, before ever another night's over."

And she beckoned him haughtily to the door.

The color had come back now to Aaron's face. He stood quite quiet till Jael had exhausted herself, his lips compressed in silent determination.

"Jael," said he, waving his hand over the floor of the room, paved rudely with broken bricks and stones, "you know on whose ground this house stands ?"

She did not answer, and he went on—

"You also know to whom the orchard belongs ? Who gives you the house rent

free? Who allowed your father to squat here? Who allows him to remain here when he is useless as a laborer, and worse than useless as a tenant?"

He saw with secret satisfaction that his words were taking effect, and he continued—

"You know your father's age, and that you are not as young or as strong as you have been. You know that Priscilla is unable to support herself or you. I shall be sorry, of course, to deprive you of the cottage, and to turn your father out; I know it would be the death of him. He has been here since he was a lad, and he has often told me he loves every brick and stone."

Jael's head had bowed a little upon her breast.

"It rests with you, mind, Jael. You will have to decide now. If your father is taken from his bed, and dies in the workhouse or on the high road, his death will lie at your door."

Her head bowed further still.

"You are a proud woman, and I know that you've been wronged. But the wrong is done, and your telling the tale in the parish won't mend matters now. It will only ruin me and you, Jael—you, and your father, and Priscilla, more than me, perhaps."

The short, stout figure was leaning upon the table now. The brown withered face was buried in the hard brown hands. Great sobs shook the broad shoulders, that the threadbare gown covered so scantily.

A tremulous sound came down from the little garret above.

Jael raised her head instantly.

"Yes, fa'der! I'm a-comin'!"

She went slowly and heavily up the ladder, holding her hand upon her heart.

"What is't, fa'der dear?"

"Scilla says as some 'un's a-saying, we must go out and leave 'e old place. It's not right, is it, lass? It's not right as 'at nobody's a-sayin' that?"

Jael did not answer. She had her hand over her eyes.

"Lass, if they be a-sayin' that, ast 'em just to come and take the life o' me. It 'ud be bad for you and 'Scilla if I died a-goin' down the ladder, and I couldn't go not no furdur. My heart he'd 'ave broke by the second rung."

The sweet old face puckered up feebly,

like the face of a little child; and, like a little child, the old man wept.

"No, no, fa'der, we ain't a-goin' out. No 'un shan't a-turn us out. Don't 'e be frettin', fa'der!"

And slowly and heavily again down the ladder went Jael Thorne.

"He's mine," she said solemnly, "he's mine; and his time 's a drawin' nigh. I can't go for to break his heart, as mine 's been broke. So if silence 'll leave him in his bed, Master Falk——"

"Thank you, Jael!" he answered, eagerly seizing her hand, "I knew you would come to think as I do."

"No, no—not that, sir!" said Jael, drawing back, and covering her hands with her apron. "Neither hand nor money for me. It's enough to have bought my tongue, or taken it force-ways, like as you've done already. I've promised, and that's enough."

"I know it's enough." He began to turn to go. "And no one else knows—has heard the tale?" he asked, hesitating.

"Jonathan Cleare knows," said Jael.

Aaron's heart sank.

"He were here when she spoke out," said Jael. "But 'e needn't to fear him. He 'll tell no man. It's Jael Thorne as ye had to fear; and now—you've got your way with her."

Her head sank again upon the table; and as Aaron Falk went out, it was the wailing sound of her voice, and not the bells of Shelbourne, that haunted his way home.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE ONE MAN WHO KNEW.

THERE was one man, then, who knew in Shelbourne. It was a strange fate that brought Aaron Falk face to face with that one man as he went home.

He did not know whether to be glad or sorry when he saw Jonathan coming straight towards him in the field beyond Josiah Thorne's Lane.

Men of Jonathan's type do not lose themselves for long in fits of abstraction, as better educated and less physically powerful men do. If he could have been in a reverie, he was in one now. But he only showed it by kicking up a stone meaninglessly here and there in the stubble, and walking for a yard or two with his head down. But he was quite conscious of where he was, of the smoke rising over



the orchard from the Thornes' cottage, and of his own unwonted absence from church. Why he had not gone he could hardly have told. He only knew he felt restless and disquieted. Andrew was clear. But who was this that had taken the cloak of blame and shame instead? Mr. Falk, Jonathan's best friend—barring Andrew—and the friend of all the Shelbourne folk; who would fall next, and, from being a pattern of respectability, become capable of any low or cowardly deed? Jonathan's faith in men was sorely shaken. He felt he could not go to church and listen to Mr. May's counsels, to turn to him that had smitten one cheek the other also. For it was not his own cheek that had been smitten now. But he had been injured deeply through his friend, his David, who lay helpless in the Harper ward. That Andrew should have ruined Priscilla had seemed bad enough to him; but that Andrew's love should be ruined by another man—and that man Mr. Falk, who might have known better—this Jonathan felt it hard to forgive.

He had as great a shrinking from seeing Aaron Falk as the culprit himself could have had from meeting Jonathan. He had an almost childish dislike to giving pain, and to see Aaron and not speak out his mind he knew was impossible. And then, with him as with Jael, indeed as with half the people in the place, there was the weight of many obligations to lay a ban upon his speech. Many a time had Mr. Falk's gig taken Mrs. Cleare to Hephreth, in the days when there was still a chance of her hearing being restored by attendance at the hospital. Many a bottle of medicine and bowl of broth had found its way to the elder Jonathan, when his son was away, and the sickness of the husband drained the poor wife's resources. Of late such favors had not been needed. Jonathan earned good wages, and his parents needed for nothing. But between the young blacksmith and the prosperous brewer a relationship of mutual courtesies and goodwill had sprung up; and on a footing more palatable by far to Jonathan than that of benefactor and recipient.

But once full in Mr. Falk's way, Jonathan was not likely to avoid him, however much he might wish it. He saw the craven, cowed look that lurked under a seeming indifference of manner.

"Good morning, Jonathan," jauntily.

"Good morning, sir," curtly.

Jonathan was not going to help him out of his difficulty, that was clear.

"I understand you've been at Thorne's," said Mr. Falk; "it's a bad business this about—the girl—I understand you've been there—you heard her accuse me, eh? I don't understand it. I—"

"I didn't understand it either, sir, before this. But I think I see my way through it now. At least I see this, that you've been at Josiah's cottage. I expect, if you've business there, sir, that what 'Scilla said 's true. An honest man that heard a scandal wouldn't go sneaking to the place where it lies, I take it—let alone the man that *can't* have heard the scandal, by reason that it isn't put abroad yet."

"Jonathan," said Mr. Falk, boring a hole in the ground with his stick, and speaking rapidly and with agitation, "if it's quite true that no one knows yet, except you, then I feel I can depend on your honor. Jael has given me her word; so it rests with you whether you'll injure an old friend by spreading a slander that 'll do only harm and no good."

"Ay, harm, it *will* do," said Jonathan. "But as to holding my tongue about it, Mr. Falk, sir, that's another matter."

Aaron looked anxious again. The pinched look came back to his features as he stood looking at the green wood, and the far blue hills, and Hephreth lying under its blue veil of smoke in the valley. Jonathan's tone was too resolute and defiant for his peace. He must knock under with this man if he were to make any way with him.

"We are all apt to make mistakes—to—" he began, deprecatingly.

"Yes," Jonathan interrupted him, "we are all apt to do wrong, and to do foul deeds, some of us. But when it's done, I think the English of it 's the best—and I don't know the tongue as calls ruining another man's sweetheart, and she's not all there—a *mistake*. Mistakes can mostly be undone, sir. But these mistakes, as you call 'em—they need a piece of stuff as God Almighty's not wove yet, to mend 'em."

Aaron Falk went on boring the hole in the ground without answer. After a time, he said, when Jonathan moved as if he were going—

"I believe I can depend on you to keep silence—not to spread the slander. What

good it will do you, or Hepreth folk, to have it blazed abroad, I don't see; and it would ruin a respectable man's character."

Jonathan, in spite of himself, gave a low laugh of contempt.

"*Respectable!*" he said, between his teeth, turning again to go.

"Jonathan," said Mr. Falk, "I've done you many good turns. I ask you this one favor—to keep this secret. I don't deny it—I believe it's true. I wish to God it weren't. But as it is, the harm is done. I throw myself on your goodness, Jonathan."

Insensibly he fumbled with his purse, but he knew too well the man he was dealing with to dare to bring it out. If Jael had spurned money, what would not Jonathan do at the bare suggestion?

"How did you buy over Jael's tongue?" asked Jonathan, bluntly. "*That* would not do much with her," he said, pointing to the trouser pocket in which Aaron kept his hand, and from which a jingle had once or twice been heard to come.

Like a chidden child, Aaron removed his hand.

"I only appeal to your good heart," said he, and his voice was low and trembling.

The tone touched Jonathan—so did the words of the appeal, in which no word was said of past favors.

"Look here, sir, I don't want to harm you. I believe, to have done as you've done 's as heavy a load as ever a man can carry. I don't want to pull you down in other folks' eyes—I don't. But look here, sir,"—he lifted his arm and pointed to Hepreth in the valley—"the man as you've wronged 's lying there, sir, and he 's my mate. We've been mates since ever we wore pinafores, and went to get our schooling together. And it 's the thought of him as made me say I couldn't abear to hold my tongue. What am I to say, sir, when he asks me, in the name o' God, who it is that 's ruined 'Scilla?"

There was no answer. Jonathan went on—"I tell you what it is, sir, so long as I can keep it from Andrew I'll keep it: it'll be a deal the best for him as well as you. But if the time should come as I *must* speak out for the sake of Andrew—that day I'll speak. But," he added, watching the pallor that had spread again over Mr. Falk's straight, fine features—"that day I'll come and tell *you* first, sir, and there's my word."

And Jonathan strode away, leaving Aaron Falk still standing, bewildered, by the hole in the stubble.

He quickly came to himself, and overtook Jonathan.

"If ever," he said, "I can do anything for you in any way, you'll let me know, Jonathan. I'll do it, whatever it is—and there's my hand upon it."

"Well, it's not for me to forgive, or not to forgive," said Jonathan, holding out his hand—and so they parted.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### THE FALLING OF THE LEAF.

So the sweetness of autumn went by, and Shelbourne clothed herself in russet, and then sadly began to disrobe for the coming winter; and the ground lay thickly carpeted with yellow elm leaves, and brown beech leaves; and the limes on either side the Red Inn shed theirs in beautiful bright patches of gold and green, with dark spots here and there, harlequin fashion, half the leaf gold, half green, only that the gold melted into the green as no loom ever yet wove it. Perhaps the mediæval monks came nearer to it than any craftsman, in their wondrous blendings of color and form on the pages of the old missal. And they had learnt it straight from God and nature.

And Aaron Falk's secret was still kept.

But to him, and to some of the simple souls of Shelbourne, the sweet rhythm of the season was jarred and out of tune. The stillness that seemed at the falling of other years to speak to them of peace, spake now of sadness and trouble, and the inscrutable ways of God.

They could not have told you this, perhaps, but they felt it. Jael, Jonathan, Aaron Falk, Andrew—one man had sinned, and all these must suffer with him. Jonathan, who thought as well as suffered, felt it was easier now to believe that hard saying in the Book—"By *one* man came sin."

But the trouble and the struggle was fought out in secret, in the inner life of these four. Jonathan stood at his anvil all the day; Andrew lay upon his back in Hepreth hospital, and was silent; Jael gathered the forgotten apples, and sold them as she had done every year—and sorely now she wanted the little money they brought her; and Aaron Falk, to all appearance the most unmoved of all, went about the brewery,

and the yard, and to the big square pew in church—to Mr. May's house sometimes, not often—everywhere except to Jonathan's forge—and before all the world he could hold up his head, except before these two men. With Mr. May he still tried to do so; with Jonathan, if he ever came across him, which was seldom now, he did not even try.

It was a very strange feeling to him, this new awe of Mr. May. Hitherto he had felt so superior, as a man, to the curate with his hundred pounds a year, his threadbare alpaca coat, his empty, unfurnished house, and his gentle, almost feeble manner, and narrow chest. And Mr. May was under such obligations to him. He could hardly have lived through some winters without the brewer's timely gifts of port wine and stout. And the curate invariably treated him with such deference. How could it be that Aaron Falk should ever fear him?

Ah, Aaron Falk! you will understand by-and-by, if you have not thought it out already, that the manly man, and the man of the broad chest, the man of the fat purse and the respected name—all these must bow down at last before the true man, who has the fear of God before his eyes, and has kept His paths straight. Before the richer or the poorer man, the stronger or the weaker, no man who has a right to the name will feel afraid. But before the better and nobler man, that is a different thing altogether.

One day, just when November had set in, and the days were getting short, and the air damp and chilly, Jonathan was standing in the workshop, with one foot upon the slake-tub, manipulating a shapeless piece of iron with pincers. The forge fire had got low, as the day's work was nearly over; and when a voice called at the door, "Good evenin' to you, Jonathan," he could not see who it was that spoke, but the voice startled him. Could it be Andrew come home?

It was not Andrew, but it was Andrew's mother. Martha Male, in her Sunday best, was standing, plump and comely, in the doorway.

"Have you been at Hepreth?" asked Jonathan, taking his foot off the tub, and passing his fingers through his thick brown hair, which was a way he had when he asked a question, and felt a little shy about the answer. He knew Andrew

would reproach him for not having been to see him for so long.

"Yes, I've been. And Andrew, he's a-comin' out Saturday. He's a-gettin' on wonderful, he is."

"I'm right glad to think he's getting well, missus," said Jonathan.

"And him suffered so. Wonderful he suffered, I suppose, when the bones was a-gerinin' together. And he's proper sadly. He don't seem to have no 'dacity in him. I'd take it kind if you'd come in and spend th' evenin' Saturday, jest to keep his spirits up a bit."

"I'll come in, missus," said Jonathan, relieved that the proposal was not that he should have a *tête-à-tête* with his mate, who would be sure to question him about Priscilla. For the first time in his life, he feared being alone with Andrew. Saturday after Saturday had passed, and he could not go to Hepreth. To sit there by Andrew's bed, and be questioned and cross-questioned, as he had been the one time he took courage and went, about a fortnight after he had heard the truth, was more than he could face. He knew that he could not break his promise to Mr. Falk; he knew that if he could, it would be the worst thing possible for Andrew. He knew what Andrew was when his blood was up. Mr. Falk and Andrew could not live in the same place, if once the truth came to Andrew's knowledge. So Jonathan had evaded his eager questionings as best he might, and had kept away from Hepreth.

"I'm glad the gal's agoin' to be put away before he comes home agin, I am," said Mrs. Male, settling her ample person on one of Jonathan's narrow benches. "It'll be a deal better for him, it will. He were al'ays wonderful foolish after her, and his father nor me never liked it."

"Put away?" repeated Jonathan, in astonishment.

"She ain't a-goin' to be kep' at home, not likely. Didn't you hear as the old gen'leman's a-taken worse, and Jael, poor gal, she can't leave him, not to 'arn a shillin'?' And how's she to keep 'Scilla, and feed and clothe 'em all? It's a bad job, it is, as that there man as has behaved so shameful can't be found out. If it were my gal, I'd walk the country but I'd find him out. If he were breathin' the Lord's air anywheres, I'd lay hands on him. But she's as stiff-necked, she is; they

tells me she would not tell nobody, not if her mother thrashed her life out o' her."

"But what is to become of her?" asked Jonathan, as much to turn the conversation as in his real anxiety for 'Scilla's fate.

"What's to come on her? Why, I suppose what comes to all gals as goes the way she's gone. The work'us to be sure."

And Mrs. Male bundled up her skirt, and showed her neatly-laced thick boots and clean petticoats as she stepped out of the shed, wishing Jonathan "Good evening."

The soft-hearted woman had something of that hard side to her character that unerring respectability is apt to wear.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### HOW WOULD ANDREW TAKE IT?

So he was coming home on Saturday, was Andrew; and little 'Scilla was going to the workhouse.

There was some need for Jonathan to ask how Andrew would take the news. The very name of workhouse had an ill-odor for such respectable folks as Andrew came of. Would he resent the indignity for 'Scilla, and try to help her from it? Or would he feel it was best that she should be "put away," lost as she now must be to him?

Even Jonathan did not know his mate well enough to answer. He had never been in love, though he had a great respect for women. How he should decide, if he were divided between his love and his honor as Andrew was, he could not tell. On the whole, he thought he should persuade Andrew to let 'Scilla go. It would be best on all accounts. Jonathan had enough selfishness to be aware it would be best for him. The scandal would soon die out when the poor girl was out of sight; and the subject, little by little, would be dropped, even between himself and Andrew. Jonathan could not get over the feeling of uneasiness that laid hold of him when he knew that Andrew's secret was in his keeping, and that to Andrew he could not tell it. He always fell back upon the old argument—it would be the worst thing possible for Andrew to know. The wrong was over and done; and if Aaron Falk were killed for his sin, it would not give back 'Scilla to her lover. And yet Jonathan could not convince himself. He felt somehow as if, against

his will, he had become a traitor to his mate.

Then his thoughts turned to poor Jael; and as he raked out the forge fire and drew on his coat, he made up his mind to go and see her and 'Scilla. Andrew would take it unkindly if he could tell him nothing of them when he came home. And Jonathan had never been to the Thornes' cottage since that early morning, six weeks before, when he had stood on the landing, and heard the sad whisper that came so audibly through the twilight and the stillness.

Instead of having any feeling of affinity with Jael, because of this secret that he shared with her, he had rather disliked the idea of seeing her. She had promised, and he had promised; and nothing had happened to alter the condition of that promise. Very nearly all, if not all, Shelbourne had accepted Andrew's denial, when they heard how he had suffered when the news of the birth of 'Scilla's child reached him. The sin of leading 'Scilla astray they thought him quite capable of. The sin of hypocrisy, of feigning a grief he could not feel if the child were his,—this they acquitted him of. They were not a cringing, hypocritical race. Whatever their faults were, they were straight-forward, and on the surface. It did them credit that almost with one consent they exonerated Andrew, and laid the blame on some tramp, some ill-conditioned fellow, who—worse luck—had escaped scot free.

And then to encourage them all in this view, there was the constant asseveration of Jael that Andrew was innocent. If she had not got good reason for saying so, why should *she* protect him?

But resolutely Jael stuck to it, that Andrew *was* innocent. And, though it was the hardest pang she could now be open to, she had made up her mind to "put away" 'Scilla.

Jonathan, knocking at the door, and going in, found the girl on a low stool by the fire, with her baby on her knees. She was smiling over it, singing snatches of old cradle-songs, swaying herself to and fro, while she rocked it to sleep.

Jonathan stood looking at her. She looked up, too, and smiled radiantly at him.

"Well, 'Scilla," he said, not knowing what else to say. It was the first time he had spoken to her since things had been so sadly changed.



"Well, Jonathan," she said, still smiling.

"Is your mother in?" he asked.

"Yes, I think so," said 'Scilla, dreamily, lost again in admiration of the flannel bundle she was holding.

Jael's heavy foot moved across the garret above, and began to come down the ladder.

"Be that you, Jonathan? The sight o' you makes me of a tremble, though I dun' know as why it should. But I haven't set eyes on you since that day as—well, well, it's no use for to go back to th' old troubles. There's plenty o' new uns al'ays to hand."

She brushed the back of her hand across her eyes; and, though she began rubbing the table briskly with a cloth, Jonathan could see the broad shoulders did tremble.

"Sit down, missus, won't you?" he asked.

She leant against the table, and folded her arms, from which the worn sleeves had been turned up. The brown, deeply-lined face had taken many fresh pencillings in these past weeks. There was an unutterably sad, hopeless expression now, that had taken the place of that keen, hawk-like look of other days.

"The old gentleman's sadly, I hear," said Jonathan.

"Sadly? yes, proper sadly. The damp and the cold's ta'en him wonderful."

"How long has he been ill?"

"Ill he's been this many a year. But I never see'd him not like this afore. He's druckenened ever sin' that there"—pointing to 'Scilla's baby—"come in the world."

"Did he take it much to heart, missus?" asked Jonathan, seeing the girl was still wholly engrossed in the baby.

"Not so much that, I don't think. On'y Martha Male she tells me as a new life a-comin' in a house mostly saps the old life as is nigh a-goin' out. I makes no account o' what she says, I don't; but she's right sometimes, is Martha Male."

"Perhaps it'll be best, then, missus," said Jonathan, cautiously—for he did not know how Jael would take it—"that 'Scilla and the little one should be out of the way for a while, so long as the old gen'leman's so poorly."

Jael stood with her arms folded, her small brown hands pushed up under each turned-up sleeve of the opposite arm. She made no answer; but her stern mouth closed a little more firmly.

"Missus," said Jonathan, beckoning her to the door; and they went out, and stood in the narrow, disorderly garden-path, where the brambles laid themselves over Jael's skirts, and tugged at them when she moved. "Missus, you know there be many of us that would be glad to help you so far as we could. Mother 'ud rather take poor 'Scilla any day—to pay her a visit, you see—rather than that she should go to the 'house.' But you know how thick we live—only the bedroom for father and mother, and a make-shift bed in the other room for me. But if there's anything I could do to help you, missus, and if you'd take it kind from an old friend, and not think offence, it would do me good to help you. It couldn't be much, because father's past work now, with his illness, and I've to keep them both and myself. But a little's better than nothing. I think I could promise you something regular every week, if it was ever so little—just to keep you from putting away 'Scilla."

Jonathan had forgotten all his prudence for himself, the dilemma that the girl's removal would help so to free him from; he had even for a time forgotten Andrew, and how hard it would be for him, poor fellow, to be always seeing 'Scilla. The sight of Jael's stern face, that spoke of a greater anguish than showers of tears from other women would have done—this had made him forget for a time everything except his wish to save 'Scilla to her. But as he came back to himself, and to some of his old prudence, Jael said—

"Jonathan, 'e be as good a friend as ever woman had. My heart's hard, but it 'ud need to be harder not to feel the sharp edge of kind words like yourn. But beholden to no man I can't be, Jonathan: it goes agin me. If there's one as should pay, it's him as wronged my gal. But I won't touch his money, and I can't touch yourn. Work I can't, not to earn a fardin'. Leave fa'der I can't—he's as helpless as any babby, he is; and 'Scilla, she ain't got eyes for no one but the child. And though I tells on'y you, Jonathan—and you needn't tell it again—I'm not the woman I used to be; I can't do not as I used to could. I'm taken wonderful sharp with the pain here"—and she held her hand upon her heart—"and it's like to take my life from me when it comes like that."

"So you think it's best for 'Scilla to go, missus?" said Jonathan.

"Best?" she answered. "I don't know as there's any best for the like o' me. It's all worse and worse, I take it. But it ain't no use to go agin the Lord; and starve at home we can't, Jonathan."

"It's a bad place for young girls," said Jonathan, more to himself than to her. "I suppose the old gen'leman wouldn't like to go himself—"

Jael broke in furiously—

"*Fa'der* a go in the 'house'? *Me* put away *fa'der* in that place? It breaks my heart to put 'Scilla there—she as is happy anywheres, so long as she has the babby. But me to put *fa'der* there—as if it warn't me as has brought him to shame first—and my gal arter me. No, no, the Lord guv' me my *fa'der*, but I take it the devil guv' me 'Scilla. And now," she went on—her voice falling to that low wailing tone so unusual with her, seldom, if ever, heard by any one but Jonathan—"now it's no good for me to fight against the Lord no more. One on 'em I must put away, and who 'll it be but 'Scilla?"

The tears came into her dry eyes at last.

"I don't think she'll fret, missus," said Jonathan.

He was watching Priscilla, through the window, tossing her baby gently up and down in a rapture of delight before the fire.

"Fret? Not she. That comforts me. She don't fret for nothin', so long as she's the babby."

"And when will you send her?" he asked presently, growing more courageous.

"I dun' know. It 'ud best be soon."

"Missus, 'Drew's coming home Saturday. It 'ud be best for him not to happen on 'Scilla."

"That's right, Jonathan, that's right," she answered. "My gal shan't put another thorn in his pillow, if I can help it. I'll get the order, and she can go on Friday."

But the order did not come in time.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE JOURNEY HOME.

"I THOUGHT I'd look in and tell you, missus," said Jonathan, at Martha Male's door that night, "that 'Scilla's going to

the 'house' on Friday, and so 'Drew needn't come on her at all."

Martha Male did not quite enter into the delicacy of Jonathan's feelings for his friend.

"Well, happen on her he'll have to, come sooner, come later. But I'm glad she's a-goin'. It might upset him like, seein' the gal goin' about. He did keer for her, did 'Drew."

"I think we needn't tell him straight off that she's gone—and to the 'house,'" said Jonathan, trying to smooth the way as far as possible for his mate. He knew Martha was not reticent, nor very sensitive, though she had as kind a heart as ever beat under a purple cross-over.

"Bless you, lad, he ain't made o' sugar-candy. But it's not me as 'ill want to put him out the first night he sits aside us agin. But I'm glad you've looked in, Jonathan, 'cause I'd somethin' to ast you, and I'll take it a great favor if you'll do it. It ain't so much for me as for 'Drew, and he's ta'en it very hard as you've not been a-nigh him this long time, and he shut up in the 'orspital with his poor bones a-gingerin' together."

Jonathan felt a little uncomfortable, and made some hazy excuse. It satisfied Mrs. Male, however, intent on her request.

"Well, it's this as I wanted to ast you. 'Drew's a-comin' home Saturday, you see, and however he's to git out I dun know. He can't walk not many hundred yards yet, he can't; and to hire a cart from Heprath 'ud come to a terrible deal, it 'ud. But his father and me we been a-thinkin' as you is so friendly like with Mr. Falk, that you'd ast him if he'd lend Abra'm the light cart Saturday, and then he'd go fetch 'Drew hisself. Mr. Falk's so wonderful kind al'ays, I don't think as he'd disannul us."

Jonathan hesitated a few moments before he said—

"You had best ask him yourself, missus, I think."

Martha Male put down her knitting and looked at Jonathan.

"Then you won't do it for 'Drew, though Mr. Falk makes as much o' your little finger as of Abra'm and me body and soul put together?"

"I can't do it, missus," said Jonathan.

"Well, then, it's the first time as ever you said 'No' when it was somethin' for 'Drew as you could do. Good night,"

she added, indignantly, rising to see him out of the door, "I ain't one as 'll ask twice."

"I'm sorry I can't, missus," said Jonathan. "I'd do it if I could, but I've a good reason why I can't."

Martha Male shut the door, and sat down, ruffled and disconcerted, to her stocking.

"Don't be so hasty, old 'oman," said her husband. "He telled 'e as he'd got a reason. If he hadn't, he'd do it for 'Drew."

"Oh, he's not as he used to be to 'Drew, he isn't. Not been a-nigh him since ever such a time. There's somethin' as there usedn't to be about Jonathan. And I take this very unkind, I do. However 'll my poor boy get out Saturday?" And Martha Male began to cry.

"He'll get a 'lift' easy—no fears o' him," said Abraham. "There's enough troubles for every day wi'out hailing them that belongs to the day after-to-morrow, or next week. One 'ud think 'Drew had got another mischief, instead of comin' home hale and hearty with his leg as whole as yourn."

Meanwhile Jonathan was going home troubled and puzzled. Were these the sort of difficulties he was to find himself in every day? Martha misunderstood him; perhaps 'Drew would, too, and think him changed and unkind. He could not blame 'Drew if he did. And yet his tongue was tied, not only by his promise to Mr. Falk, but by his own conviction that to tell what he could tell would be the worst thing possible not only for Hepreth and Mr. Falk but for Andrew himself.

And as to asking Mr. Falk to send for Andrew, Jonathan felt it was impossible. The very idea stuck in his throat. If Mr. Falk would have done it a hundred times over (and perhaps he would not have liked to refuse), Jonathan felt that a hundred times over he would have to decline it. Send for 'Drew in Mr. Falk's cart, knowing what *he* knew? It would be an insult to his mate, and none the less an insult because 'Drew would not *know* it had been offered to him. "I'd carry him out on my back a deal sooner," said Jonathan. And he went, still troubled and worried, to bed.

So Saturday came round, and nothing had been sent to meet Andrew. He was to have had a letter from home, if anything could be arranged for him; and

when no letter came, and the morning broke clear and sunny, for all it was November, he put his best foot forward, and with a comforter round his neck, a stick in his hand, and a few clothes in a bundle in the other, he started to walk part of the way home at least, depending on a "lift," which he was safe enough to get. He had only had a few turns in the hospital garden since the day when he had been carried along this road, sick with pain and the jolting of the cart.

How sweet the air seemed! It was fresh, touched by the hand of winter. And the trees he had left in leaf were bare, and only a robin here and there twittered from the hedges. But to breathe and be free again was sweet. How much sweeter it might have been! In other days, homecoming from Hepreth, or from any long day's work, meant a good tea at home, at the clean table with its snowy cloth; and afterwards, a walk with 'Scilla.

Now, there would be the mother, the home, the clean cloth, the tea, but not the walk with 'Scilla. And the lack of this last seemed to take the sweetness out of it all. His heart was sad and heavy. There was only the sense of being free in body, the sense of returning health to carry him along. And hidden in his heart, hardly known even to himself, Andrew carried a hope—the hope of seeing 'Scilla.

He did not reason with himself as to what would be best for him; he did not argue that it would be worse than useless for him to see her now. He only was aware that something led him on to Shelbourne, as it had led him home so many times in old days, in spite of the sad heart he knew he carried. Hoping against hope, without hope—that was Andrew's case.

Just outside Hepreth, he halted and sat down on the kerbstone to rest. A long white building stood on the left of the road, facing him as he sat. The windows were large and in straight rows; painfully straight rows, where all beauty had given place to order. Four straight white walls enclosed a square yard in front of the building. Four other straight walls adjoined these four. They divided the space into two bare courts; and these divided the house also into two parts. There was a bench in each court. On one bench sat a row of men like sparrows, all alike in fustian and blue shirts. On the other bench sat three women, each with a baby

in her arms. They also were all alike—in blue-striped dresses and white caps.

The men had some pebbles on the bench, and were trying to play a game with them. The very dropping of a pebble was a relief in that awful monotony of men all alike, walls all alike, doors and windows all alike. The pebbles were not all alike, when you came to look closely at them. Perhaps that was why the men liked to play with them, and handle them.

The women sat looking at their babies: three little babies, all alike. Their red arms and legs, their little blue cotton dresses, their oiled flaxen hair upon every head. To the mothers they did not look all alike, which was well. Perhaps that was partly why they liked to look at them, and play with them.

That was Hepreth workhouse.

#### CHAPTER XX.

"AY, I SAW HER."

BUT the great white building, and the bare walls, had no associations for Andrew. Thank God none of his kith and kin had ever been there. He looked at it as respectable folk look at prison windows, wondering at and pitying those behind the bars.

Then he took up his bundle again, that he had laid down beside him, and limped along slowly, looking out for some friendly traveller on the road who would give him a "lift."

He was not long in being overtaken by an empty cart that belonged to Mr. Jonas, the landlord of the Red Inn. The carter was well known to Andrew, and there was no demur about taking the limping wayfarer up. On the contrary, the old man got down and helped Andrew in, setting a heap of empty sacks in the corner for him to sit upon; and, stretching his broken leg out gently along the cart—

"It's best for 'e to sit at the top like," he said, as he settled Andrew into his corner with his back to the horse; "there's more hills to go up 'an there is to go down 'tween this and Shelbourne—and it ain't pleasant to be lyin' down feet up'ards. Tell me if I goes too fast, and jolts you. There ain't no hurry as I knows of."

They did not go too fast. At every hill old Tom got out and led his horse, or walked beside it, meditating on simple

things, or perhaps on nothing; and Andrew watched Hepreth lying farther and farther behind him, till the tall white hospital lost itself among the smaller houses, and in the blue veil of smoke.

He was very tired even after his short walk. His limbs were far wearier, from long inactivity, than the stout legs of old Tom would be at night, when he threw his smock off after a hard day's work, and a journey to Hepreth and back—so he lay in the cart and did not care to speak, hardly to think. He watched the hedges slipping by, the bare fields, the straight chalk road. Sometimes he watched the pattern worked on old Tom's smock, when the carter fell a little behind at some hill. Most of all he looked at the pale blue sky, in which a pale November sun was riding; the bare elm branches stretched across it; and below was the underwood of bramble, not bare yet, but brown and red and many-colored, clothing the copses for yet a little while.

And now and then there was a traveller to pass upon the road. The Hepreth photographer, with his little donkey-cart, going out to "take views," now that the trees were bare, and the beauties of brick-work and stone showed at their fullest their naked perfections. A woman or two coming from market. Ben Bower, with one of Mr. Falk's drays full of casks, going in.

Ben opened his big eyes when he saw 'Drew. 'Drew was the hero for the time being of Shelbourne.

"Be you better?" he called out, waking up out of his astonishment, but not waiting to hear the answer, though he turned round upon a cask and stared after the hero for a while.

If he had waited he would not have heard the answer. Andrew made no answer.

For, just then, past the cart went a woman's figure. Tall, girlish, slight, in a soft brown shawl that was wrapped round—not her only, but something she carried in her arms. Her face was bent over something; she was peeping at it under the corner of her shawl.

She stood still a moment, not noticing the cart at all; but turning sideways, with her bright lovely face set against the straight white road, she put her foot upon a stone, while she lifted the little bundle on her arm, drew the shawl closer round it, pressed it nearer to her heart, stooped



once and kissed it, then turned away from Shelbourne again, and walked on.

And Andrew lay still in old Tom's cart, and knew that it was Scilla that had passed him by. And yet he never moved, had never tried to move. The numbness that had been in his tired limbs seemed to have crept higher, to his heart. A dimness came over his eyes. The white road, the elm branches, the shifting hedges, the woman's figure, all passed out for a moment in darkness. He knew the feeling, for he had felt it once before, when they had lifted him out of the cart at Hepreth hospital, after his leg was broken. And he roused himself, with a strong effort, when he knew now that, in womanish fashion, he was "faint." He was not himself yet, he said to himself, as he took hold of the side of the cart and gripped it.

And just then, looking to the left, he saw that they were passing a deep glade in the copse, where in spring the blue hyacinths used to grow. They were all gone now; only the withered bents covered the ground with a thin shroud-like covering.

Andrew was no poet; but the thought came across him, could this be the same world that was God's world in May?

"I'll walk from here, master, and thank you," he said to Tom, when they reached the Red Inn: "if you'll give me a hand out of the cart. My leg's wonderful stiff still."

"I'll hand you when you're at your own door," said Tom, imperturbably driving on.

All Shelbourne looked out of its windows to see 'Drew, the hero, coming home. Little children, playing on the green, rushed to their mothers, and cried shrilly that "'Drew was a-comin' past."

Martha Male, who had been watching at the window for two hours, and was very uneasy, had, of course, happened to go into the bakehouse just as Andrew arrived. So

on his stick he hopped through the house, and out at the back door, where he came upon his mother unexpectedly.

"If I didn't think as it was the ghost of him, and not him himself, I'm not a woman alive," she said afterwards to a neighbor. "Ill in the 'orspital he did look; but to see him when he comed home, it 'ud have turned a cask o' beer, let alone his mother. His hands, they's like a babby's hand—and a babby as has been brought up by the bottle too. And as for his arms and legs, there isn't a blessful morsel o' flesh on 'em, not as you could pinch with tweezers. His bones, they is gingered together; but, dearie me, it's took all his life and flesh, too, to do it. That it has, I'm sure."

No one doubted Martha Male when she said, decisively, "*That it has, I'm sure.*" Her words carried weight with them; perhaps because her person was so portly. No one likes to contradict a large woman, however easily she may be melted to tears.

There is little need to say Martha Male cried for a full half-hour while she looked at Andrew. Then she bethought herself of his already over-cooked dinner.

More to please his mother than because he was hungry, he eat some of the hard suet pudding she put before him, with a slice of pork.

And afterwards, when she had tied a clean spotted handkerchief round his throat, and had got him to "set his feet upon the fender," she allowed him, as she expressed it, to "humor himself."

And so till tea-time he sat over the fire, tired and silent. A cup of tea did him good, and he roused a little at his father's home-coming.

"But he's wonderful down-hearted, he is," said his mother. "I hope as Jonathan 'll cheer him up a bit; for all he was so unkind about the 'lift' from Hepreth."

(To be continued.)

## GERMAN HOME LIFE.

BY A LADY.

### II. FURNITURE.

SPEAKING roughly, one would say that German furniture was chiefly conspicuous by its absence; but, upon 'nearer view,' it has other characteristics which justify us

in giving it its due modicum of consideration; especially if we take the word in its larger sense, not merely as signifying tables and chairs, beds and sofas, but as concerning all the paraphernalia of living. And, firstly, as regards the houses and their

interior arrangements. These, of course, vary considerably in different parts of Germany; but in one respect they are invariable: every house is divided into flats, with a common staircase for all the occupants, and a common door. As a rule, the old houses, standing in streets and squares, have solid thick walls and ample landing-places; whilst in the modern villa, built in the environs, you will find a maximum of lath and plaster, and a minimum of brick and stone. In the old houses you will find the admirable *Berliner Ofen*; in the modern ones iron abominations, whereof more anon. In the town you will suffer greatly from the street drains, as well as from defective arrangements in this respect within your own borders; in the villa you will probably have only the latter inconvenience to endure, and as you will have a small garden, and foliage about you, the result will probably be less disastrous than in the town. The common hall (in old houses this is spacious, flagged with stones, and the door will be a *porte-cochère*) is entered by the common door, which hangs upon the hinge, and through which, in cold weather, the air rushes with an icy blast, chilling the very bones and marrow, whilst the banging to and fro, that goes on all day, is a source fruitful of misery to persons afflicted with nerves. Every comer and goer lets it swing against the lock; no one takes the trouble to open or shut it, and thus, at last, you come to curse the compromise, and to wish they would set the huge machines open, as is the case in summer, and have mercy on your head.

You mount to the first floor. In some houses you will find a grille, and against the wall is a neat little white porcelain plate, with the name of the tenant in black letters, so that you will at once be aware whether you have come to the right 'flat.' The higher you mount, the lower will be the rents, until at length you reach the *Boden* or loft, which is divided into servants' sleeping places, *Waschkammer*, and palisaded store-rooms; the centre of the *Boden* is common property, and in wet weather is used as a drying ground, when it is a matter of some arrangement and not a little diplomacy to satisfy the requirements of all the families dwelling beneath the common roof. To an Englishman, whose house is his castle, who probably lives and dies without knowing or caring to know the name of his next-door neighbor, this sys-

tem of dwelling in flats is eminently distasteful. We have seen how Gretchen from No. 1 flat scandalises Kätchen from No. 2 ditto, as to the sensational details revealed by the faithful Lina from No. 3 opposite; and we know how, after seven in the evening, the same devoted retainers will be lounging, stocking in hand, in doorways, or lurking with the *Bräutigam* of the moment in the garden, enjoying the sequel of what was so pleasantly commenced on the market during morning hours. As you enter the door and ascend the staircase, you will at once see evidences of discomfort in the sloppiness of the stairs. The system of laying water on, as with us, is only now struggling into feeble existence in Germany, and is only applicable in newly-built houses, so that the well of your staircase is literally a well up and down which buckets are going all day long. Mina and Lina have to fetch every drop of water for the family ablutions for cooking and drinking purposes, from the *Brunnen*, in the courtyard, or across the street, or perhaps in a neighbor's garden, and the labor and discomfort entailed by this primitive state of things is incalculable. It also leads to an economy of water which, to a person not afflicted with hydrophobia, is trying in the extreme. It is scarcely a wonder, when we think of this, that baths and tubs should not enter into the scheme of bedroom arrangements, and that in Germany all personal ablutions, on a large scale, should be undertaken out of the house at the public baths. The tenant on the ground-floor is supposed to keep the 'Hausflur' in order; he who dwells above him to provide for the cleansing of the stairs leading from the first flat to the house door, and so on, up to the topmost dwelling; but it will be readily understood that the slopping of buckets up and down the staircase all day long, though it may not come under the head of 'dirt' proper, certainly does come under that of discomfort, and is destructive of all appearance of care and order.

Having found your friends by the porcelain plate, you will enter the drawing-room. As a rule, this will not be carpeted, but the floor will be stained a dark color, and there will be small pieces of carpet, seldom of the same pattern, spread in different corners of the room. In some houses the floors are parqueted (a fashion now becoming popular in England, when

expense is a secondary consideration), the inlaid wood forming diamonds or squares, or some other simple design. In princely houses great luxury is shown in this item; the parqueting becomes a work of art, and exquisite bouquets of flowers in colored woods, forming the centre of medallions, connected by trellis work, polished to a high degree, form a splendid parade-ground for the capering of dancers. But to return to a humbler sphere. On the rugs or squares of carpet, of which mention has been made, there will be a table, and behind the table, invariably, a sofa. This is the place of honor, and should no person of higher rank than your own be present, you will be invited to take your place thereon. I have often been amused watching the 'sofa comedy,' when perhaps a lady of higher rank than she who is already seated upon it arrives on the scene. The 'second lady' at once rises, and prepares to 'efface' herself; the 'first lady' smiles deprecatingly, and begs her to be seated, with a 'Bitte, bitte' which is infinitely condescending; but the second lady is almost hurt that it could be supposed such ignorance of the *bien-séances* is hers, and her 'Aber, Excellenz!' has something almost appealing in its remonstrance. But I was 'singing the Sofa,' and must apologise for the episodic. On the table there will be a gay-colored cloth, and, perhaps, a damask napkin placed diamond-wise in anticipation of the coming coffee; but there will be no books or work upon it; no photographs, or magazines, or newspapers, or sketch-books about the room; and as you glance furtively around you will be able to draw no inferences or conclusions as to the characteristics of its fair occupants. It will have no distinctive physiognomy of its own, showing you that Corinna has the poetic mind, or Angela the painter's hand, whilst little Dorcas's benevolence is evidenced by her work-basket overflowing with flannel and calico. You will see no traces of present occupation about the place. Near the window there will probably be a writing-table surrounded by a screen of trellis-work, or covered with an arch, over which ivy has been trained; ivy so dark and so dismal, so loudly telling of want of sun and air, that it will rather have a depressing than an enlivening effect on the *ensemble* of the room; and there will be an india-rubber plant or two, and a few bits of

greenery in pots, but for gorgeous geraniums, bright calceolarias, sweet verbenas, brilliant petunias you must not look. Gardening is an art but little cultivated, and to waste money on what will fade in a week, and have to be renewed all the summer through, if your room is to look bright and its glories to remain undimmed, is a folly of which no well-regulated German would be guilty. The chairs will be miscellaneous as to pattern and stiff as to arrangement; there will be a good deal of 'bent wood' and wicker-work. Much of the furniture will be covered with wool-work, and about the room you will see evidences of the industry of the ladies of the house, in bead mats, knitted and crocheted anti-macassars, elaborate footstools, and bright colored *étagères*. The *portières* which probably drape the doors of communication with the other apartments will perhaps also be gorgeous with Berlin wool-work borders; but there will be little harmony, and no happy results in these patchy contributions of affection. There being no chimney-piece, the somewhat monotonous adornment of the gilt clock and candelabra which unfailingly ornament French salons will be wanting, but there will be a 'Schrank' or two (a sort of cabinet), with glass doors through which you may peer at the treasures within. On its shelves you will see a few china cups and saucers, a handsome beer flagon, a kaleidoscope letter-weight, a card dish, a confirmation plate, a spare sugar basin, a few old jugs, ornaments of birthday cakes; *que sais-je?*—all those useless and troublesome trifles which a family gathers as the years roll on. On the wall there will, almost invariably, be one spot, which from a distance looks like an astronomical system, but which upon inspection proves to be a collection of the family photographs, stars of greater and lesser magnitude, hung close together in black oval frames (gilt tarnishes, costs more originally, has to be renewed, is subject to the flies); the husbands and wives sitting hand in hand, the young men in uniform in fine military position, the maidens in their best clothes looking highly demure and very much alike.

You will seldom find water-color sketches or oil-paintings adorning the walls of the Dining-room, nor will it afford you fine engravings after the Landseers, the Millais, the Bonheurs, or the Wilkies of

Germany. It will be a room bare of all ornament and destitute of all attraction; it will do to feed in, as the chairs will do to sit on, and that is all. A common table without any cloth, a floor without any carpet, windows without even the ivy and india-rubber plants, will produce a frugality of aspect that verges on the sordid; the noise of footsteps coming and going on the bare boards will strike a knell of remorse into your bosom, as you think of all the Turkey carpets over which you have passed with indifference during earlier portions of your pilgrimages, and you will hasten on to the sanctum sanctorum of the master of the house. It smells strongly of tobacco, but for this you are prepared. Have you not seen, lurking behind the drawing and dining room stoves, spittoons of china and spittoons of brass? You have given a little shudder, but you have recovered yourself, and have borne yourself gallantly, not wishing to appear over 'nice.' There will be an arm-chair or two in the master's room, and a wardrobe, and a chest of drawers perhaps, and a sofa covered with American leather; and there will be whips and spurs, and guns and gloves, a *Schlafrock*, and a pair of Berlin wool-work slippers, a beer flagon or two, a *Foppe*, a stand full of pipes, endless contrivances for the reception of cigars, such as dog-kennels, pigeon-cotes, Swiss châlets, and beer barrels; and *Asch-Becken* innumerable, bead penwipers, and blotting books of velvet, silk, and gold; embroidered card-cases, gay smoking caps, cross-stitch carpet-bags, testify to the affection with which the head of the house is regarded by his woman-kind.

In this apartment you will recognise the advantages of carpetless floors and light window-curtains, and you will especially appreciate the delightful windows which by a simple contrivance open outwards like folding doors, saving all necessity for calling a servant, or bringing yourself to the brink of apoplexy by endeavoring to heave upwards the heavy sash. By turning a handle you lift the centre bolt out of the deep hole into which it falls, and the two *battants* swing asunder with charming ease. There is often a deep window-sill, upon which it is pleasant to lounge; and where this is the case, wool-work cushions, fitting squarely into the niches, will afford you pleasant support, so that you may lean there by the hour,

nor have cause to ruefully rub your elbows when you tire of the *far niente*. A less commendable custom is that of having two bits of looking-glass, fixed at a certain angle, just outside the drawing-room window, whereby you see not only the traffic of the road, but are enabled to spy out all the incomings and outgoings of your neighbors; to watch who comes to the door; to know who the *A's parterre* are entertaining, &c. &c.

But whilst I am on the subject of windows, I must note a contrivance which called forth my lasting admiration and gratitude, so often as I made use of it. In every room you will find one window with a movable pane. Looking more nearly at the squares of glass, you will see a small button attached to one; turn it, and behold the magic pane moves on its hinges, and two feet square of fresh air are let in upon you. Can anything be more delightful? You do not want the roaring blast to be admitted through twelve feet by six of window, blowing the curtains and newspapers and work materials wildly about the room, as though a hurricane raged amongst your properties; but you do want that pleasant and wholesome breath of freshness which will circulate softly through your apartment, dispersing your *vapeurs noirs*, and relieving your brain of the weight and fulness superinduced by the heavy stove atmosphere. The welcome oxygen will brighten your 'blues,' dispel your gathering ill-humor, and cause the thickened blood to circulate less sluggishly. Your lips, which were dry, will smile again, your tongue, which was parched, will now wag freely, and you will take up the business you had in hand with renewed spirit. I wish that (in these days when everything is done by co-operation) the influential body of German residents in England would form an association for the construction of these delightful windows; a few native workmen could set the thing going, and artisans enough would soon be found to carry on the simple trade. It would confer an inestimable boon upon all householders, and would win the gratitude of many a room-ridden wretch. It is true that our open fire-places promote the circulation of air in our houses, yet often a moderate breath of that which is absolutely fresh from without, would be of infinite service to us; more especially to



those toilers at the desk whose nerves stand often so sorely in need of this gentle stimulant, and whose brains would be all the lighter for a promoted circulation. To the sick-room, to the invalid who is 'delicate,' and would shrink from the draught of a whole window, the movable pane would be a panacea. By a natural transition we turn from the window to the stove.

It is a proverb in Germany, that in Russia you only see the cold, whereas in Germany you feel it. In palaces, it is true, the system of warming by Russian flues is much adopted, so that an equal temperature prevails in the halls, galleries, and staircases; but such arrangements cannot be carried out in 'home life.' Fuel is immensely expensive in Germany, and is becoming more so with every year. Formerly, in good houses, nothing but wood was burnt, but for this the old-fashioned *Berliner Kachel-ofen* was necessary, and the hardest beechwood indispensable. This kind of stove resembles a huge monument, and is built (of a great thickness) of a sort of concrete, composed of clay and gypsum, the outsides glazed with white porcelain; the interior is so contrived that the heat passes slowly through endless circumvoluntary valves, by degrees warming the whole mass. The interior of the stoves, preparatory to heating, is well piled up with wood, a strong draught is created, and when the logs are reduced to ashes, a handle is turned in the wall of the stove, a little door is drawn over the grating at its mouth, and the draught being thus cut off, the heated air remains imprisoned in the *Ofen*, which will keep warm for many hours, and to the remotest corner of the room an equalised heat will result. The drawback to this arrangement lies in the fact, that if the escape-valves be closed too soon, the fumes of charcoal will pass into the room, and in a sleeping apartment the danger of asphyxiation is great. During very cold weather such casualties are by no means uncommon, especially among the lower orders, who, unwilling to waste any of the heat, are sometimes tempted to close the escape-valves too soon, and retiring to rest early, reap the consequences of their fatal economy. But the cast-iron stove frequently replaces in modern houses our solid old friend the *Berliner Ofen*. These cast-iron stoves are unhealthy, hideous, and unpleasant, whilst their 'ineffectual fires'

alternately scorch and choke you. They produce a furnace-like heat, affecting both taste, smell, and sight, the unpleasant consequences of which are but very slightly counteracted by the vessel of water which you are advised to keep constantly boiling on the hottest part of the iron. When the water boils, the steam which passes into the room slightly relieves one from the distressing sensations produced by the dry heat; but the moment the fire goes out the iron becomes cold, and the temperature at once sinks to as many degrees below, as it was half an hour ago above, zero. Wood cannot be burned in these stoves, as it would flare away too quickly, without, as in the case of the *Berliner Ofen*, leaving any genial warmth behind; so coal or peat, or a mixture of both, is employed, producing results disastrous to cleanliness. The thick, brown smoke puffs out into the room, and the muslin curtains look grimy as soon as put up. Some of my old-fashioned friends used to declare that the expense of washing counterbalanced the cheapest kind of fuel, and they stuck to their concrete stoves with conservative affection. In some modern houses the Berlin stove will have an opening like an English fire-place, but this is confessedly a luxury, a concession to the eye, for the real business is done by the useful concrete at the back. It is almost superfluous to observe how much work is saved to servants by this institution of stoves. No bright grates, no polished steel fenders and fire-irons and ormolu; no black-lead mysteries, no rotten-stone and emery paper, and chamois leather. The wood is shoved in, and piled up, a light is set to it, the flames go roaring upwards, the handle is presently turned, and the room will keep warm for the next eight or ten hours.

Let us next penetrate, so far as may be permissible, into the bedrooms of the family; or, at least, let us take one of them. And here, more especially, will dismay fall upon your insular senses. Where is the mahogany or maple, or the pretty light polished wood, or the delicate enamelled ditto; where the ample wardrobe, with its long panels of looking-glass, cedar shelves, drawers that slide noiselessly in and out, and various convenient contrivances? Where the solid chest of drawers, with marble tops?—the pretty white toilet covers, and polished handles? Where is the obligatory washstand, with its vast ewers and

basins (only to gaze at which is refreshment), the china matching your chintz or curtains, and contrasting well with the cool marble slabs, on which stand your water bottles and glasses, and sponges, and brushes? Where are the baths? Where the japanned pails, the water cans, the bath towels? My friends, let us not look for these things. Has it not been written how Mina and Lina labor at the well? are there not plenty of public baths, better than all your private scrubbings and tubbings? Side by side stand two little beds. You wonder, as you look at them, how people cast in the heroic mould double up their joints so as to fit into these lilliputian receptacles. You think vaguely that it would not be well to be sick of a fever in such a bed. There is a huge wedge or sloping mountain of horsehair at the head of each couch, and on the top of it are two vast pillows, so that lying down seems an impossibility; and this may account for the shortness of the general contrivances. There will be a good spring mattress with a horsehair one atop of it, the sheets will not be tucked in, the quilted coverlet will be scanty in its proportions. To one not to the manner born it is detestable; and not less so to have piled on the top of you an immense *plumeau*, or bag stuffed with down, under which you will groan and perspire until suffocation causes you to fling it off in your sleep. You will awake again presently, very chilly, the miserable mockery of a quilt lying upon the ground beside the voluminous *plumeau*, and your night will be spent in alternately casting off and gleaning together again your bed furniture. Each time you turn in your sleep you will feel the cold air rushing in on all sides, and a confused nightmare sense of avalanches, waterfalls, and glaciers, according to how the *plumeau* falls, the coverlet glides, and the sheets resolve themselves into rope, will make your night hideous. The result of which will be, if you are abiding within those borders, that you will forthwith send for a carpenter and order a bed according to your dimensions, with blankets and sheets that will tuck in, and a pillow which will not persist in propping you up at an angle of forty-five.

The barely necessary (according to German ideas of necessity) is all that you must hope to find in the sleeping apartments. Frugality, the alpha and omega of German home life, forbids even the tin-

tacks and the pink lining for which you would fain bargain. 'Why should one spend money on marble and mahogany when delf and deal will do as well?' a matron remonstrated: 'it is not necessary that I should see the length of my petticoats, the sweep of my train, the dimensions of my pouf in a long glass. I can look at myself just as well in a little mirror set upon a chest of drawers, as in a fine toilet glass, draped in lace and muslin. No woman's face is more than a foot square; and why should I squander my husband's substance in tin-tacks and glazed lining? The lace and the muslin cost money to wash, a woman's wage, a woman's food; the pink lining will fade, it must be renewed. My chest of painted drawers does just as well as your frivolous dressing-table, with its frippery and finery, and china pots and ring-stands and smelling bottles; they (the drawers) require no washing or ironing or starching, and after all, *who would there be to see it?* No one but my husband, who would scold me well and never cease grumbling at my extravagance. Dark window-blinds, well-covered cotton curtains, a strip of bedside carpet, and a few chairs are enough for anyone's wants; so come away and look at the kitchen.'

The kitchen is a small bare room with a brick or concrete floor; no oil-cloth, no cocoa-nut matting, no carpet, no pretence at comfort. You wonder how all the routine of cookery and scullery can be carried on in it. The copper pans on shelf and peg shine warm and bright from the walls, the window is clean; and buckets full of water, with a large brass water scoop, show that all is ready for the day's operations. The mere cooking is far more easily accomplished in a German than in an English household. The hot metal plates, provided with numerous circular holes, into which rings can be fitted or from which they can be hooked out, to suit the exigencies of the various pots and pans, accommodate any number of kettles or stewpans. These stand simmering, boiling, or stewing, according to their position, and are plunged into the circular holes by which they come nearer to the fire when accelerated speed is desirable. The servant has here again a vast amount of labor sawed her; not only that she has no hearth-stoning, fender-polishing, or black-leading to accomplish, but that she can get at all her

*plats* readily, without burning her face and hands or straining her muscles as with us, by stretching over a wide hearth in front of a scorching fire, to the detriment alike of her clothes, health, and temper. I may mention that drunkenness is quite unknown amongst female servants in Germany, and one cannot help feeling that a great deal has been done for them by this contrivance of the hot metal plates.

Knowing the value of fuel, and the extreme frugality which is observed in all households as to this most expensive item of domestic economy, a German servant will give you no trouble in the matter. Having heated the water for your early coffee (a mere handful of firing has been necessary for this), she allows the flame to die out. She will draw the few living embers to the mouth of the grating in the hot-plate, and lay a piece of peat upon them before she goes out to market. When she returns, a few puffs of breath blow the smouldering heap into life, and her saucepans will soon be boiling in merry concert. The moment dinner is over she will fill every available vessel with water, so that she has a supply sufficiently warm to wash up with, and the fire again dies down. It has to be lighted for supper, but the same frugal rule is observed, and as the hot-plate affords no warmth beyond that immediately beneath the saucepans, there is no temptation to make a larger fire; nor do I remember, in a single instance, having had to remonstrate as to waste of fuel.

Whilst still on the subject of stoves, let me say that I never dressed for a ball without recognising the comfort and safety of the institution. No scorching of the face, no catching fire of frills and furbelows, no danger or detriment from stray sparks or hearth-dust; and, as a mother, I must confess I was saved many a heart pang by the (almost) impossibility of the children doing mischief by playing with the fire. On the other hand, one is not going to a ball every evening, nor are maternal feelings always in the ascendant; and often during the long winter nights—nights that begin at 3.30, and go on indefinitely—I have longed, with a hungry longing, for the friendly face and the cheerful companionship of an English open fire.

From the foregoing it will be readily understood that there is little quiet and privacy in a German 'flat.' The rooms all

communicate one with another; you cannot reach the drawing without going through the dining room; your own apartment will perhaps be the *via media* to the nursery, so that you seem to live in a passage. The smoke from your husband's sanctorum will filter through into your bedroom, and as to 'lying down' and petting a headache, you know better than to attempt such things. Nevertheless the system has its advantages, and one feels horribly lazy when one returns to the ups and downs of an English house.

The large, lofty, carpetless rooms are pleasant and cool in summer, when the dust that prevails would make carpets almost unbearable; but in winter the absence of the open fire and the furnished floors gives life an altogether bleak aspect. I am amused and pleased to see many pretty German contrivances and customs becoming so popular in England. The double dishes for cutlets and vegetables, for fruit and cakes, are old familiar friends, and inestimable comforts where high tea is the order of the day, and where people are not too proud to help each other and themselves. The long cloaks lined with squirrel; the footsacks and fur collars so much in use all come from Germany; the Norfolk shooting-coat is but an Anglicised *Foppe*, and the origin of the '*Ulster*' is purely and simply German.

There are other subjects upon which, in writing of German home life, I would fain speak, but that, as Mrs. Malaprop says, I fear to offend against the 'properties.' A severe sanitary commission is urgently required to look into these matters, and more energetic legislation than has yet been brought to bear upon them is absolutely necessary if the disastrous fruits of culpable neglect are to be in some degree counteracted. Why should typhus fever be a sort of perennial epidemic in most German towns? Why, when you hear of the young, the strong, and the lovely, should the almost invariable answer to your question be, '*Sie (er) ist am Typhus gestorben*'? The answer, alas! lies miserably near; at their feet, beneath their noses. It is a plague-spot which requires no great amount of science to uproot; but the abstract has charms for the German mind, which the concrete can never possess; and whilst their learned men are writing treatises about 'germ diseases,' defective drainage is slaying, like Saul, its tens of thousands

unhindered. We have seen by the mortal illness of one, and the sickness unto death of another, of our own Princes, that the subtle poison, and the pestilence that walketh in darkness, spares those born in the purple and dwelling in palaces as little as the peasant in his hut, or the artisan in his alley, and the lesson has not been entirely lost upon us.

Some time ago, when railway accidents were rife, it was said that an archbishop must be killed before any notice could be taken of the disasters by rail: we have descended lower in the scale now, and only ask for the death of a director. Archbishops are not at a premium in Germany; but I doubt if even the death of a Bismarck or a Moltke would set their fellow-countrymen to cleansing drains and flushing sewers, unless under severe compulsion. It has been computed that it would cost fabulous millions to attempt to make Berlin a healthily habitable city, and that after the millions had been spent, the result would be still problematical. That may be so; it is probably difficult to efficiently drain a city situated in the centre of a vast plain; but in the meantime the decencies of life, the comfort, the safety, the self-respect of home life are calling out for a change, so that avoidable disease and death should stalk no longer amongst the people. With every year fresh victims fall to this ignoble foe, and the hot summer sun shines down in deadly beauty on festering heaps of corruption, and on hideous cesspools unheeded.

In this paper I have strictly confined myself to home life. I have not spoken of the life of capitals, where the *haute noblesse* and the *haute finance*, bankers, speculators, merchants of colossal fortunes, make life pretty much what they will. I have spoken of the ordinary life of ordinary Germans, such as you will find it to be in fifty towns, or in ten times fifty, if you have time to visit them. I have spoken of the households of military men; generals, colonels, majors; of those of the *petite noblesse*; of the higher civil *employés*, judges, councillors, assessors, &c., and, mentally, I have compared them with the homes of the upper middle classes of England; not those households where expense is a matter of no moment. I have had in mind such arrangements and such furniture, and such simple refinements, as belong to our ordinary middle class, where

a certain moderate ease and careful cleanliness give a grace to existence, and lead one to think that the well-chosen furniture and simple luxuries are in some sort the interpretations of the mind that orders and the hand that guides.

'You make existence too elaborate,' said a German lady to me one day, as she looked round my room, simple almost to penuriousness (I had been doing battle for my tin-tacks and pink lining); 'all these things make a fuss; they are irksome, and they are unpractical. My strip of bedside carpet is better than your square of Brussels. I get a pair of felt slippers and don't feel my bare boards; you spend I don't know how many thalers on your carpet, and you give a servant work to brush it, and it harbors dust and it wears out, while my felt slippers are still good; or, if they are getting thin, I can buy a pair in the next street for ten groschen.'

'But I like to have my household gods about me,' I pleaded, in defence of my little arrangements; 'I always have my carpets taken up in summer; meanwhile the "daily beauty" of life is worth something. Does not my Clytie (which only cost two shillings) up above my chamber door, delight me? And that sturdy Italian peasant woman, with her grand pose, liberal life, massive figure, and all the glow of the South in her face: what does not she recall? Whole volumes of the poets: a thousand personal matters and memories; the Corso, the Campagna, the Coliseum, the Carneval, Easter-day—things that come and go, and belong to one's life. And that peep at the Cumberland Lakes is good. One wanders off, in fancy, with Wordsworth and Southey; one hears the bleating of the sheep, the falling of waters, the song of birds; old poems and songs rise up in one's mind. Poor things, madam, but mine own. My sister painted the Roman peasant for me (I think of her when I gaze upon the stalwart matron, and of all that is come and gone since then). I bought my Clytie in Bloomsbury, just outside the Museum, and its true "great Catholic Dome," of a lazy Italian fellow, with glowing eyes, saucy white teeth, and velvet cap with smart blue velvet tassel. London smoke was dear to me, *liebe Helmine*, at that stage of my existence, and I declare I smell it now every time I look at my Clytie. Is not that view of the silver Thames sweet and



sylvan? Just like a little bit of Spenser or Milton. That old French street and tower are written on the tables of life, and that mystic Mentonese olive tree. They all have their associations and memories; some sweet, some bitter; but are not most lives chiefly memory? And a softened sadness comes over us amongst such simple relics as these, and we cease to beat our wings against the bars.' But Helmine's solid sense was in nowise shaken by my piteous little rhapsody. She simply 'wondered at' me, like Gawain, and shaking her head half in pity, half in condemnation, at the aberration of my energies, went off to see to the slavery and the sauerkraut, and to knit the stocking of virtue.

'Then have you never seen a beautiful German house?' I shall be asked. Yes, indeed. Can I ever forget that boudoir where I sat upon a sofa and gazed in speechless awe at the looking-glasses, ample and many, wreathed with priceless Dresden china blossoms; at the chandelier which was of the same costly clay, and which looked as though Flora herself had flung the flowers down from Parnassus? Can I ever forget the marvellous 'old Dresden' in which tea was served to me, the candlesticks, the picture frames, the brackets, the cabinet full of shepherdesses and their swains, of coquettish babes in mob-caps, and dandy darlings in breeches and ruffles, and peach-colored coats *à revers*? Everything in the room had been presented by an adoring husband on successive birthdays; and the result was positively bewildering to an ordinary mortal. But this was no usual instance, and vieux Saxe would be very much out of place in the simple home life of which I have undertaken to speak.

Without delighting in tables and chairs, or in any way subscribing to the furniture fetish, I think we must all admit the value and interest of people's surroundings, in so far as they are expressive of individuality. Furniture has its own physiognomy. It is not splendor or outlay that we miss in the average German rooms; we miss the individual mind, the finer shades of character which our friends' surroundings ought to convey, the book that betrays, the sketch which suggests, the flower which recalls; all these speak to us in a 'little language' of their own; in the phraseology of intimacy. We look for some expression

of the spirit that presides, rules, makes itself felt; we feel as though an appearance of hospitality were cheating us of our due; we are admitted to the material; we sit upon the chairs, and we eat off the table, and we warm ourselves at the stove, but yet we are chilled, and hungry and thirsty: the spiritual is denied to us; all the ordinary occupations of life, all the loves, and the weaknesses, and the enthusiasms and the follies are put away; we gaze round seeking what manner of man or woman this may be, and we fall back dispirited on the bare boards and the beadwork. In another place I hope to speak more fully on the subject; here it would be out of place; it is only admissible in so far as the singularly 'inexpressive' aspect of most German interiors betrays a phase of German character. Much learning, words of wisdom, intellectual intercourse of the highest nature may sanctify these simple homes, but to many such things are too high, they can not attain unto them. It is not the intellect that is starved, it is the heart that hungers. We do not care so much about what our friends think, as about what they feel; little touches of tenderness, a pressure of the hand, a whispered word, a glance that but swept you with its sympathy, these are things that you will remember and which will keep your heart warm, long after you have groaned out your *vanitas vanitatum* with the wisest man that ever lived. The lovable side of a woman's character is not revealed in a German drawing-room. 'Beauty? Association?' said Helmine. 'Education of the eye? Form? Harmony?' these things are nonsense in everyday life. Think of the time the knick-knacks take to dust, to arrange; you must keep an extra servant to do it. Art is all very well in its proper place; that is acknowledged. Are not all our galleries free, and cannot I have beauty, value for hundreds of thousands of thalers, by turning round the corner of the next street, where there is one of the finest collections in the world? If you had a sale, who would buy those worthless imitations? Why waste your money?' No doubt she was right: she was a clever woman, but it will be seen by this that our German friends mostly seek their art like their bath—out of the house.

—*Fraser's Magazine.*

## A VISION OF SPRING IN WINTER.

BY ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## I.

O TENDER time that love thinks long to see,  
 Sweet foot of spring that with her footfall sows  
 Late snowlike flowery leavings of the snows,  
 Be not too long irresolute to be;  
 O mother-month, where have they hidden thee?  
 Out of the pale time of the flowerless rose  
 I reach my heart out toward the springtime lands,  
 I stretch my spirit forth to the fair hours,  
 The purplest of the prime;  
 I lean my soul down over them, with hands  
 Made wide to take the ghostly growths of flowers;  
 I send my love back to the lovely time.

## II.

Where has the greenwood hid thy gracious head?  
 Veiled with what visions while the grey world grieves,  
 Or muffled with what shadows of green leaves,  
 What warm intangible green shadows spread  
 To sweeten the sweet twilight for thy bed?  
 What sleep enchants thee? what delight deceives?  
 Where the deep dreamlike dew before the dawn  
 Feels not the fingers of the sunlight yet  
 His silver web unweave,  
 Thy footless ghost on some unfooted lawn  
 Whose air the unrisen sunbeams fear to fret  
 Lives a ghost's life of daylight dawn and eve.

## III.

Sunrise it sees not, neither set of star,  
 Large nightfall, nor imperial plenilune,  
 Nor strong sweet shape of the full-breasted noon;  
 But where the silver-sandalled shadows are,  
 Too soft for arrows of the sun to mar,  
 Moves with the mild gait of an ungrown moon;  
 Hard overhead the half-lit crescent swims,  
 The tender-colored night draws hardly breath,  
 The light is listening;  
 They watch the dawn of slender-shapen limbs,  
 Virginal, born again of doubtful death,  
 Chill foster-father of the weanling spring.

## IV.

As sweet desire of day before the day,  
 As dreams of love before the true love born,  
 From the outer edge of winter overworn  
 The ghost arisen of May before the May  
 Takes through dim air her unawakened way,  
 The gracious ghost of morning risen ere morn.

With little unblown breasts and child-eyed looks  
 Following, the very maid, the girl-child spring,  
 Lifts windward her bright brows,  
 Dips her light feet in warm and moving brooks,  
 And kindles with her own mouth's coloring  
 The fearful firstlings of the plumeless boughs.

## V.

I seek thee sleeping, and awhile I see,  
 Fair face that art not, how thy maiden breath  
 Shall put at last the deadly days to death  
 And fill the fields and fire the woods with thee  
 And seaward hollows where my feet would be  
 When heaven shall hear the word that April saith  
 To change the cold heart of the weary time,  
 To stir and soften all the time to tears,  
 Tears joyfuller than mirth;  
 As even to May's clear height the young days climb  
 With feet not swifter than those fair first years  
 Whose flowers revive not with thy flowers on earth.

## VI.

I would not bid thee, though I might, give back  
 One good thing youth has given and borne away;  
 I crave not any comfort of the day  
 That is not, nor on time's retrodden track  
 Would turn to meet the white-robed hours or black  
 That long since left me on their mortal way;  
 Nor light nor love that has been, nor the breath  
 That comes with morning from the sun to be  
 And sets light hope on fire;  
 No fruit, no flower thought once too fair for death,  
 No flower nor hour once fallen from life's green tree,  
 No leaf once plucked or once-fulfilled desire.

## VII.

The morning song beneath the stars that fled  
 With twilight through the moonless mountain air,  
 While youth with burning lips and wreathless hair  
 Sang toward the sun that was to crown his head,  
 Rising; the hopes that triumphed and fell dead,  
 The sweet swift eyes and songs of hours that were;  
 These may'st thou not give back for ever; these,  
 As at the sea's heart all her wrecks lie waste,  
 Lie deeper than the sea;  
 But flowers thou may'st, and winds, and hours of ease,  
 And all its April to the world thou may'st  
 Give back, and half my April back to me.

*Fortnightly Review.*

## FASHIONS AND TRICKS OF SPEECH.

THIS is an age of education—a very paradise of educators, such as surely the world never saw before. Education is the prevailing, all-absorbing topic, the universal panacea. Society from highest to lowest is stirred by it and permeated with it; politicians make a cry of it; commissioners grow great men upon it; inspectors report upon it; School Boards quarrel over it; denominations make it their battle-field; professors prose; women declaim on it; newspapers write leaders, and the public reads them. The press, in abandoning its columns to the exponents of different views, assumes an interest so absolutely universal, that the reader who hastily averts his eyes is visited with a sense of disgrace in dropping off and flagging out of the noble enthusiasm. Nor can indolence escape the prevailing theme by mere change of column. Unlikely corners are full of it. In the police reports it lights, as it were, on a fellow-delinquent—another struggler against the mighty current—in the widowed charwoman haled before the magistrates for keeping her little boy from school to nurse the baby while she criminally absents herself to procure her children's merely physical necessities. But the temper induced by weariness, or any other quarrel with a subject, is necessarily peevish and captious. The charwoman, no doubt, has some certain things to say on her side of the question; and the reader looks about for reasons and becomes self-justificative. Perhaps circumstances, as little as inclination, throw him in the way of occasions arranged for the display of newly-acquired knowledge; or examinations and other contrivances for testing progress and showing results do not impress him as conclusive testimonies of success. The ultimate end of all education, he argues, is something very different from mere acquirement: it should be a universal influence, and pervade the whole being. We should know an educated person by a sort of fragrance of cultivation. A society of thoroughly-educated persons should stand in high relief against the more slovenly or circumscribed training of a past day—the object of so much ridicule and vituperation. The grand educational effort has been going on long

enough to tell upon those subjected to it. The youth of our social circles should shine out in happy contrast with the young men and women of the more careless generation gone by. We should see a conspicuous not-to-be-disputed improvement in the subjects that occupy their thoughts; and, above all, in their powers of expression. The boasted improvement in education should tell upon their diction. It should endow the scholar with words to the purpose, whatever the topic, grave or gay, trifling or important. More especially should we see advance in these respects in the female subjects of educational effort; conversation under their sweet enlightenment should have new charms.

The subject of female education has brought out with special force of acclamation the superiority of the present day over the past in the thoroughness of instruction imparted. The slipshod teaching of girls in former days, its miserable pretence and hollowness, is an inexhaustible theme; and, indeed, there is not much to be said for it. Compare the school-books of the past with any paper on teaching addressed to the young women of the present,—compare what they are expected to know, the subjects they are to be interested in, the intricacies of grammar and construction, which are to be at their finger-ends, with the ignorance, or accidental picking up of knowledge, which was once the woman's main chance of acquirement, and our expectations are not unreasonably raised. The pupils of the new school ought to be more companionable than their predecessors; they ought to talk better, more correctly, more elegantly; and as their subjects of interest become more profound, as science and art open their stores to them, their vocabulary should meet the need, at once more accurate, more copious, more felicitous. We put it to our world of readers, is it so? Do our young ladies talk better than their mothers; do they express their meaning with greater nicety; nay, do they speak better grammar? Moreover, is this an aim? Are they taught to do this by the writers of their own sex who profess to portray the girlhood of our day? Is it not an understood thing that three or four



epithets are to do duty for all the definition the female mind has need of, and that solecisms which would have shocked the ears of an earlier generation pass unproved? The present *régime* not only does not teach people to talk, it does not—to judge by appearances—even inspire the wish or prompt the attempt to clothe thought in exact wording. The best education can only help towards clear thinking; but fit words and plenty of them it ought to put at its pupil's command. Do the boasted systems of our day succeed in this? In the most carefully and elaborately trained girl of eighteen we do not look for more than the promise; but we reasonably expect promise. Taste, careful not to offend, we might calculate on, and a sensitiveness easily offended. Newly freed from the seclusion of the school-room, the great interests that agitate the intellect of the world will impress her with awe as well as an eager curiosity, held in check by modest grace—the natural attitude of an intelligent listener; and by the difficulty of finding fitting words to express dawning thought. This is no unreasonable ideal of youthful culture feeling its way. We approach the object of so many cares: she is not listening, but talking with rapidity and dash. What are the words that first greet our ears? Two or three hackneyed epithets, which we had supposed mere schoolboy slang, and perhaps a word or a phrase which—so widely separate is the vernacular becoming from our written language—we hesitate to expose to the ordeal of print. What promise for the future is there in this? How is it to develop into the conversation of the gifted woman? She is a good girl, we have reason to believe, and we take it on trust that she knows a vast deal of history, many languages, and some science; but what is the good of it all if she has no adjectives at command but nice, jolly, horrid, awful, disgusting, and tremendous? How can she keep what she has got? how can it fructify? Thought dies if it has no means of expression. It is really a grand power to have something to say, and to be able to say it. This it is to be educated; but the something to say fades out of being and consciousness, if adequate speech be wanting.

What a struggle to express thought we

detect in any one who, having abandoned himself to the formulas in vogue, tries to choose words for himself, and to say really what he thinks and means. The school-boy who indolently takes refuge in slang—or what is much worse than slang, the current phrase of the hour—to save himself trouble, cuts his rhetorical wings for good and all. Words are a bondage. They cannot be taken up and cast off at pleasure. The person who contents himself with unmeaning epithets or terms that merely express likes and dislikes without reason, is destroying his powers of discrimination. The girl who finds everything horrid or jolly is uneducating herself, neutralising her life's work, and putting herself intellectually below one with none of her "advantages," but who uses her mind and ear to define her thoughts with accuracy and propriety. There is something painful in watching the process of deterioration, the suppression of thought, the smothering of imagination, which are the consequences of adopting a rude and conventional phraseology—one that throws the labor of interpretation on the listener. After some experience of the verbal freemasonry current among our young people, and observing how prone the young ladies of our day are to borrow the jargon of brothers and cousins, we are sometimes disposed to think the past century had something to say for itself in treating girl's schools as places in which not so much to learn as to unlearn, to be cured of awkwardness, and to get rid of vulgarisms; a certain amount of self-mistrust could not but be infused under the refining, snubbing process.

The peculiarity of the present time we take to be its courage. Backed by the consciousness of a careful grounding, nobody is ashamed. Ignorance used to blush—often where it need not; but nobody is ignorant now. In reaction from the severities of the school-room, licence is cherished and defended. Even the double negative, once an impossible solecism, will be justified as a colloquialism not to be dispensed with: "He is not gone, I don't think;" or that other prevalent vulgarism of modern speech, "Why have you done so-and-so?" She told me *to*—an error charged by the whole press upon Watts; but one of which that respectable and ill-used shade (ill-used in

more respects than one), a very purist in his lifetime, was incapable.\* If we seem to speak now of the female share in the question, all must allow the weight of female influence on the diction of society.

But, after all, it is the young men who are to blame if our young women talk so far below their powers. It is in the nature of girls to look up; and to whom should they look up but to their male friends, graced with all the prestige of a public school and college education, and glorious besides with athletic triumphs? How pleasantly playful do the few poor expletives in vogue sound when first heard from their heroes, who could, no doubt, talk profound sense in choice terms if they chose!—how easy it is to slip into them! Anybody can say "awful;" and at first there is a sense of liberty and humor in the outrage to plain sense. But expletives are like opium; once take to them, there is no leaving off. Nor are these fair imitators likely to speculate on the enervating feebleness which hides itself behind the seeming force of such windbags of epithets; for of these we speak rather than of slang proper, which generally has some fun in it, at least on starting, and which gives play to humor in its application.

What is it that has sent good talking out of fashion?—for it *is* out of fashion. We do not say that nobody talks well nowadays; but we believe most of our readers, in looking out for examples, will find them among their elder friends. The modern system of things is against it. Our thinkers argue rather than converse. In the common talk of society we scarcely detect the wish for accurate expression. The aim is to hit upon the prevailing substitute for it. We believe that Mrs. Malaprop's sensible idea of a "nice derangement of epitaphs" as an important accomplishment, however correctly rendered, would sound pedantic to our young people: and, indeed, as appropriate epithets

are scarce, we do not press the search of them as advisable; if they would only learn to do without the inappropriate ensnarers that lead them to a point and leave them floundering there. We believe, too, that a correct diction is less an object with the teacher than it used to be. There are so many other things pressing on time and attention. The immense point made of foreign languages may have much to do with it, and still more the crowd of children's books, which occupy the mind and ear of childhood in its holiday moments. A young child will not take up big books written for grown-up people if it can be amused at an easier rate; but it is at the most susceptible age for catching sound and rhythm. It can be touched and charmed by a beautiful style, and be keenly alive to the happiness of a quaint or felicitous or exact epithet, when driven to our classics for leisure reading, and never lose the impression. It is thus supplied with models before it knows what a model means. In the age of "endless imitation" it broods on things good to imitate. Its ear becomes familiarised with sounding well-balanced sentences, in a very different sense from the acquaintance forced upon it in the study of analysis of sentences and derivation of words, now become a necessary part of education. From such tension of mind the child now relaxes over story after story diffuse with vapid dialogue, made natural and pungent through lavish use of all the colloquialisms and vulgarisms of school-boy life. But there is beyond all this another reason. The principle of respect has lost ground amongst us. More and more, children and young people are allowed to express themselves before their elders and betters without choice of terms. To be often in a position to mind our *p's* and *q's* is an excellent training in style; and amplifies and enlarges the vocabulary by the necessity of avoiding the familiar and first come at, and sending in search of the exact, the courteous, the dignified, the deferential. All these varieties and gradations of expression are acquired as a matter of course where discipline is enforced, and a check instantly put on rude liberty of utterance; but let father, mother, or teacher not only smile over the newest-learned slang—which, if humorously applied, is some exercise of wit and judgment—but encourage its repetition when it ceases

\* Who wrote—

"Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God has made them so;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature too."

that is *also*; but who is perpetually quoted as writing—

"For 'tis their nature *to*."

Leaving us in doubt whether it is not better to die out of the world's memory altogether, than live only to be misrepresented.

to be either—let them acquiesce in the habit of using a formula instead of taking the trouble of an exact definition, and submit to be talked to on a level of slipshod impertinent equality—and they are ruining their child's chances as a good talker. An easy mediocrity of speech will be his at best, the same to everybody and for all occasions—no felicities, no variety of key. His wit will be without refinement, his gravity will want weight, no tones will wake a response in his hearer; and probably at critical moments there will be a relapse into the old jargon as the only form at hand. We believe that respect—respect for persons and things—and self-respect, will be found an element in the character of all persons of eloquent speech. The free-and-easy and irreverent in youth fall inevitably into tricks, redundancies, repetitions, and all forms of flat mannerisms, as time gets on. Once have your diction well in hand and the habit of selection continues through life, the memory enriching its stores, and practice adding facility in the use of them. Nor ought we to omit, in speaking of respect as an intellectual trainer, to point out the importance in this relation of respectful attention. The habit of listening is not now inculcated as a duty with the same sternness as in old-fashioned days. Listening to elders and betters is not the golden opportunity it was once regarded. Interruption is easier now, and consequently listening more an exercise of mere patience, than in the days when to interrupt a speaker of weight or note on any account was simply impossible.

Respect, as a moral influence and motive, prevents this education of the powers taking a conscious form. Nothing would be worse than deliberate pains in the young to talk fine, or, indeed, to give much thought to it for talking's sake. It would not only be mischievous to the character, but also defeat its object, if pursued with purposes of display. Of course neither moral motives nor care can make a good talker, who is born as well as made; but together they will secure a modest success, propriety of diction as a certainty, and some characteristic grace. The words shall not only be well chosen, but flavored with the speaker's idiosyncrasies. For the habit of choosing his words keeps a man well together. Those who talk in the popular phraseology are specimens of a

period; we do not think of them as individuals. Acting in a body they are destructives, precipitating inevitable change.

After all, fashion is as omnipotent a power in the clothing of our thoughts as of our bodies: change in each is equally inevitable; nobody can escape the fashion of his day or defy it with impunity. Why do good words go out of use when there are no better, if as good, to supply their places? How is it that writers let slip the words that suited their predecessors, and which, it would seem, must necessarily present themselves first to their use? Do men's ears get tired of a sound, and consciously crave for a change, or is the whole an unconscious process? As thought varies, must its livery vary? will not the adjectives of one period do justice to the estimates of another? Is it in a sort of interregnum that our youth accept a few arbitrary signs? There is nothing that people do not get tired of in time, and incline to discard for something fresh; or if its matter is too important or too venerable to be thrown over, that does not grow old and unfamiliar. Nothing is stationary. The very words we use are moving out of the habit of men's tongues, though it may be with the pace of a glacier. Our great-grand-children will detect something quaint and unfamiliar in our simplest utterances, for which we can imagine no substitute. A trivial word will have gone out of use, or have been voted vulgar, or be formal and pedantic, or society will have adopted another idiom. It is the part of genius to keep things stationary, and certain forms well in use, so that the ear shall never lose the sound of them; but genius tires in its turn, and sometimes sets the example of rejection. Thus Goldsmith derides the epithets "copious and ingenious" lavished in his day among the mob of authors; the one has ceased to convey flattery, the other is out of fashion: so Dr. Newman using the word "remarkable" says, "it, along with 'earnest' and 'thoughtful,' have been so hacked of late," that he cannot apply them without an apology. It is in the power, no doubt, of affectation or vulgarity irredeemably to degrade a word. This is, we suppose, the reason why "sweetheart" has gone out of polite use, though we have no form of tenderness to supply its place, and are positively embarrassed for the want of it; and let us venture to adduce another in-

stance—a word which De Quincey considers too shocking to write, and which he can only indicate by its Latin synonym. The reader will find it imbedded in the following passage from Addison, who, as the ‘Spectator,’ joins a party of coffee-house politicians in angry discussion over the “Curious Libel” in his last number. “In his next sentence,” cries one, “he gives a plain innuendo that our posterity will be in a sweet p—ckle. What does the fool mean by his pickle? why does he not write it at length if he means honestly?” “I have read over the whole sentence,” says I, “but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part, and as full of insinuations as it can hold.” We own we have written the word without repugnance; we have no desire to replace it by “stomach,” though De Quincey does propose it as the universal substitute. Moreover, we have known the claims of hunger so forcibly expressed through its agency, that we doubt the right of cultivated humanity to recoil from it. There are times when it must occur to the inner ear as the only word adequate to the occasion. In a mother’s distress we have heard it more pathetic than the most eloquent periphrasis. However, the word has never been in polite social use, and certainly we do not desire it to be taken up now. We only wish it to hold its place unashamed where our best authors have seen fit to put it. Our language would be poorer for its extinction. But there are words against which no reproach can be brought, which seem to us part of the very substance of our language, without which it would cease to be English, which are gradually slipping out of our written tongue. Have our readers observed how “commence” is elbowing “begin” out of print? We may look through whole columns of a newspaper without finding it. The weather never begins to mend, but commences to improve. By the time our revisionists have got to the Book of Numbers they may be expected to reject the present form of Moses’ awful announcement as an archaism, and for “The plague has begun” we shall then read “The plague has commenced.” Dryden, if he had lived now, would have had to write, “The lady in the spotted muff commenced,” as most harmonious to modern ears. Such vital changes, we believe, generally come from below: as the mur-

derer, in his confession, says his victim “commenced crying when I shook hands to part with her,” instead of “began to cry.” Cultivated ears cling to simplicity, but the many carry the day; and with the many “commence” is gentler than “begin,” and conveys more the idea of the speaker having been brought up at an academy; till at last it is the word that occurs first to ears in which the familiar echoes should still linger; and “begin” is nowhere. As a curious instance of this, take the following passage from a writer quoted in the ‘Times’ upon the rising of the Nile:—

“Now, though the commencement of the rise of the Nile is anxiously looked forward to by the Egyptians, as begetting hope of good crops and abundance, yet it is not by any means a criterion of a good Nile, which alone can realise that hope. Thus the Nile of last year commenced to rise so early as the 17th of June, and rose fairly well for about twenty days, and then stopped for fifteen days, and ultimately finished off at a rise of 19½ feet only on the 11th of September, and made a bad Nile. Again, the Nile is subject to make false starts; the Nile of 1869 made five such false starts, and that of 1872, three, both commencing their serious rise on the 1st of July respectively. To show the uncertain and capricious nature of the Nile at the commencement of the rise, that of 1868 commenced on the 1st of July; 1869, on the 10th of June,” &c. &c.

“Commence,” we know, is an old word, and a good word, indispensable in its place; but “begin” for most common purposes is a better, and has a right to the first turn, to be uppermost in the writer’s mind, though he may see reason to take the other for variety’s or for the sound’s sake. In the same way *elect* for “choose” is coming into more general use than its awkwardness (to our ears) should have made possible. People elect what line of conduct they shall follow, what road they shall go, what dress they shall put on. *Balance*, long familiar to American ears, is becoming so to ours. In an account of a ship on fire we read those saved remained the “balance” of the night watching the burning wreck. People of a certain school now *state* rather than say what is in their minds. And the adverb *over* for *above* has stolen into the diction of cultivated writers—*over* a hundred pounds, *over* a thousand men. There is really nothing to be said against it: the one is as correct as the other. It is a matter of taste; but in our ears *over* jars, and pain-



fully diverts the attention from its use to its sound. "*Outcome*" is another novel introduction, we suppose called for, it has slipped into such general use. But surely no convenience should reconcile our ears to that dreadful novelty, that Cockney-gossiping invention, "disagreeables," which is stealing into print where we should not have expected to find it.

These exits and entrances of words must be constantly going on. Those who have lived through a generation or two must have noted how many have been introduced, or have changed their ground in their own time. Allusions to their introductions and changes meet us constantly in our reading. Thus Banter, Mob, Bully, Bubble, Sham, Shuffling, and Palming were new words in the 'Tatler's' day, who writes, "I have done my utmost for some years past to stop the progress of Mob and Banter, but have been plainly borne down by numbers, and betrayed by those who promised to assist me." *Reconnoitre*, and other French terms of war, are ridiculed as innovations in the 'Spectator.' *Skate* was a new word in Swift's day. "*To skate*, if you knew what that means," he writes to Stella. "There is a new word coined within a few months, says Fuller, 'called *fanatics*.'" Locke was accused of affectation in using *idea* instead of notion. "We have been obliged," says the 'World,' "to adopt the word *police* from the French." Where we read in another number, "I assisted at the birth of that most significant word *flirtation*, which dropped from the most beautiful mouth in the world, and which has since received the sanction of our most accurate Laureate in one of his comedies." *Ignore* was once sacred to grand juries. "In the *interest* of" has been quoted in our time as a slang phrase just coming into meaning. *Bore* has wormed itself into polite use within the memory of man. *Wrinkle* is quietly growing into use in its secondary slang sense. *Muff* we have read from the pen of a grave lady, writing on a grave subject, to express her serious scorn. Most of these words are received as necessities into the language. Some, like "humbug," are still struggling into respectability. In the middle of the last century it was denounced as "the uncouth dialect of the Huns, the jabber of Hottentots." Another writer puts it into the mouth of a party of giggling girls, who

pronounce some one—whom he suspects to be himself—an *odious, horrible, detestable, shocking* HUMBUG. "This last new-coined expression," he observes, "sounds absurd and disagreeable whenever it is pronounced; but from the mouth of a lady it is shocking, detestable, horrible, and odious." Yet so pointedly does it hit a blot in humanity, so necessary has it become to the vituperative element in our nature, that neither mankind nor womankind can do without it. The fastidious De Quincey is eloquent in its praise: "Yet neither is it any safe ground of absolute excommunication from the sanctities of literature, that a phrase is entirely the growth of the street. The word *humbug*, for instance, rests upon a rich and comprehensive basis; it cannot be rendered adequately either by German or by Greek, the two richest of human languages; and without this expressive word we should all be disarmed for one great case, continually recurrent, of social enormity. A vast mass of villainy that cannot otherwise be reached by legal penalties, or brought within the rhetoric of scorn, would go at large with absolute impunity were it not through the Rhadamantean aid of this virtuous and inexorable word."

And as words come in, so for no obvious reason they go out. Why has that excellent word "parts" become obsolete—

"The rest were rebels, but to show their *parts*?"

Why is "merry" quaint, and scarcely to be used in its best genial sense of friends in cheerful converse? And "gust" for "taste"—why did it not hold its ground? And again "distaste," one of the words that has gone down. Barrow writes, "It is our duty to be continually looking inward upon ourselves, observing what it is that we love and readily embrace, what we *distaste* and presently reject." The latest use we know of is by the Yorkshire Local Preacher, "There are three things that I *distaäst*—Pride, Flatterosity, and Hypocriss." Why does "coarse" sound uncouth in the refined Addison's lines—

"We envy not the warmer clime that lies  
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;  
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,  
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads  
shine?"

Why, on the other hand, do epithets and illustrations that to Dr. Johnson's ear de-

base a noble passage, accommodate themselves so easily to our modern taste?—"The dunnest smoke of hell," "The keen knife," "The blanket of the dark," expressions which alternately wake his contempt, change his terror into aversion, and excite his risibility. Some words, indeed, are so obviously made for a state or temper of the national mind, that when the temper changes the word must go out of fashion or fall into contempt. Such is "genteel"—

"So mild, so good, so gracious, so genteel."

There was a time, we must conclude, when no bathos was felt in pairing the constituents of happiness thus:—

"For that which makes our life delightful  
prove,  
Is a genteel sufficiency and love."

As a maxim it stands the test of time, and, indeed, was never more universally accepted; nor could the truth be more tersely and exactly put: but our ear expects to be humored by more pretentious epithets—vague as regards the question of income, but going deeper into the nature of things: "Genteel" is superficial. For something the same reason the fashion of language towards scenery—especially Alpine scenery—has entirely changed. Once it was surveyed with the eye simply of the traveller, to whom it might well seem "rugged," "horrid," "inhospitable;" now, when difficulties of transit are overcome, or hailed for the difficulties' sake, description expatiates in the whole gamut of rapture from tender and lovely to sublime. In every point we aim more at the emotional; at reaching the heart of things. Our authoresses find *great* and *strange* wonderful mediums for awakening these emotions. In our ordinary conversation, we admit words now which were once thought above the tone of common talk; and we may any day hear, in a party collected for purposes of mere relaxation, words which De Quincey would forbid for such occasions as inappropriate and so far indecorous. "Equally with *bosom*," he says, "are proscribed the words *affliction*, *guilt*, *penitence*, *remorse*, from the ordinary current of conversation amongst mere acquaintances, because they touch chords too impassioned and profound for harmonising with the key in which the mere social civilities of life are exchanged." Strength is the general aim

—we do not say effect—in the talk of the present day. Our slang and current epithets all show this. The youth of every period has had, no doubt, a list of epithets as short and as unmeaning, for passing judgments on persons and things, but not necessarily inspired by the same intention. It strikes us that now whatever inclination there exists towards variety lies on the side of vituperation. Loathing is more eloquent than liking. It was not always so. "Heavenly," "pretty," "fine," "sweet," were once as lavishly misapplied as the terrors of our present custom.\* Formerly, when a speaker wanted to convey his meaning by mere brute strength, a familiar oburgation too readily presented itself; leaving fancy some range when he set himself to seek secular terms of disparagement. Happily swearing is out of fashion (as far as we are here concerned); but it is impossible not to feel how certain words—a certain word—come into general use, which once would have been inadmissible, supplies a need, fills an irksome void left by its profane predecessor. 'Beastly,' which we hesitate to write, is not wrong; but it is rude, and imparts to the speaker some of the blind satisfaction of an oath—without the sin.

Adjectives, which are the accessories and decorations of thought, necessarily

\* But always under protest, so long as writers for the young recognised a duty towards the spoken language of their day—a point of conscience which has gone out of fashion. We find very delicate criticism on this head in Miss Austen; and the following little dialogue from Miss Edgeworth's 'Waste not, Want not,' bears on the point:—

"'But I don't understand, cousin Hal,' said little Patty, 'why you call this bow a *famous* bow. You say *famous* very often; and I don't exactly know what it means—a *famous* uniform, *famous* doings: what does *famous* mean?'

"'Oh, why, *famous* means—now, don't you know what it means?—it means—it is a word that people say—it is the fashion to say it—it means—it means *famous*.'

"Patty laughed and said, 'This does not explain it to me.'

"'No,' said Hal, 'nor can it be explained; if you don't understand it, that's not my fault; everybody but little children, I suppose, understand it: but there's no explaining *those sort* of words, if you don't *take them* at once. There's to be *famous* doings upon the Downs, the 1st of September; that is grand, fine. In short, what does it signify talking any longer, Patty, about the matter?'

show changes of fashion beyond other parts of speech, and are apt to be worn till they are worn out. In fact, very few people can apply epithets, though they rush into the endeavor. But literature is full of examples of words which have done their work, such as "pleasing," in the use of it we find in the poets of the last century, Addison, Prior, Cowper. "Tumultuary," we find in Barrow, (a great inventor of adjectives) lost now, but telling well in a contemporary's angry critique on Anthony A Wood, whose work is a "tumultuary" mixture of stuff and tattle! "Lewd" is an impossible word now, which did good service once. Thus Bishop Hall, describing a scene of sacrilege—"A lewd wretch heading the procession in his cope trailing in the dirt." "Plain," for unlearned good sense—"a plain man"—is gone out. Every memory will furnish instances of lost or quaintly-applied words. Thus in this mixture of stuff and tattle, we find "Erasmus, that polite person," and a magnate of the Heralds' College, designated "the late industrious Garter." "Odd" was once a comprehensive definition in a conventional sense; as a fine lady told her porter to deny her to all "odd people," meaning persons of grave respectability. In many cases there is a poverty or an eccentricity which throws them out of vogue. But an out-of-date air belongs equally to many admirably-adapted epithets. Thus in Dryden's "Prologue"—

"They have a *civil* way in Italy  
By smelling a perfume to make you die—  
A trick would make you lay your snuff-box  
by."

Bacon would not, in writing his maxim on studies in our day, have hit upon either *crafty* or *simple* as first thoughts; that is, other words would sooner suggest themselves to a modern author,—*crafty* men condemn studies; *simple* men admire them; wise men use them. Nothing changes fashion more surely than terms of respect, more especially such as imply a moral estimate rather than one intellectual or social, and therefore patronage and superiority in the bestower. As Fag in the play, addressing Honest Thomas, adds, "You know, sir, we say *honest* to our inferiors," so persons now call the people they don't visit *respectable*. "He is called 'a good man,'" says Fuller, "who is not

dignified with gentility.' *Worthy* within this century was a more acceptable compliment than we esteem it now. Jones would not care to be described as the "worthy Jones," though we find in old family letters the title conferred in perfect respectful goodwill. The truth is, that as all material things wear out in time, so do words in any particular use or order of setting: yet in contrast with the common rate of change, some uses attain to an immortality of freshness. Tastes differ so much, and impressions are taken through such arbitrary conditions, that it is unsafe to quote examples. It is one of the pleasures of reading to detect for ourselves some of these gems—adjectives forced into the service by masters of language—choice epithets, exactly fitting adjectives, agreeable surprises which succeed by some unexpected felicity, and are not transferable. Such is Shakespeare's stamping actor, who

"Doth think it wit to hear the *wooden* dialogue  
'Twixt his stretched footing and the scaffold-  
age."

And such is the line of "*insufferable*" brightness in Gray's description of sunrise, and Dryden's city—

"With silver paved, and all *divine* with gold."

And his hare looking back on her pursuers with *beseeching* eyes, and the "*fairy* way" of writing he attributes to Shakespeare. Such is Dr. Johnson's commendation of a good converser—"Sir, he's a 'tremendous' companion." Such De Quincey's "crashing overture," as he designates the opening verse of the vision of Belshazzar." Such Wordsworth's "resplendent" hair. Such Sydney Smith's "landed" manner. Such Thackeray's praise of the grand close of the 'Dunciad,' "These 'astonishing' lines;" and his cluster of epithets, in Hans Andersen, as that "'delightful, fanciful, delicate' creature." Such, from a "female pen," "The *blinding* sweet of Pan's song by the river." Such Charles Lamb's objection to locketts, gewgaws, and all presents that do not arrive in a hamper, as "*indigestible* trifles;" and the "*tristful* severities of a funeral to which the expression of his countenance was subdued during a marriage service; and the cheering effect of his nonsense later in the day, which was *sovereign* as a cure for drooping spirits." Such the apprenticeship of John Richard William Alexander Dwyer to a

corn-cutter, "A *safe* employ." Such Mrs. Delany's—in her brilliant youth, describing her court-dress—"I made a *tearing show*."

In contrast with these are the adjectives that quarter themselves on the provincial press, marked by the flatness of a too obvious fit. Some, indeed, not without an element of surprise in them, as where we have seen children's moral stories defined as *chaste* narratives, or bull-baiting a "vulgar pursuit;" but most of which find their places as it were by an act of their own volition; as wherever a village Dissenting chapel is opened, the words *commodious* and *neat* follow as a matter of course. Probably it is around money that the greatest number of indefinite tentative epithets gather—a *warm* sum; a *round* sum; a *good* sum.

"A *decent* sum had Peter Nottage made  
By joining bricks—to him a thriving trade."

"A scratch income," "A *serious* bit of money," writes Mr. Trollope. And again, to quote Crabbe, remarkable for this gravity of appreciation—

"To scenes of various woe he nightly went;  
And *serious* sums in healing misery spent."

Some adjectives have slipped from the severest exactness of definition into an abyss of vagueness. Who would expect, reading Sherlock's warning, "The less we talk of ourselves the better; for it is a *nice* theme, and few enter upon it who come off clear either of folly or sin," to have found *nice* so soon grown not only into the refuge of girlish inanity, but that Brougham would be calling Tom Moore's singing *nice*, to the poet's great disgust?

Some people do without adjectives altogether. Two classes can do so—the merely matter-of-fact and the highly imaginative. Sydney Smith laughed at adjectives, and his plan of striking out every other word in a sentence as a strengthener and condenser of style would have made short work of them; but he did without them himself by a sort of subterfuge. We can detect the epithet under the disguise of an illustration. Thus, when he says of somebody, "that he never saw a manner with so little *frill*," it is an amusing, but certainly roundabout, way of saying that the manner was ungracious. When he said of Horner, "that the commandments were written on his face; and that no judge or

jury would give the smallest credit to any evidence against him," it is really going a long way about to express honesty and probity of expression, though the hyperbole is effective. The same of Swift, who was chary of his adjectives. It takes much longer to say, "all panegyrics are mingled with an infusion of poppy," than to say they are dull; only the one remark would not be worth making—the other is a saying. Quaint writers are fond of the same form. "He wrote several effects of a crazed head," instead of he wrote some strange books. And Charles Lamb's "cold scrag-of-mutton sophisms" of those who argue that enough is as good as a feast.

How much does our estimate of education, intellect, and character depend on the use and abuse of two parts of speech—the adjective and the adverb! Plain nouns and verbs serve the purposes of dulness and strict common-sense; but, with these exceptions, to all beneath or above these levels they are the tests. In the first place, no man can show himself completely a fool without the lavish use of one or both of them. Stupidity can impart a sense of its quality at a less expense; but it is they that give the assurance of actual folly. They give the artist touch, and stamp the man on the memory: with a difference, however. People may convey a keen sense of imbecility to their hearers by the use of certain epithets, either through the perpetual application of one to every subject and every object—calling everything "peculiar," for example—or by a misapplication of many; but nothing that an adjective can do—no senseless repetition, no absurdity of application—impresses us so convincingly with the presence of vacuity, as does the adverb single and unassisted. We are speaking of habits of speech; it need not in any particular instance be a permanent vacuity, only such to us at the moment; but there is no thought at work when adverbs are the instinctive resource. The respective value, as a measure of capacity, of these two parts of speech, is shown in the dialogue between a male and female exquisite recorded lately in "Punch"—"Quite a nice ball at Mrs. Millefleur's, wasn't it?" she remarks; to which he replies, "Very quite. Indeed, really most quite." The lady has an idea, though but a vague one—it required thought to start it; but the gentleman's response reminds us



too forcibly of a class of conversers incapable of embracing a thought in any definite form, whom civility drives into acquiescence; the more civil, the more emphatic in acquiescence; but who can pursue the subject in no other way, because they do not take it in. What depth of emptiness does not the word "indeed!" reveal to us in some intonations interjectionally applied at stated intervals! What sprightly inanity expresses itself through certain inflections, what calm irreceptiveness in others, what quenching power in every case, where, that is, it is a *habit* of speech! For "indeed" may mean the liveliest interest, the most awakened curiosity. But who can talk with a man who answers "indeed" to every communication alike? And again, who can contend against the running accompaniment of "yes," passing with the utterer for a sign of attention, but telling either of incapacity or recoil from forced unwelcome information? Unlike "really," "indeed," "surely," "never," and their cognate forms of assent, which are tokens of simple indifference, "yes" may mean more active boredom, a repulsion against what calls for some exercise of thought. It more imperiously bids you to have done. In the same category may be classed that comprehensive form of assent, "quite so," which agrees with everything rather than think about it. If it belongs to the man so that he is known by it, how very few things, we may be sure, does he care for beyond his own little personal interests; though we have known it used in stronger hands with most snubbing effect, as a silencer; a convenient and severely effectual form of repression. But all these forms have their legitimate, if still conventional, use. How often are we obliged to talk where our interests are excusably not engaged, when we have reason to be thankful for a class of courteous symbols conveying this fact not too broadly! It is only when they are characteristics of the man that they argue a narrow self-occupation. Our needs are so various that we would not attempt to taboo any creditable word.

Often adverbs show an eager temperament in a hurry to deliver itself, while thought halts behind: "so very," for example, does duty unassisted for many a strong sentiment; and all weakness trusts to adverbs as a bolster. "Utterly" is a word much in favor with excitable ladies. "Utterly grand," for instance; not consid-

ering how many epithets, as well as statements, there are that will not admit of intensifying. Thus, "We enjoyed ourselves" conveys, at least to our ears, a far cheerfuller impression than the feminine form, "We *thoroughly* enjoyed ourselves;" and "Thank you" is really more gracious than the modern improvement upon the acknowledgment of trivial services, "Thank you *so much*." The lady who advertises to her lover that she is as unchanged as *ever*, does not improve the quality of her constancy by thus clenching its endurance. To tell a lady she is looking *quite* handsome, diminishes rather than adds grace to the compliment. Miss Squeers's pretty friend was well aware of the force of her reservation when, reproving young Nickleby for his deadness to that young lady's attractions, she pleads—"So beautifully dressed, too! really *almost* handsome." A brick-layer arguing against anything but a brick wall, modestly pronounced "sleepers" *rather* beastly. There are words that are strongest when let alone, and indeed won't endure any other treatment. The *last* days of Pompeii wake a tragic sentiment. The *very* last days of Pompeii accentuate to little serious purpose. On the other hand, the whole force, whether grave or humorous, often lies in the intensifying. *Late* suggests ideas of inconvenience only; but *too late* sounds the depths of sadness. In the same way, what an intensity of determination is expressed in Augustus Moddle's valediction to his expectant bride—"Unalterably *never* yours"! Often the wit rests singly upon the qualification. Thus, on first sight of a vivacious ugly child, to have called him a frog would have been simply an ill name; but the judgment on his quitting the room—"I have seen *many* frogs handsomer," told on the bystanders as good-natured humor. Discrimination is brought in where the quality finds no obvious exercise.

Every generation has its prevalent adverbs. "Mightily" was at one time in vogue, and "vastly." The reader will remember that when Olivia summarily accounted for the Primrose family's absence from church by "We were thrown from our horses," the fine ladies were "vastly sorry." Another writer of the same period records his experience—"I had lately the pleasure to hear a fine lady pronounce, by a happy metonymy, a very small gold snuff-box to be *vastly* pretty because it was

vastly little." Society has always contented itself with one or so at a time of the forms by which we express more than we mean. Such come and go, each in its turn a good riddance; but in the standard literature of our tongue we are constantly struck with small felicities which have slipped out of use, we do not know why. Take, for instance, the word *ill* in one of its uses, for which we now substitute *bad*, as, "I am a bad hand at so and so." In the comparative scale of Bishop Hall's excellencies, we read,—"*not ill* at controversies; more happy in comments; very good in his characters; better in his sermons; best of all in his meditations,"—where the harmony of the sentence takes its tone from the lowest degree, which it would be an affectation of quaintness to use now, and which no other single word could replace.

In reviewing what we have said on the paucity of ideas of discrimination, comparison, estimation, definition, generally betrayed in modern familiar easy talk, we may be misunderstood to require from everybody a choice of happy epithets, which is farthest possible from our thoughts.

Nothing ordinarily is more tiresome than a string of adjectives—in fact, to have them effectively at command is eloquence. We have to go to masters of language in search of them, and they in their best moments, stimulated by some congenial theme, quickened by zeal, stirred by sympathy, fired by indignation, moved by tenderness, admiration, wonder. What we complain of is too many epithets, not too few; the use of mere expletives for thought, the habit of dispensing with the labor of reflection and speculation in those who ought to think to purpose. Empty heads must use empty language if they open their lips at all; it is a choice of evils whether they use fine and vapid terms to express borrowed opinions, or do the same through the medium of a popular jargon: our taste is annoyed, our patience tried, either way. But it is a matter of deeper concern to hear young men who should talk clearly and connectedly, who have reasoning powers, intelligence, cultivation, idly shuffling off the labor of applying these gifts, and lowering their diction to the level of vacancy and imbecility.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

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#### SECRET PAPERS OF THE EMPIRE.

THE late Alexander Dumas, who assisted in one of the attacks regularly made on the Tuileries in French revolutions, describes how the air was filled with what seemed to be snowy clouds of feathers, which floated from the windows. These proved to be the papers of the Royal family, rifled, torn up, and scattered to the winds by the mob. At the later Imperialist downfall, a more piquant shape of vengeance was contrived, and the huge bulk of confidential papers was handed over to a government commission for publication. It was anticipated that a rich crop of scandals would repay the trouble of investigation, and that the damage done to the Imperial cause would be irretrievable. The issue was at once commenced, and continued during the first weeks of the siege; but the pieces were selected without intelligence, and without arrangement or method. Neither was anything of a sensational kind, or that seriously compromised the Imperial family personally, discovered. The proceeding was a stupid one, as all the more damaging documents

were certain to have been destroyed or carried away. What was left merely concerned the routine of Imperial system, and it may fairly be presumed that had M. Gambetta's desk been rifled in the same rude fashion the revelations made would perhaps have been as awkward.

But it must not be supposed that this mass of papers was without interest. Its value is found in the light it sheds upon the Imperial system, and that corruption which any adventurous form of government is certain to engender. It presents to us a picture of the greedy parasites crowding round the fountain of honor and wealth, proffering their fulsome homage, ready to sell their pens or their politics for the lowest wage; recriminating and spying on each other; and, most curious of all, it makes evident that the crew of retainers and flatterers had, several years before the crash came, lost confidence in their patron and believed that a catastrophe was at hand. It is surprising that more account has not been taken of these papers, which show in the most

satisfactory way what Imperialism was, and what, from its very conditions, it must ever be.

One of these conditions is the perpetual and reckless waste of money. The revived Imperialism was not a cause like that of Legitimacy, but a speculation; adherents therefore were only to be attracted by magnificent prospects and the hope of gain. Any existing adherents were entitled to rewards for past services, while the spectacle of such handsome recognition enticed new recruits. It is certain that a few years more of this Imperial waste would have crippled the nation almost as severely as the German indemnity. The Imperial family and its numerous connections were a frightful burden on the public purse. It would seem that there was an everlasting drain on the French treasury, not only in the shape of regular allowances, but also in that of reliefs and grants of all kinds. Nearly forty members of the family enjoyed pensions; and quite a horde of princes, princesses, Italian marchionesses and countesses, with their sons and nephews, all enjoyed the bounty of this fortunate kinsman. The very names of the recipients—'Pepolir Pimoli,' 'Rattazzi née Wyse,' 'Turr née Wyse,' 'Napoléon Wyse,' 'Booker,' &c.—show the adventurous and cosmopolitan character of the connection. These regular grants reached a heavy total, which, however, did not include the presents and 'reliefs' for which the connections were always importing, nor the sumptuous offices which many of them enjoyed. The aged Jerome, for instance, received a yearly allowance of 4,000*l.*, besides 2,400*l.* as Marshal of France and senator, with a palace, or 'maison militaire,' and a 'présent' of 80,000*l.* in hand. His obsequies cost about 7,000*l.* His son, Prince Napoleon, had a thousand a year, besides a present of 7,000*l.*, the maintenance of the Palais Royal, and the cost of his marriage, which reached the enormous sum of nearly 40,000*l.* The Princess Baiocchi, besides 6,000*l.* a year, received a present of 40,000*l.* in 1852; 4,000*l.* a year for the 'rachat d'un majorat à Boulogne,' 9,000*l.* to purchase a property in the Landes, together with a house at Rennes, and 12,000*l.* on other occasions. This fortunate lady enjoyed in all about a quarter of a million. The Lucien Bonapartes were provided for on the same handsome

scale, receiving four and two thousand a year and grants of 4,000*l.* and 8,000*l.* apiece, to pay their debts. It would be tedious to enumerate all these largesses. The hapless Emperor seems to have been persecuted with the demands and debts of his relations. The Murats were indeed the most rapacious and insatiable. The family, it can be calculated, received about three millions sterling from the head of the House. To Prince Lucien Murat was given in April 1852 a grant of 40,000*l.* payable in instalments of 4,000*l.*; and, in the same year, an annuity of 2,000*l.* sterling was added. Altogether he appears to have enjoyed 9,000*l.* a year. The Princess Lucien had 4,000*l.* a year; Madame Achille Murat a present of 8,000*l.*; a Baroness Classiron, 'born Murat,' 1,200*l.* a year; and the Duchess de Mouchy, another 'born Murat,' a dowry of 80,000*l.* and an allowance of 4,000*l.* a year. The Pepoli-Murats, the Rasponis, divided about 5,000*l.* a year, so that the Murat family during eighteen years or so received about half a million sterling or nearly 30,000*l.* a year. There is also a sort of pension list which shows how the Emperor was preyed upon by satellites, agents, and even flatterers, who appear to have been quite insatiable. Thus one Bachon, the Prince Imperial's equerry, besides his salary of 240*l.*, was one day presented with 8,000*l.*

All the old agents and accomplices in the Boulogne and Strasburg attempts were persevering in applying for recognition, and their services were duly required. A Dr. Schaller, of Strasburg, enjoyed a pension of nearly 500*l.* a year, besides gratuities amounting to 10,000*l.* But the substantial plunder was reserved for the Fleurys and Persignys. In 1853 the Emperor's cheque-book contains an entry, 'last payment of 2,000*l.* to Fleury,' besides various entries during the years 1867-70 amounting to 12,000*l.* Fleury, who was Master of the Horse, administered about 30,000*l.* a year, and the story of the horse which the Emperor by an accident discovered was charged to him at double the price paid for it, shows what profits were to be made. His pitious answer is well known—he was virtually helpless in the matter. More significant than any of these entries is one of an attaché at Lisbon, the young Duke de Bellune, who, besides his salary, had

various debts discharged for him to the amount of 7,000*l.* An old comrade of the emperor's, one Bataille, who persisted in 'standing' at various elections, and was always unsuccessful, received 12,000*l.* A Baron Dietfurt recalls a service—that of having lent the Prince his passport at a critical time—and was rewarded with 100*l.* a year.

Indeed, when he was simple Prince Napoleon, it appears that there were people with faith enough in his star to lend him large sums. At both Rothschilds and Barings he had overdrawn his account by 2,000*l.* or 3,000*l.* Even after two or three years' Presidency, he was to have been pressed for money, and had borrowed from Narvaaz, the Spanish general, a sum of 20,000*l.*; while his master of the horse, in 1849, writes to say that he can get no more credit from the carriage-builders and other 'fournisseurs' of his department. 'Still,' he adds significantly, 'it is better to owe to one creditor than to all the world, and believe me, I am a good judge in such matters.' One creditor in 1848 lent 10,000*l.*, and was not repaid in full until the year 1856. A Mr. Strode, an English friend, during three years received 36,000*l.* repayment, it would seem, of a debt. Thus an adventurer prince, like the prodigal heir, must come into his estate heavily burdened with obligations. Besides this debt there was 80,000*l.* for the secret police, and a regular bureau of subsidies for the provincial press, which, like the *Journal de Montéblard* was content to receive such low sums as 25*l.*, or even 10*l.* for the editor's travelling expenses. One Captain Delage received 1,000*l.* as 'a dowry for his bride.' On the other hand, there is one false impression to be corrected. There has been a popular belief that D'Orsay, the brilliant *fashionable*, whose guest and protégé the Prince had been at Gore House, had been neglected or treated ungratefully, the truth being that he was in receipt of a pension of 800*l.*

It must be of course admitted that the Emperor had a large civil list, more than a million sterling, for the disposal of which he was accountable to no one. But it is clear that it must have been exhausted by the costly charges of Imperial state, and the Roman magnificence, exceeding that of any country in Europe, by which it was sustained. It is rather

the principle of this secret budget which so fatally condemns the empire, as a demoralising system and engine of wholesale corruption. As the decay increased, and the security grew precarious, so the system had to be worked on an increasing scale. Everything was becoming venal; at court everything was purchasable. This alone is enough to explain the enfeebled state of all the departments. There was no responsibility, no muscle or nerve, everyone being deceived, or even self deceived, by the pantomime, 'mounted' so gorgeously and lavishly, of 'hunts at Compiègne,' the 'three toilettes a day,' the great man-milliner engendered in the very spawn of the Empire, the sumptuous progresses and receptions, 'Centgardes,' and all the rest of it.

Nor are there glimpses wanting of the faithlessness almost invariably found in unscrupulous instruments. On the eve of the *coup d'état*, we find Persigny and Rouher taking fright at the last moment, and sending a message to the printers of the proclamations which were to be scattered over the country. They had heard, they said, that their names were to be attached to certain papers. This was to be done without their authority, and they cautioned the printer accordingly. The note was in the Emperor's hands, and he had carefully put it aside in an envelope and endorsed it 'plot.' Years later the secret police kept watch on Rouher, and a formal report was sent in to the Emperor that 'he had been seen to shake hands with a radical in a café.'

There is one incident almost dramatic, and which is truly significant as to the character of the adventurers about the Emperor, and the shocking result their influence entailed. One Sandon had been arrested seventeen times by order of a minister, and had finally been shut up in a mad-house for nearly two years. Not content with this, various *communiqués* of a slanderous sort had been sent to the papers, as it were to justify the proceedings. His mother had died of grief, either from this persecution or from some treatment on the part of one of the Court, but this is not clear. The unfortunate man appealed for justice to the Emperor, and was told by Dr. Conneau to apply to the courts. He then threatened to make the whole public; but the shrewd Persigny saw the danger.—'My dear Conti,' he writes



in alarm to the Emperor's secretary, 'this is a serious business and must be hushed up. Billault's (the minister) behavior has been outrageous. This victim will get into the hands of the factions, and we shall have a terrible scandal. It seems that twenty or thirty thousand francs would settle the business. There has been, besides, fearful injustice done, which ought to be set right.'

Nothing is more characteristic than the stages of the seduction, as it might be called, of the wretched Ollivier, and which really forms a pitiable chapter in the history of human weakness. The Clément Duvernois, who figured recently in a criminal trial as connected with a 'bubble company,' was the agent employed. The coquetry, the pretence at republican virtue, and the painstaking regard paid to scruples, are amusing enough. In October 1869 the first approaches had been made to him. 'You know,' he answered, 'my lively sympathy for the Emperor's character, which has been won in these times by his attitude, so noble, grand, so worthy of all admiration, and with which he has calmly met so much abuse, injustice, and unworthy attacks. If I myself were only in question, I would say, "Let him dispose of me as he pleases." But there is his situation to be considered and what his own interest.' He then proceeds to lay down some principles by which the ex-minister must himself be fatally condemned. As for war, 'it would control everything, compromise everything. The time for checking Prussia is hopelessly gone by, the safety of the Empire depends on respecting the principles of nationalities, which the Emperor himself has established.' He is against official candidature, the law of public safety, and Article 75, all arbitrary engines of the system. If the Emperor does not go with him in these views, he can be of no use; if he does, then he is willing to grapple with radicalism, as a minister with full powers. This seemed frank and noble, and after about three weeks of negotiation, a personal interview is proposed, and the prefect of police arranges one at Compiègne, which he suggests should be at midnight in order 'to avoid the indiscretion of the newspapers, and the vigilance of the penny-a-liners who are hanging about the place.' He would meet Ollivier at the station at ten o'clock, and bring him to

the palace, but the deputy must cover up his head in a muffler. He could get back to Paris by four in the morning. The interview seems to have taken place, but the candidate could not obtain his own terms. He was asked to join the ministry, not to make one. *Non possumus* was his answer, and he must go back to the country. After some weeks the Emperor wrote himself, and Ollivier found his letter 'so confiding, so noble' that all scruples gave way.

When the Plébiscite of 1870 was ordered, and when Ollivier came into office we find him showering telegrams on the officials of the departments with an energy which shows that the last act of 'Rabagas' is not in the least overdrawn. 'Tell all the *juges de paix* that I wish to see them on the election committees.' 'Exact information as to the feeling of the priests.' 'I hear that the President of the Court *exhibits an apathy* that borders on hostility. He has a right to do so. But I wish to know the exact truth.' 'Instantly arrest all the leaders of the International.' 'Don't hesitate an instant to prosecute every newspaper that encourages civil war or attacks the Emperor. We can't look on with folded arms at anything that touches on revolution and perfect liberty: but provocation to assassinate and civil war is opposed to all liberty.' 'The Prefect writes that various *chambrées* of the town have published an *odious letter*; prosecute the principal persons who have signed, and—arrest those most compromised' (this last injunction was erased). Was there ever such a ludicrous change from the stickler for the law of personal safety and the repeal of the system of official candidature? We seem to see Rabagas rushing to the window and ordering wholesale arrests.

The well-known *Vie de César*, so long and industriously puffed before it appeared, was part of the same *appareil* of this curious reign. Considering that it was merely 'directed' by the Emperor, and that a number of savants were employed to collect and arrange the materials, it is surprising that some valuable result was not obtained. It is now admitted to be a very poor performance. The cost was enormous, and the printer's bill, we believe, has not yet been paid. Among the Imperial papers is preserved a sheaf of the extravagant and fulsome panegyrics received in return for presents of these sump-

tuous volumes. The German professors, it must be said, deserve the palm in this ardor of adulation. Professor Zumpt, of Berlin, considers it 'a durable monument, elevated to the greatest of the Romans, *by a mind exalted as his own.*' To Professor Ritschl, a well-known philologist, was allotted the translation into German. He was persuaded that Mommsen's great history 'would be at once relegated to the second place, by the work of a man who, while directing the destinies of the world,' &c. 'In future, no one will quote Niebuhr's or Mommsen's History, but *Napoleon's*, whenever they wish to understand the development of the most marvellous system, supported by the most exact quotation of authorities and the most profound learning.' As for the band of French writers and critics, they grovelled in their ecstasies. Ponsard, Augier, Octave Feuillet, Caro, could not contain their raptures over the work itself and the honor done them by the present of a copy. A more disgusting display of adulation could not be conceived. Ponsard declared that 'it was the splendid inheritance that he would bequeath to his family; and the reflection that he had been thought worthy of such a gift fortified him and filled him with courage.' Sandeau was so overwhelmed that he could hardly bring himself to write his thanks, he was so fearful of not being able to commend the work as it deserved! Charles V. had picked up Titian's brush, 'but you, Sire, have done far better: *you have taken Montesquieu's pen*, and have used it admirably.' Arsène Houssaye, who had not been honored with a copy, thus wrote:

SIRE.—I am about to ask a favor of your Majesty:

A copy of the *Life of Caesar*.

I am your Majesty's humblest of critics and of subjects.

Colonel Stöffel is popularly supposed to have been the only official Cassandra of the catastrophe of the empire; but it would seem there were not wanting plenty of prophets whose forebodings were just as earnest. Foremost among these was the luckless Ducrot, whose warnings were full of point and impetuosity. In 1866 he was sending almost despairing letters from the frontier: 'While we talk pompously,' he wrote, 'the Germans are getting ready to fall upon us. With our stupid vanity and ridiculous presumption,

we fancy that we have only to choose our own time. Our government seems to have lost its senses. There are a number of Prussian agents at work on our frontier, particularly all along the district between the Moselle and the Vosges. They are sounding the Protestants, who are not nearly so French as is supposed. This fact is a test of what the Prussians have in view.' In the same year he met Madame de Pourtalès at Strasburg, who had just arrived from Berlin. This lady was one of the stars of the Imperial Court, and one of its blindest partisans. Yet she had returned full of alarm at all she had seen and heard. There were, indeed, prophecies of peace, but she was struck by the remarks openly made on the state of the French resources, and by the cynical confidence professed in the coming war. 'Now do you really suppose,' they asked her, 'that things are not hurrying to a *dénouement*?' They laughed openly at the state of the French forces, at the 'Mobile army,' and even at the piteous helplessness of the Emperor. A. M. Schleinitz, one of the household, ventured to prophesy that before two years Alsace would belong to Prussia. Count de Moltke had said that he wondered that the Bavarians did not see that it was their interest to join Prussia, who could do them a great deal of good or a great deal of harm. 'For instance, when we shall have to dispose of Alsace, an event which is not far off, we could hand it over to Bavaria, and make a superb province on the Vosges.'

'I confess,' adds General Ducrot, 'that I live in a state of exasperation at this infatuation. I feel the rage of one who wishes to save a drowning man and encounters nothing but resistance, and indeed finds himself dragged in by the person he wishes to save.'

Persigny, during the following year, wrote in the same desponding fashion: 'Of what use is it,' he said, 'to devise schemes when the house is in flames, when the Empire seems crumbling in all directions?' Prince Napoleon, too, had the same gloomy foreboding: 'All is dark here,' he wrote to the Queen of Holland. 'Believe me it can't go on. I am in very low spirits. Nothing is done: no one is listened to. They are rushing on their own ruin and that of the country.' An agent was indeed directed to follow

Moltke as he inspected the fortifications on the Rhine, and this was, no doubt, thought a sufficient measure of precaution.

Meanwhile the blinded Emperor, his Benedetti and his Rouher, were being 'bamboozled' by Bismarck. These papers throw light on the famous draft treaty which was published during the war. Ducrot wrote in November 1868 that a Berlin banker, Mr. B——, who was also Bismarck's man of business, had just arrived from paying a week's visit to the minister. He sounded the General as to a meeting between the Emperor and the King, with a view to putting an end to the existing uncertain state of things. Prussia, Bismarck declared, was sure of annexing the Southern States, and his mission was merely to wait, and consolidate the work of 1866. As regards the meeting, both the King and Bismarck knew perfectly that to make the Emperor agree to such a project they must give a guarantee in writing that no actual attempt should be made to bring about a union with the South. This was duly transmitted to the Tuileries, and helped, of course, to throw the French Court off their guard. A paper found among various *projets* dictated by the Emperor to his *chef de cabinet*, Conti, the Corsican, seems to be the sequel of this transaction, and the prelude to the Benedetti draft treaty. 'If France,' says this damning document, 'take up the ground of nationalities, it follows that *there can be no such thing as a Belgian nationality*, and this essential point must be clearly accepted by Prussia. That Cabinet being inclined to make such arrangements as seem to suit France, a secret treaty should be contrived to bind both. This, of course, would not be a perfect guarantee, but it would be *serviceable as committing Prussia*. . . . To secure this confidence it would be well to make a merit of removing all apprehensions of a claim on the Rhine. We should therefore have a treaty which should dispose of Belgium, with the consent of Prussia.' This paper seems to set aside Benedetti's defence, that the ruthless Bismarck had dictated or suggested the heads, which he had merely taken down.

There is a dramatic interest in the stray telegrams found about the rooms of the Tuileries, and those which came pouring in to the Empress during the disasters of the war. Here are a few selected ones.

From Persigny to the Emperor, on the declaration of war: 'Accept my warmest congratulations. The whole of France will follow you. The enthusiasm is universal.' From the Emperor, at Metz, August 1:—'*The Empress is not entitled to appoint Generals for the army*. That of General Grandchamp must be cancelled.' From the Empress, on August 7: 'I am much pleased with the resolutions of the ministry. I am convinced that we shall send the Prussians across, *l'épée dans les reins*.' The Empress to her mother, Aug. 18: 'Don't come; you would only complicate the situation.' Filon to Duperré, Sept. 4: 'The Empress wishes you to pay no attention to orders from Bouillon. *The Emperor cannot understand the real state of things*.' One general telegraphs from Bitche: 'No money in the public chest.' 'At Metz, neither sugar nor rice, nor coffee nor rice.' 'They are sending us enormous packages of maps which are utterly useless—not a single map,' etc. Another general: 'Just arrived at Belfort. Can't find my brigade, nor a general of division. *What am I to do? Don't know where my regiments are*.' 'Of the 800 artillery collars at St. Omer, I find 500 are too small. *What is to be done?*' One of the Commissariat at Chalons: 'Just received from the Army of the Rhine a requisition for 400,000 rations of biscuits and supplies. I have not a single ration of any kind, *except coffee and sugar*.' The Prefect of Lille telegraphs on Aug. 20: 'They continue to send off supplies of corn, through Belgium, to Germany. The whole country here is thus swept to supply our enemies with our own corn. This is the third time that I have called attention to this.' To encourage MacMahon such stuff as the following was telegraphed to him from the Minister of War: 'News has reached our ambassador at Vienna, from a sure quarter, that at the army of the Crown Prince the cholera and typhus fever are making numbers of victims. It will soon be impossible to take care of the sick and wounded. No one knows *what will happen if the war goes on*.' A prefect at Laval on August 28: 'As numbers of officers have to be nominated in the ranks of the Mobiles, fifteen days ago the names were sent in, but no answer is given, in spite of repeated applications. We have here a deplorable state of things. Official formalities are re-

quired which are wholly out of place in our present condition.' To encourage General Uhrich at Strasburg the precious ministry at Paris sent the following: 'As a last resource the garrison ought to try a bold stroke. During the night it might sally out, *cross the Rhine, and burst into the Baden country*, where it would find very few to oppose it, and *then re-cross the river higher up*' (!)

We shall pass by these telegrams without comment. A more hopeless picture of incapacity and indecision never was presented. We turn to the closing scenes of Sedan.

Minister of War to Emperor, August 17: 'The Empress has shown me the letter in which the Emperor announces that he intends bringing the army from Chalons to Paris. I implore the Emperor to give up this idea. . . . Could not there be a powerful diversion made to attack the Prussian divisions *already exhausted by numerous battles*? The Empress holds my view.' The Emperor to Ministry of War, August 18. 'I yield to your opinion. . . . *Bismarck's regiment of White Cuirassiers has been totally destroyed*' (!) Then follow about a dozen of the unfortunate MacMahon dispatches in reference to his attempted junction with Bazaine. Ministry of War to Emperor, August 27: 'If you abandon Bazaine we shall have a revolution in Paris.' August 28, to MacMahon: 'In the name of the ministry and of the privy council, I require you to go to the assistance of Bazaine,' &c. Again, August 31: 'I am astonished at the small amount of intelligence Marshal MacMahon sends to the Ministry of War. . . . Your despatch of this morning gives no reason for your retreat, which causes the greatest excitement here. You have, then, met with a defeat.' The worried Marshal simply replies 'that he is obliged to retire on Sedan.'

At Sedan the Emperor, it is plain, notwithstanding all denials, was still in command. He telegraphed to Vinoy on August 31: 'I have seen your aide-de-camp.

The Prussians are advancing in force. Concentrate all your troops at Mézières.'

The last telegrams to the Empress on the day of Sedan have a strange mystery. At a quarter to two o'clock came the following to Conti, the Chef de Cabinet: 'Is the Prefect of Police at the Tuileries?' Answer: 'No. Send no dispatch. There is some one in occupation of this cabinet. The new chief is to send some one in half an hour.' At half-past two the following telegraphic dialogue took place. 'Does the Empress receive her dispatches?' Answer: 'No.' 'The palace, then, is in possession of the mob?' 'No.' 'Then I forward a despatch from Madrid' (from the Empress's mother). At ten minutes to three the conversation closed with the following from the Prince Imperial's tutor: '*We are escaping by Belgium.*'

On September 4 the Empress sent the following to her mother at Madrid: 'General de Wimpffen, who took the command after MacMahon was wounded, has surrendered, and the Emperor has been taken prisoner. Left alone and without authority, he has submitted to what he could not prevent. The whole day he was under fire. Courage, dear mother; if France wishes to defend herself she can. I will do my duty. Ever your unfortunate daughter, Eugénie.' Here we find that pretence of shifting the responsibility of surrender to the shoulders of the newly arrived General de Wimpffen.

These are the mere 'skimmings' of this remarkable collection. A more characteristic contribution to the Imperial history of the time has not appeared, and they show in the most convincing way that whatever be the demerits of royalty or republicanism, another experiment at Imperialism would be the destruction of France. The system itself is inseparable from decay, and to exist at all, must eat into the institutions, finances, and character of the nation, like the dry rot in a ship. Half a century of Imperialism and the country would be reduced to the state of Rome in its worst days, under the emperors.—*Fraser's Magazine.*



## BEAUMARCHAIS, "THE FRENCH WILKES."

BY THE AUTHOR OF 'MIRABEAU,' ETC.

It is questionable whether all the writings of Montesquieu, Voltaire, and Rousseau, struck blows so heavy against the pre-revolutionary society, or exercised so potent and immediate an influence upon the mind of France, as did the *Goëzman Mémoires* and '*Le Mariage de Figaro*.' Certain it is that the annals of the eighteenth century contain no character or career more remarkable than that of Beaumarchais, nor any personage who produced a more marked effect upon the literature and the social and political life of his native country.

This extraordinary man, whose real name was Pierre Augustin Caron, was born in 1732. His father was a watchmaker of the Quartier Latin, and he was the only boy of six children. He was brought up to the paternal calling; for which in his early years he seems to have had but little taste, and to have much neglected for music, of which he was passionately fond. Of the education he received we have little means of judging; it could not have been very liberal; but he spared no labor in after years to make up for its deficiencies. At this period, however, when the almost Oriental lines of caste which had obtained under the Grand Monarque were being broken down by the freer manners of the Court of his successor, and class was gradually blending with class, not only by association, but by marriage, the Parisian *bourgeois* was making rapid strides both in education and refinement, and in these respects was equal, if not superior, to his descendants of a century later. Thus we find the elder Caron to have been a man of some cultivation. Two of the sisters were remarkable for taste, wit, and educated intelligence. One was a very fine musician; the other, Julie, who retired later in life into a convent, is not unknown in literature. Thus we find that the early youth of the future author of '*Figaro*' was passed in an atmosphere and among associations more genial than his birth might lead us to suppose.

Young Pierre was decidedly precocious, and a sad scapegrace, and probably sat

to himself thereafter for the portrait of Cherubino. At thirteen he was in love with a girl several years older than himself, and, when she laughed at him, meditated upon the desirability of suicide. Two or three years later his father expelled him from home on account of irregularities of conduct, taking care, however, first of all, that he should find a safe shelter beneath the roof of a near relation, whence the prodigal wrote very penitent letters, to which the father replied by an offer of reconciliation upon certain conditions, which reveal the nature of the offences. Among others were—that no orders were to be taken or executed in the business without his knowledge and authority—a condition which points to speculations; that he was to rise at six and work till supper-time—against which we may write, predisposition to idleness; that he was not to go out pleasuring, except on Sundays, and then only among his immediate relations and friends, and that he was always to be home by nine at the latest—upon which we comment, love of late hours and indefinite company; and that the only time he should give up to music was that between supper and bedtime. Rather rigorous conditions these, would think apprentices of the present day. Nevertheless, the culprit assented to all, and benefiting by the lesson he had received, applied himself so diligently to his trade, that at twenty he invented a new system of escapement, which proved to be a very valuable improvement in watchmaking. His discovery, published in a number of the '*Mercure*,' 1753, was impudently appropriated by Lepante, watchmaker to the Luxembourg, who trusted for impunity to the obscurity of the inventor. But little did he know Pierre Caron, who at once commenced a lawsuit against him—the first of many, for his life was one long series of litigations, one of which extended fifty years beyond it. The Academy of Sciences, before which the question was brought, decided in his favor. This affair made some noise in Paris, and even attracted the attention of the Court. The King ordered one of the new watches, and

Caron presented to Madame de Pompadour a tiny watch of exquisite make set in a ring; after this he was employed by all the courtiers, and took the name of the "King's Watchmaker."

"As soon as Beaumarchais appeared at Versailles," writes a contemporary, "the women were struck with his lofty stature, his slender, elegant figure, the regularity of his features, his bright, animated complexion, his confident bearing, that air of command which seemed to raise him above all who surrounded him, and finally with that involuntary ardor which he exhibited on their appearance."

One day a very handsome lady, about thirty, brought a watch to the shop to be repaired. A glance gave him his cue; he requested and obtained permission to be himself the bearer when it was finished. The lady was the wife of M. Francquet, a clerk of the royal kitchen, who was very old and infirm. She conceived a violent passion for the young watchmaker, and the husband seems to have made no objection to the close intimacy that ensued; indeed, so complaisant was he, that a few months afterwards he made over to him his office, in consideration of an annuity, and, to complete the obligation, died soon afterwards.

Within eleven months of the demise of M. Francquet, young Caron espoused his widow and assumed the title of De Beaumarchais from a fief supposed to belong to her, a fief which it is probable existed only in his imagination. She survived her second nuptials scarcely a twelvemonth, and, having neglected to register the marriage contract, he lost all her property.

Those musical studies which his father had so rigorously restrained now stood him in good stead, and were the means of his first real advancement. Besides being a very fine performer upon the harp, an instrument then scarcely known in France, he had made some improvements in its construction. The excellence of his playing being reported to the King, he was sent for to perform in the presence of majesty. His success was so great that Louis' four maiden sisters desired to have "a taste of his quality," and in a short time he became their musical instructor; but not for hire, he soared too high for that. Such was the favor and familiarity he now enjoyed at Court, that on one occasion, every chair being occupied when

he entered the music-room, so eager was the King to hear him play that he pushed his own chair towards him and insisted upon his taking it. He even won the good opinion of the not too sociable Dauphin, who paid him the high compliment of saying, "He is the only man who speaks the truth to me."

That such favors should slightly intoxicate a young *bourgeois*, and inflate him with exaggerated notions of his merit, is not at all surprising. Nature had created him something of a coxcomb, and such associations were not calculated to correct that tendency. These failings, and jealousy of his sudden rise, made him many enemies among the courtiers, who took frequent opportunities of mortifying and insulting him. One day a young nobleman requested him to examine his watch, which he asserted was out of order. "Since I have left off the business, I have become very unskilful in it," replied Beaumarchais coolly. "You will not refuse me this favor," persisted his tormentor. Beaumarchais took it, held it up as high as he could on pretence of examining it, and then let it fall. "I warned you, monsieur, of my unskilfulness," he said, with a low bow, and passed on.

Another adventure of a similar nature ended more tragically; a certain chevalier insulted him and forced him into a duel; they fought on horseback, without seconds, and Beaumarchais ran his adversary through the body; the wound, after eight days, proved fatal, but the dying man nobly refused to reveal the name of his opponent. "I have but my deserts," was his answer to the solicitations of his friends; "I challenged, to please people for whom I have no esteem, an honorable man who had given me no offence." The law against duelling was very severe, the punishment being death, and Beaumarchais, unaware of the chevalier's generous forbearance, was in great trepidation; he related the adventure to Mesdames the King's sisters, and threw himself upon their protection. They told it to Louis, who replied, "Take care that nothing is said to me upon the subject."

His influence with "Mesdames" enabled him to confer a favor upon a person whose gratitude laid the foundation of his future colossal fortune. Pâris du Verney, the celebrated financier, had just erected the Ecole Militaire; but the building and

its purposes having been designed by Pompadour, who since the beginning of the Seven Years' War had fallen into disfavour, was looked coldly upon by the royal family, and during nine years he had vainly entreated a royal inspection of his work, which languished for the want of such patronage; he was now a very old man, and this visit had become the most desired object of his life. It is a striking proof of the consideration in which Beaumarchais was held at the time when we find so rich and noted a man as Du Verney applying to him to bring about the accomplishment of his wishes. And he had not mistaken his man; in a short time the clever young courtier prevailed upon the King's sisters to visit the *école*, and soon afterwards the King himself followed their example. As a reward for this service Du Verney gave him a share in a speculation to the amount of 60,000 francs, and thus commenced a connexion which brought much wealth to Beaumarchais, and which was dissolved only by the death of his patron.

"The King of France," writes Montesquieu in his 'Lettres Persanes,' "has no mines of gold like his neighbor the King of Spain; but he has wealth, for he draws it from the vanity of his subjects, more inexhaustible than mines. He has undertaken or sustained great wars, having no other funds than titles of honor for sale; and by a prodigy of human pride, his troops were paid, his fortified places supplied, his fleets equipped."

The utter inadequacy of the national taxation, heavy as it was, to sustain the ruinous wars which his predecessor had entailed upon Louis the Fifteenth, as well as the licentious extravagance of his Court, obliged this monarch to resort to every expedient, however shameful, to replenish an exhausted treasury. None proved so profitable as the sale of offices and titles of nobility. When all existing ones were filled, others were invented for the accommodation of eager aspirants. Keen indeed would be the imagination of the burlesque writer that could invent titles more absurd than the realities of this period. "Cravat Tyer in ordinary to his Majesty" was one of the least ridiculous; imagine a suite of attendants composed of a captain, three valets and three guards, to attend upon the Greyhounds of the Chamber, and a special guardian of

"the little dogs of the King's Chamber." This official received yearly 1446 francs, and 200 more for livery. To all these places, purchased for large sums, were attached large salaries; all were hereditary, with the option of sale; thus the money acquired by these infamous transactions entailed upon the nation an enormous debt, the interest of which very soon exceeded the principal. Titles of nobility were sold in the same shameless manner to any person rich enough to purchase them. It was this race of greedy *parvenus* and adventurers, rather than the true *noblesse* of France, whose oppressions at last goaded the people to the madness of the Terror; for there is no master so hard, no aristocrat so intolerant, no tyrant so absolute as the man who by luck, finesse, or the industry begot of dogged ambition, has wriggled himself above the class in which he was born.

In 1761, Beaumarchais purchased for 85,000 francs the office of Secretary to the King, by which he acquired a patent of nobility and the right of bearing the name of his imaginary fief. There was a quiet sarcasm in his retort upon those who thereafter reflected upon the meanness of his birth, "I can show you *the receipt* of my nobility." When he desired to purchase one of the Rangerships of the Woods and Rivers, of which there were eighteen in the kingdom, his admittance to their ranks was violently opposed by the existing Rangers on account of his plebeian origin. The letter he wrote them on his rejection shows how little right they had to put in such a plea, and forms an addenda to preceding remarks. Therein he tells the Grand Master of Orléans that he was the son of a hairdresser; the Grand Master of Burgundy that his father was a wool winder; the Grand Master of Châlons that he was the son of a Jew who hawked jewelry; the Grand Master of Paris that his father was a button maker. Let it be remarked that merit had nothing to do with these advancements—they were the mere result of money. The revolution certainly did good service in sweeping away this mock aristocracy, this burlesque nobility of a French *opéra bouffe*.

Rejected by this noble fraternity, he expended his cash upon the office of Lieutenant-General of Preserves in the Bailliwick, and Captain of the Warren of

the Louvre; it was more aristocratic but less lucrative.

We next find him, in 1764, paying a visit to Madrid, where his two married sisters had settled. Here, thanks to the favor of the French Ambassador, he was received at Court, and became the lion of the best society; planned numerous and vast speculations for the advancement of the agriculture, commerce, and manufactures of Spain; for the colonisation of Morena; for obtaining the sole right of supplying the colonies with negroes; for the establishment of a French company, on the model of the English East India, for the monopoly of trading with Louisiana, &c., &c., none of which proposals were ever executed. Here also, it may be supposed, he gathered some of the materials for his celebrated comedies, although Spanish critics are very severe upon his mistakes in their national names, manners, and character. Yet, while expressing almost contempt for the Spanish drama, to which, however, his comedies bear a striking resemblance, he brought back with him a great enthusiasm for the music, which, as we shall presently see, suggested the original draft of the celebrated 'Barbier.'

In 1767, he produced his first play, 'Eugénie.' He had been a versifier from boyhood, but this was the first literary production he gave to the public. It belonged to a school of drama that had its prototype in England in the sentimental comedy, from which it differed, however, in the entire exclusion of the comic element. It was this school which made the first revolt against the heroic tragedy, and was the beginning of the now universal domestic drama. Beaumarchais, however, was not its founder: that honor, if honor it be, belongs to Sedaine and Diderot; the 'Philosophe sans le Savoir' of the former, and the 'Fils Naturel' and 'Père de Famille' of the latter, being the models upon which he worked.

A feather will indicate the direction of the wind, and this poor, weak, ephemeral school of plays, that lived but a few years, indicates as precisely the direction the thought of France was taking, as did the *Encyclopédie* or the summoning of the States-General. The woes of kings, queens, and heroes alone had hitherto been thought worthy the attention of the

tragic muse; when the *bourgeois* and his family had appeared upon the stage it was only as a subject for ridicule, and even a *bourgeois* audience had no more sympathy with their troubles and sorrows than the school-boy of the present day has with an ill-treated pantaloon. Love, ambition, self-sacrifice, all the nobler and heroic passions of our nature were considered to be the exclusive property of the great, and when found in the bosoms of inferior mortals became as ridiculous as the simulations of an ape. It was worthy of so radical a philosopher as Diderot to strike a blow at this privilege, and show that "one touch of nature makes the whole world kin," and that the noblest as well as the vilest passions are the attributes of all humanity, and not of a section. Here was a great awakening, a marvellous lesson in equality, the full value of which was, perhaps, scarcely understood even by the teacher. It was a levelling of Olympus, a bringing down of the gods among men.

'Eugénie' all but failed on the first night. But the author set so vigorously to work to alter and revise it, and succeeded so well, that on its second representation it was a great success. Not, however, without being severely attacked by the critics. Grimm writes: "This work is M. de Beaumarchais' first attempt in literature and the drama. He is the holder of a small office at Court; he has hitherto played the part of a *petit maître*, and has now taken a fancy, which is somewhat out of place, to play the author. I have not the honor of knowing him, but I am assured his self-sufficiency and conceit are remarkable. It would have been better to make good watches than to buy a place at Court, assume airs, and write bad pieces."

"Baron" Grimm had about as much aristocratic blood in his veins as the man at whom he sneered. It is wondrous amusing to see these betitled plebeians betwitting one another with vulgar birth. This noble winds up his remarks by saying: "This man will never do anything even mediocre."

But, after all, 'Eugénie' is an indifferent play. It is partly founded upon a story in Le Sage's 'Diable Boiteux,' called 'Le Comte de Befflor.' The story, told many times since both by novelist and dramatist, is that of a young girl of humble



origin betrayed by a noble villain by means of a false marriage. It has been translated into English under the title of 'The School for Rakes.'

Beaumarchais had as great an enthusiasm for the realistic as any real water, real hansom-cab dramatist of the present day. Between the acts he arranged a real-life pantomime. Servants came upon the stage, arranged chairs, opened trunks, stretched, yawned; some of the characters entered and searched about for bags and other articles. All this business was supposed to keep up the illusion of *reality*.

In the following year he produced his second play, 'Les Deux Amis.' In this work he put into practice a new theory of dramatic composition—"that the representation of social situations should be substituted for those of character." This play was much inferior to its predecessor, and was a decided failure; the plot is an unnatural one. 'The Two Friends' are a merchant and a tax-collector; the merchant having fallen into a temporary embarrassment, his friend puts in his hands all the money he has gathered in his public capacity, carefully concealing from him, however, the source of this succor. Unfortunately, the generous man is called upon to deliver up his trust sooner than he expects, and he suffers himself to be branded as a thief, even by the man he has assisted, rather than confess the truth. Of course all is ultimately arranged to everybody's satisfaction. Here we have quite the style of the English drama of twenty or thirty years ago. But we have as yet no indications of the writer of the 'Mémoires,' or the creator of 'Figaro.'

There were numerous sarcastic *mots* and epigrams upon this failure. The following is one of the best:—

"J'ai vu de Beaumarchais le drame ridicule,  
Et je vais, en un mot, vous dire ce que c'est;  
C'est un Change où l'argent circule,  
Sans produire aucun intérêt!"\*

In 1768 he espoused a widow named Levêque, who brought him a considerable fortune, with which he purchased from the State a large portion of the Forest of Chinon. He now left Paris for

Touraine, settled himself in a small house, or rather hut, in the midst of his trees, and set about the cutting and sale of timber with as much zest as he had hitherto played the part of watchmaker, courtier, musician, speculator, and author. A strange fatality seemed to attend his matrimonial arrangements; in 1770 his second wife died, and with her half her fortune, which consisted of an annuity. Among other accusations brought against him in the Goëzman affair, of which I shall have to speak immediately, was that of poisoning both his wives. The charge was as absurd as it was malicious, considering the death of each entailed upon him a severe pecuniary loss.

During all this time his connection with Du Verney had been uninterrupted, and from the date of the King's visit to the "Ecole Militaire" they had engaged together in several speculations of great magnitude. A little time previous to the old man's death, a balance sheet had been drawn up between the partners, in which the younger was acquitted of all claims, and marked as creditor to the amount of 15,000 francs. The Count de la Blache, Du Verney's nephew and heir, was Beaumarchais' bitter enemy; he hated him "as a lover loves his mistress," says La Harpe, "and had sworn to destroy, or at least to ruin him." Upon examining the accounts, he pronounced them to be a forgery, and instead of acknowledging the claim of 15,000 francs, brought the creditor in debt 139,900 livres. Too cautious, however, to prefer the charge of forgery, he instituted a civil action for the recovery of the supposed debt, which after many tedious delays was decided against the defendant, whose goods were at once seized in default of payment. About the same time he was involved in a serious quarrel with the Duc de Chaulnes, about an actress, which proceeded to personal violence upon both sides, and ended in the imprisonment of the Duc in Vincennes and his rival in the Fors l'Evêque.

But the list of his misfortunes is not yet complete. One of the judges who determined his cause was a councillor named Goëzman; suitors were in the habit of presenting this man's wife with sums of money to buy her husband's favor. Finding the suit going against him, in a moment of desperation and by the advice of a friend, Beaumarchais made a bargain

\* "I have seen Beaumarchais' ridiculous drama, and I will tell you in a word what it is: it is a 'Change where money circulates without producing any interest.'"

with this vile woman, by which he handed her over 100 louis and a watch set with brilliants, upon this understanding, that if he won she was to keep all, if he lost she was to return the whole. But, in addition to these, she demanded 15 louis, for the purpose, she said, of bribing a secretary. The suit was lost, the Count probably bribing more heavily than his adversary, and the money was returned according to contract; but not the smaller sum, which he soon learned had gone into the pocket, not of a secretary, but of Madame Goëzman herself. He applied to her for restitution; she refused. Unsubdued by the misfortunes which would have crushed any other man to the dust, and daring every consequence, he instituted proceedings to recover this money. Goëzman, believing an adversary who had recently suffered so severe a defeat would be easily conquered, commenced a counter action for defamation of his wife's character, and an attempt to corrupt him through her agency. Convinced that he had nothing to hope from the law, Beaumarchais appealed to public opinion by publishing a series of 'Mémoires,' in which he defended his cause, held up his opponents to ridicule and execration, and exposed the corruption and badness of the laws with such wit, force, and eloquence, as to win not only the admiration, applause, and sympathy of Frenchmen of all degrees, but of all Europe. "Those singular writings," says La Harpe, "which were at the same time a pleading, a satire, a drama, a comedy, a portrait gallery—in fine, a kind of arena opened for the first time, where it seemed Beaumarchais amused himself by bringing in so many persons in a leash, like so many wild beasts, to divert the spectator; but all these personages so richly and diversely absurd or vile that one believes them selected expressly for him, and that he himself offers up thanks to Heaven that it has given him them for adversaries."

"What a man!" writes Voltaire of these same papers. "He unites everything—humor, seriousness, argument, gaiety, force, pathos, every kind of eloquence, and he seeks for none, and he confounds all his adversaries, and he gives lessons to his judges. His naïveté enchants me. I forgive him his impudence and his petulance."

Horace Walpole, writing to Madame du Deffand, says: "I have received the

'Beaumarchais Memorials.' I am at the third volume, and they amuse me very much. The man is very skilful; he reasons correctly, and has a great deal of wit; his pleasantries are sometimes very good, but he delights in it too much. In fine, I can understand, considering the party spirit at present among you, this affair causing a great sensation. I was forgetting to tell you with what horror your mode of administering justice struck me. Is there a country in the world in which this Madame Goëzman would not have been severely punished? Her deposition is shameless to a fearful extent. Are persons, then, allowed with you to lie, to prevaricate, to contradict themselves, to abuse their opponents in so desperate a manner?"

But there was a far deeper significance in these articles than mere literary wit and satire: they unveiled the secrets of the law, its corruptions, oppressions, injustices; they proclaimed and affirmed the inalienable rights of publicity in all legal proceedings;\* they awoke men's minds from their apathetic slumber to a sense of the evils under which they groaned, and by exposing the infamy of that vile legislative body known in history as the "Maupeou Parlement," raised a clamor which subsided only with its downfall.†

Strange to say, Beaumarchais commanded the sympathy not only of the people, but of the great, and even of the Court, where portions of the 'Mémoires' were cast into a dramatic form and acted for the amusement of the King and Madame du Barry. Much as the judges would have desired to do so, they dared not acquit Goëzman and his wife in the teeth of this excitement; the first was dismissed from his office, and upon the second was pronounced the sentence of "*blâme*." The same punishment, which was tantamount to civic degradation and the loss of civic rights, was inflicted upon Beaumarchais. All Paris, of which he had become

\* Under the *ancien régime* all law proceedings were conducted with closed doors.

† There was a *mot* at the time—"Louis Quinze destroyed the old *parlement*; quinze louis will destroy the new." Maupeou having found the old *parlement* intractable, had by a *coup d'état* dispersed and imprisoned its members, and created another, composed of his own creatures, in its place. Goëzman was one of these.

the momentary idol, flocked to his house to condole with him, and the Prince de Conti and the Duc de Chartres gave a brilliant fête in his honor.

Defeated in two great lawsuits, and just released from prison, degraded and outlawed, was not his spirit broken now? Not at all; a few hours after the sentence had been delivered he was gaily reading a new comedy he had written, entitled 'Le Barbier de Seville,' to a circle of admiring friends! The next day he commenced proceedings to procure a reversal of the judgment in both the La Blache and Goëzman suits! And the King, who was not ill-disposed towards him, immediately employed him upon a secret mission, for the successful accomplishment of which the "*blâme*" was to be annulled.

The eighteenth century was an age of libels. French adventurers, exiled for some crime or misdemeanor, would take up their abode in Holland or England, and write apocryphal memoirs—in which a few grains of truth were hidden among a bushel of slanders—of the rich and great among their countrymen and countrywomen; and if the victims did not consent to pay heavily for the suppression of these slanders, which they did in nine cases out of ten, they were given to the world, and accepted by it as authentic histories. One of these wretches, de Morandé by name, who had taken shelter in London, had written to the King to announce that unless a large sum of money was sent him, he should immediately publish a memoir of the Countess du Barry, in which he would hold her up to the execration of the world. There were too many infamies in the past life of that lady not to render such a threat extremely alarming. The King made a secret application to the British Government to give him up. This it dared not do openly, but it consented to close its eyes if a means could be devised to quietly remove him. For this purpose a body of French police was sent to London; but Morandé, receiving intelligence of his danger, cleverly eluded them, and published an inflammatory appeal to the British nation, in which he represented himself to be the innocent victim of a lawless tyrant. British patriotism took alarm at this infringement of its liberties, and the police narrowly escaped with their lives. As foul means had failed to silence the libeller, nothing remained but to try fair,

and it was to accomplish this delicate task that Beaumarchais was employed.

He succeeded, but at a heavy cost. France had to pay 4000 francs down, and an annuity of 20,000 more, for the destruction of the Memoirs of Madame the King's mistress. Before he could receive the reward of his success, Louis the Fifteenth had gone to his account, and his successor was scarcely the person to gratefully appreciate such a service. But it was soon the new King's fate to have to employ him upon a mission exactly similar. A Jew named Angelucci threatened to publish certain slanderous memoirs of the Queen, unless it was made worth his while to suppress them. It is a very significant indication of the temper of the time that so infamous a threat, directed against one so pure as Marie Antoinette, could excite aught but contemptuous indifference in the mind of her husband. But the French seem to have imaginations "as foul as Vulcan's stithy," and are ever ready to give credence to the vilest libels even against the most virtuous.

In great alarm, Louis sends for Beaumarchais and consults him upon the difficulty. Our indefatigable adventurer at once starts for Holland, seeks out Angelucci, and buys the MSS. for the sum of 172,000 francs. The next day he receives intelligence that the Jew has started for Nuremberg, with another manuscript, which he had secreted. Not to be baffled, he instantly sets out in pursuit, travels night and day, until he overtakes the wretch in a wood, where he compels him to give up the papers. Scarcely is this done, when he is attacked by robbers, wounded and overcome; but just as they are about to dispatch him, on rush his valet and another, quite à la *mélodrame*, and put the bandits to flight. Still doubtful whether Angelucci may not have other copies of his vile work, he hurries on to Vienna. After much difficulty he succeeds in obtaining admittance to the presence of the Empress. He tells her the whole story, and entreats her, for the safety of her daughter's fair fame, to order Angelucci's arrest. She promises to do so; but the next morning he himself is thrown into prison, and all his entreaties fail to elicit from his captors, or jailors, the nature of his offence. The truth is, the wildness and incoherence of his manner—for the excitement of the pursuit has worked him

almost into a fever—have persuaded the Empress that the tale is false, and that the narrator is an impostor. This royal scepticism costs him a month's imprisonment; then all is cleared up, and a handsome present is offered as a compensation, which he courageously refuses, and returns at once to Paris.

Soon after this, popular indignation having brought the infamous Maupeou Parliament to an end, he procured the reversal of his sentence in the Goëzman affair. Some time afterwards he was equally successful in his second suit against the Count de la Blache. Thus did his unconquerable energy procure him the victory in both these great litigations, which had at first gone so hopelessly against him.

But amidst all these turmoils, troubles, and adventures, he still found time for literature. In 1772, he had composed the first draft of the 'Barbier.' It was then a comic opera, destined for the Italian theatre, and was written simply as a vehicle to introduce some Spanish airs he had brought from Madrid. Being refused, however, by the Théâtre Italien, he turned it into a comedy, which was at once accepted by the Française. Three different times its production was fixed and postponed. The first was on account of the Duc de Chaulnes affair; the second on account of the Goëzman affair; the third time the censor stepped in and forbade its representation on account of its containing certain passages supposed to refer to the great lawsuits. At length, upon his return from Vienna, in 1775, he obtained a definite permission for its representation. Instead of cutting out the passages which had alarmed the censor, he added many other far more pungent and unmistakable references to the forbidden subject, and added a fifth act to the original four.

The fame of his lawsuits, adventures, and, above all, the brilliant wit of the 'Mémoires,' together with the frequent postponement of the work, had roused public curiosity to fever heat. But, as is frequently the case after exaggerated expectations, the comedy was on the first night a dead failure.

"You should have seen," he writes wittily, in his Preface to the play, in which he calls it "a comedy that was represented and failed," "You should have seen the

'Barbier's' feeble supporters disperse, hide their faces, and take to flight. The women—always so brave when they have anything to protect—smothered in their hoods up to their plumes, and lowering their eyes in confusion; the men hastening to pay visits to another, and to make honorable amends for what they had said in favor of my piece. . . . Some of them looked through their eye-glasses to the left as I passed by on the right, and pretended no longer to see me. Oh, Heavens! Others, with more courage, but making sure no one was looking at them, drew me into a corner, and said to me: 'How have you produced this illusion on our parts; for you must allow, my friend, that your piece is the greatest platitude in the world.'"

Failure gave only new energy to this unconquerable man. Within twenty-four hours he revised, cut, and partly re-wrote the piece; and on the second night its success was as triumphant as its failure had been dire upon the first; and it created a sensation which was only to be exceeded by its successor, 'Le Mariage de Figaro.'

There is a peculiar literary interest attached to the 'Barbier,' since out of a momentary disagreement with the *sociétaires* of the Théâtre Français arose the first Dramatic Authors' Society. In those days, and during the whole previous history of the drama in France, the actors had always taken the lion's share of the profits, leaving scarcely crumbs to the unfortunate authors. Hardy, one of the earliest and the most prolific of French playwrights, the Lope de Vega of France, is said never to have received more than three crowns for a play. The great Corneille was scarcely, if at all, better paid for his immortal productions; and had he not stooped to write fulsome dedications to the rich and powerful, would have died of hunger, as he nearly did once or twice. In 1653, Quinault slightly improved this state of things by establishing a new system of payment, namely, a ninth of the receipts for a five-act play, and a twelfth for a three-act; but this percentage was deducted only after the daily expenses of the theatre had been taken up, and these expenses were reckoned at 500 livres in the winter and 300 in the summer. To these sums was added the quarter, then, as now, deducted for the poor from all theatrical receipts, together with all subscrip-



tions, life-tickets, and boxes secured before the night; and as if this did not sufficiently attenuate the poor author's share, the accounts of the theatre were confessedly falsified, or, as they put it, "badly made out." But even this does not complete the story of his wrongs. When the receipts of a performance fell below a certain sum, the play was said to "fall within the rules," that is to say, from that time it became the property of the theatre, and the writer had no further claim upon it. At first, the stipulated sums were those already mentioned, namely, 500 and 300 livres, but in 1750 they were raised respectively to 1200 and 800.

When, after thirty-two representations of his play to overflowing houses, Beaumarchais applied to the *sociétaires* for his share of the profits, they sent him 4506 livres. He requested to examine the accounts; they refused at first, then sent them "badly made out." These he would not accept, and they would render no others. It was not with him a question of money, for he had made the theatre a present of his former plays, and afterwards gave his whole share of the receipts of the 'Mariage de Figaro,' amounting to 41,499 livres, to charity; it was a question of principle, and amidst the enormous mass of business which litigation and vast speculations entailed upon him, he set himself to radically reform the existing condition of dramatic authorship.

His preliminary step was to send out invitations to all the recognised playwrights to attend a dinner at his house, in order that they might discuss the best means to redress their mutual wrongs. The difficulty of the task he had undertaken was made manifest to him even here, upon the very threshold—it lay less in the opposition of the actors than in the authors themselves. Some were too old, or too well off, or too indolent, to bestir themselves to join in the movement; others were won over to the enemy by the blandishments of the actresses; one refused to come if another, of whom he was jealous or with whom he had a personal quarrel, was invited; some of the smaller fry, in whom vanity was stronger than interest, feared to rebel against the actors, lest their productions should henceforth be tabooed. A certain number, however, of the more sensible heartily supported Beaumarchais in his excellent undertaking.

During three years the battle raged warmly upon both sides. The 'Français' was an enormously powerful opponent, backed as it was by some of the greatest of the *noblesse*, and no man less influential than Beaumarchais could have sustained the fight against it. As it was, he was virtually defeated, for at the end of the time specified the King issued a new decree, which, although it altered the terms of payment, left the author, in reality, in no better position than before. At an early stage of the Revolution the privileges of the 'Français' were suppressed; and in 1791, influenced by several *Mémoires* published by Beaumarchais, the National Assembly decreed that the plays of no living author should be represented, either in Paris or the provinces, without his permission.

To pass from the disagreements of authors and actors to the revolt of the American colonies seems a violent transition, but the whole life of this man was marked by such extraordinary incongruities. There is little or no doubt but that Beaumarchais' unceasing and urgent representations to the ministers of Louis the Sixteenth largely influenced that monarch's fatal policy of intervention in American affairs. It is certain that, after much urging, he prevailed upon Maurepas to permit him to secretly freight ships for the colonies, at his own risk, with arms, ammunition, and clothing for 25,000 men. The vastness of the undertaking may be conceived from the fact that the first cargo was worth 3,000,000 francs, and that if one out of three ships arrived safely the profits would still be large. Several of the vessels were seized by the English cruisers, but many others reached their destination and delivered their cargo. When the war was concluded, the States were indebted to him for a large sum. There is not space to enter into the complicated discussion that ensued; there was a dispute over a million francs, but that this formed a just portion of his demands is beyond a doubt. Another lawsuit—this one to last long beyond his life! In 1793, Alexander Hamilton decided that the United States was Beaumarchais' debtor to the amount of 2,280,000 francs. But still the grateful Republic declined to pay the man who had so largely assisted in its establishment. From his garret in Hamburg, during the Terror, he addressed an appeal to the whole nation, "Americans!" it began, "I have served you with

unwearied zeal. I have received during my life nothing but bitterness for my recompense, and I die your creditor. Suffer me, then, in dying, to bequeath you my daughter, to endow her with a portion of what you owe me," &c. But even this appeal produced no effect upon that shrewd and tender-hearted people. Nearly fifty years afterwards they paid one of his descendants 800,000 francs, although the debt allowed by Hamilton, with interest, then amounted to 4,000,000. The ingratitude of princes has justly passed into a proverb, but a careful examination of history would not give a large balance of that rare virtue to republicans.

Surely now he has enough to absorb his exuberant energy, to stretch his business capacity to the utmost. Not so. In the midst of these vast undertakings he rushes into another, which alone would suffice to monopolise every moment and every thought of any ordinary mortal. This is no less than two complete editions of Voltaire's works, in 162 volumes, to be edited by Condorcet. He buys all that author's unpublished MSS. of 'Panckouke' for 160,000 francs; sends to England for Baskerville's type, then the best in the world; despatches agents to Holland to study the art of paper-making; buys three paper-mills in the Vosges; and then looks about for a place where the work may be printed—this last the most difficult task of all. French territory is out of the question, as a large portion of the great sceptic's writings is there under ban. At length he fixes upon Kehl, in the domains of the Margrave of Baden. That potentate makes difficulties at first, and this arrangement nearly falls through, but is at length brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Three years are occupied in organising the enterprise, and the work will require eleven years to be executed!

It proved a vast failure. Fifteen thousand copies were printed, and the subscribers never numbered two thousand.

We must pass over the Kornman episode\* (another lawsuit!), and come at once

to that most important and brilliant event, which is in itself an extraordinary history—the production of his famous comedy, 'Le Mariage de Figaro,' which he had found time to write amidst all these gigantic and multifarious speculations. Long before it was ready for representation, the author, as in the case of the 'Barbier,' had artfully contrived to raise expectation on tiptoe. The King requested to peruse it. It was read to him and the Queen by Madame Campan. "It is detestable!" he exclaimed when she came to Figaro's tirade against State prisons. "This shall never be played: we should have to pull down the Bastille to prevent this piece being dangerous. This man trifles with all that must be respected in a government." "Then it will not be played?" inquired the Queen. "Certainly not; you may be assured of that," was the reply.\*

But Beaumarchais' influence among the most powerful of the nobility at this time was more than sufficient to overcome the opposition of the weak and vacillating Louis. Our author was immensely rich, and more than one great aristocrat—the Prince of Nassau, for instance—was his debtor for large sums. The comedy was submitted to the judgment of no fewer than five censors, all of whom he found means to convert into advocates. At length the Comte de Vaudreuil begged and obtained permission for its representation at his country house on the occasion of a fête given in honor of the Comte d'Artois. But before the author would accede to this, he adroitly assured himself that the royal veto should be withdrawn from its production at the 'Français.'

As with the 'Barbier,' expectation was disappointed; the 'Mariage' was not a success, and had to undergo considerable alterations. Doubtless it was this partial failure which ultimately determined the King to authorise its public representation. He told Montesquieu that he believed it would fail. Never did judgment

\* The wife of a man named Kornman having been greatly ill-treated and afterwards imprisoned by her husband, appealed for protection. Beaumarchais took up her cause; for which Kornman commenced a *procès* against him. The affair is chiefly remarkable for a series of 'Mémoires' from the pen of a young advocate named Bergasse, who proved himself

more than a match for Beaumarchais himself. This man afterwards figured as Bégearss, a very despicable character, in 'La Mère Coupable.' During the suit, and after, the fickle Parisians transferred their sympathies from their whilom favorite to his opponent. Beaumarchais won the *procès*, but lost his popularity—at least for a time.

\* Madame Campan's 'Memoirs.'

prove more erroneus. At eight o'clock in the morning, on the day of its first performance, the doors of the theatre were besieged by an eager crowd. "It is impossible," writes Grimm, "to be by turns more humble, more bold, more urgent to obtain a favor at Court than were our young men of rank to secure a place on the first representation of 'Figaro.'" Three persons were suffocated in the press. Ladies of the highest rank dined in the actress's rooms to be sure of a place, and were content with a seat even in the balconies, among women not *comme il faut*.

Beaumarchais sat in a private box screened by a lattice work, between two abbés, in order, he said, that they might administer "*des secours très spirituels*" to him in case of death. The triumph was prodigious. The comedy ran eight months, at the end of which the receipts amounted to 346,197 livres. As before stated, he gave the whole of his share, 41,499 livres, to charities.

"There is something more foolish than my piece," he said, "and that is its success." "*The ancien régime*," writes St. Beuve, "would not have so merited to perish if it had not assisted that evening, and a hundred times afterwards, with transport, at that gay, mad, insolent, indecent mockery of itself, and if it had not taken so magnificent a part in its own destruction." It is undoubtedly a scarcely exaggerated picture of the morals and manners of the society of the day. It is full of the most bitter satire against the author's enemies, and Figaro's speeches contain a running commentary upon the most famous incidents of the author's life. The effrontery with which he exposed the vices, the meanness, the ignorance of the very people with whom he associated, his ridicule of ministers, police, censors, prisons, every department of law and government, is unique in modern literature. And it is still more remarkable when we consider that in this gibbeting of society the author, unlike his predecessors in that school of satire, did not aim at its overthrow. Why should he, when his own interests were so completely identified with it? Yet Napoleon said that "'Figaro' was the revolution already in action."

Little thought the brilliant *noblesse*, who nightly assembled to enjoy the witty sar-

casms of the Spanish valet, that they were applauding their own trial and condemnation; that beneath that smiling, mocking mask were hidden the grim features of the headsman, and that behind him hovered the shadow of the guillotine. So might the gay Pompeians have revelled the night before Vesuvius overwhelmed them with its fiery torrent.

But the history of the comedy is not yet complete. The King was greatly irritated at its success. One evening, shortly after its production, while he was playing cards, his brother introduced the subject; giving way to anger, he wrote in pencil upon the back of a seven of spades an order for Beaumarchais' arrest. It was immediately executed, and the prisoner was thrown into Saint Lazare, one of the vilest prisons of the city. The consternation of Paris may be imagined; consternation speedily changed to indignation at such an act of lawless tyranny. Of all the fatal blunders of Louis the Sixteenth's reign, few were more appalling than this. At the end of five days Beaumarchais was released, and to make amends for his unjust arrest the King not only went in person, attended by all his ministers, to witness the comedy, but actually had it played at the 'Trianon,' the Queen herself taking the part of Rosine! It is difficult to sympathise with the woes of a monarch who could thus act; for weakness is the worst and most dangerous of all kingly vices.

A strange, extravagant drama, entitled 'Tarare,' and a third comedy entitled 'La Mère Coupable,' in which the immortal Figaro is a third time introduced, now reformed and virtuous, complete the list of his dramatic works. Of these the 'Mariage' is incomparably the most brilliant, and still holds the French stage. In *verve*, *abandon*, and originality of conception, it is unrivalled. "Every moment," writes Grimm, "the action seems approaching its end; every moment the author sets it going again, and by words almost insignificant, but which, without effort, prepare new scenes and replace all the actors in a situation as vivid, as *piquant* as those that went before."

At the outbreak of the Revolution he went over to the popular side, and we find him contracting with the Assembly to supply 60,000 muskets, which he was to bring from Holland. This proved a task of insurmountable difficulty. At one

time he was arrested, thrown into the Abbaye, and, but for a friend who enabled him to escape only two hours before they commenced, would have been one of the victims of the September massacres. Instead of concealing himself in some place of safety, as any other man would have done, he proceeded from the prison gates to seek out Danton upon the musket affair, in pursuance to which project he soon afterwards left France. During his absence the Convention proscribed him, placed him upon the list of *émigrés*, took possession of his magnificent house—one of the sights of Paris, and which had cost him, in 1780, 1,663,000 francs—and confiscated all his effects. Age had not diminished his old daring hardihood; utterly regardless of the danger that menaced him, he returned to Paris in 1793 to defend his rights, and wrote another series of 'Mémoires,' of which he had 6000 copies printed and distributed throughout the city. "I have come," he wrote to the terrible Santerre, "to offer my head to the sword of Justice, if I cannot prove I am a great citizen. Save me, Citizen Commandant, from pillage and the dagger, and I shall again be serviceable to my country."

During the Terror he took refuge in Holland, whence we have already described him as writing from his miserable garret urgent appeals to the justice of America. He returned to Paris in 1796 to gather together the remnants of his once splendid fortune. His life was restless and feverish to the last. On the 18th of May, 1799, he was found dead in his bed.

An analysis of Beaumarchais' character would not prove at all interesting to the general reader; but so much was he vil-

fied and abused by many of his contemporaries, that I cannot forbear quoting the testimony of La Harpe, who, as he himself informs us, was by no means a partial critic.

"M. Beaumarchais, the man, was, to me, always superior to the writer, and worthy of particular attention. I can speak freely upon all that concerns him without being suspected of partiality, since, although I have lived in his society sufficiently to know him well, I have never been bound to him by any ties of friendship. He has never done me good or evil, and I owe to his memory what I owe to the public—truth. . . . Surrounded by a family whom he loved, and friends who loved him as much as his family, far from the intercourse of women, which is the centre of all rivalries and dissensions, he tasted the joy and peace of domesticity almost always in the society of the same people; and in this circle, where he sought repose, this Beaumarchais, so turbulent in the world, was no more, in the true meaning of the term, than a good man. I have never seen any one who appeared to be on better terms with others and with himself." Commenting upon Voltaire's *mot* (referring to the charge of poisoning his wives), "This man is too droll to be a poisoner," he continues, "He is too good, too sensible, too open, too bountiful, to do a wicked action."

To literary men and all persons in distress his purse was always open. At his death there was found among his papers memoranda of 900,000 francs lent without security, at different times, to men of all classes, and seemingly never repaid.—*Temple Bar*.

### INJIN JOE, A HOMESPUN RHYME.

BY SAM<sup>L</sup>. SLICK, JUN<sup>R</sup>.

WHAT odds if in the settlement  
I'm only "Injin Joe"?  
It can't be helped! A sorter voice  
Seems callin' me,\* and so

I steal into the woods at night.  
Folks never see me go.

\* We've all of us got more of the Indian in our composition than we fancy. There is a wild strain in our breed that comes out when a youngster has been brought up near the woods, and has got a liking for the sniff of the spruces and hemlocks. I've known one or two

such, when the hankering came over them, break loose and bolt for the woods for a spell. "Injin Joe" (as a backwood friend of mine was called, from his living so much in the woods) hunted with me on the Blue Ridge, a short distance from the spot where a month afterwards he got his scare.



For many moons I trap for fur,  
Or hunt up Stoney Race.  
The b'ars and wolves all sniff my track;  
The otter knows my face,  
And thinks that slidin's risky fun,\*  
If I'm too near the place.

The woods and I've growed friends. The  
trees

Creep close up to the fire  
When it burns bright, then steal away;  
You ought to see them, Squire!  
They peep at me the whole night long,  
And never seem to tire.

They hush me off to sleep.† Their sound  
Is like the hum of bees,  
A drowsy simmerin' of nights  
When there ain't any breeze,  
Till from the lake the loon's‡ lone cry  
Wakes up the popple§ trees.

What, lonesome? No! Well, once per-  
haps

I did feel kinder so,  
While huntin' on the Blue Ridge.  
The whole world seemed below;  
I couldn't hear the Queelass Falls,  
Nor see the waters flow.

Lakes, mountains, rivers, rivers, lakes,  
No man could count them all;  
I put the birch-bark|| to my lips,  
But somehow couldn't call.  
I never thought the world so large;  
I never felt so small.

And far, far off, I thought I saw  
A long white thread. To me  
It looked just like a streak of mist;  
I knew it was the sea.  
There never seemed so many miles  
'Twixt humankind and me.

"Why, who's been here? I'm darned!"  
I saw  
A lying at my feet

\* The otters are fond of having "a good time" for hours together, by sliding down a steep bank into the water; at least so Injin Joe tells me.

† This sound, which is very soothing, is, I suspect, produced by nocturnal insects, and not by the trees as Injin Joe supposes.

‡ "The Great Northern Diver." When Jim Rooney first heard its cry, he thought he was listening to a banshee.

§ A species of aspen.

|| The horn with which the call of the doe (the "cow moose") is imitated by hunters.

A gun all honeycombed, all gone  
That rust and rot could eat.  
"Some chap's gone under here, I guess,"  
My heart began to beat.

I turned—good Lord—he stared at me!  
It warn't a dream? The trees  
Half hid a horrid skeleton  
A kneelin' on its knees.  
Its hands were clasped; its eyes—  
I felt my blood begin to freeze.

A sudden, like a streak of light,  
It flashed on me, "I know  
The old folks say a minister  
Was lost long, long ago.  
They thought the b'ars had finished him;  
I guess it wasn't so.

"He must have climbed up here to find  
The settlement. When he  
Saw mountains, lakes, a world of woods,  
He jest caved in. The sea  
He must have thought a streak of mist,  
As it had seemed to me.

"And so he must have gi'n it up,  
And knelt to say a prayer;  
And starved, and prayed, and died." His  
eyes  
Had still a famished stare.  
I turned and ran; their hungry look  
It gave me such a scare.

The very deer stood still, and seemed  
A sayin' as I ran,  
"You hunted too! He's on your trail,  
That missionary man.  
He's awful hungry lookin'. Jest  
You make tracks while you can."

I often laugh to think of it.  
Yes, stranger, I'd a scare;  
Yet somehow still I seem to see  
That holler starving stare.  
You'll hunt the Blue Ridge? Bet yer  
don't  
See Injin Joe up there.

What odds if in the settlement  
I'm only "Injin Joe"?  
It can't be helped! A sorter voice  
Seems callin' me, and so  
I steal into the woods at night.  
Folks never see me go.

—Temple Bar.

## THE MARRIAGE OF MOIRA FERGUS.

BY WILLIAM BLACK, AUTHOR OF "A PRINCESS OF THULE," ETC.

## CHAPTER I.

## MOIRA SEEKS THE MINISTER.

It was a grey day; the skies were clouded over; the Atlantic was sea-green and rough; the rocky islands along the coast looked black in the driving sea. A young girl, with her shawl wrapped round her head and shoulders, had come all the way across the island of Darroch to the Free Church Manse on the western side, and now she timidly tapped at the door. She was a quiet little Highland girl, not very pretty, perhaps; she was fair, freckled, and wistful of face; but she had a certain innocence and "strangeness" in her blue eyes that pleased people. Her name was Moira Fergus—Moireach Fearghus some would have spelt it; and she was the eldest of a family of five, who all lived on the eastern shores of Darroch with their father, John Fergus.

She tapped at the door, and a stalwart middle-aged woman answered.

"Ay, iss it you, Moira, that I see here this day? and what will you be wanting to say to the minister?"

The girl seemed frightened; but at last she managed to say that she wanted to see the minister alone. The Highland woman regarded her with some suspicion; but at length asked her to come in and sit down in the small parlor while she would go for Mr. MacDonald. The girl went into the room; and somewhat nervously sat down on one of the chairs. For several minutes she remained there alone, looking in an absent way at the big shells on the mantelpiece, and listening vaguely to the roar of the sea outside.

Then Mr. MacDonald appeared—a small, thin, red-faced Celt, not very careful as to dress, and obviously partial to snuff.

"Kott pless me—and you, too, Moira Fergus," said he. "And it wass no thought of seeing you that I had this tay. And wass there anything wrong now with your father, that you hef come all the way from Ardhilleach?"

"No, Mr. MacDonald, there iss not anything the matter with my father," said the girl, nervously working with the corner of

her shawl. "There iss not anything the matter with my father,—but—but—you know, Mr. MacDonald, that it iss not every one that can get a smooth word from my father."

"A smooth word?" said the minister. "And indeed it iss your father, Moira, that iss the angriest man in all the islands, and there iss no sort of holding of his tongue. There are other men—ay, there are other men—who will be loose of their tongues on the week-days, and they will speak of the teffle without much heed of it—and what iss the harm, too, if you will tam the teffle when you speak of him? and it will come to him all in good time; but to tam other people, and on the Sabbath, too, that iss a ferry tifferent matter. The teffle—well, he is tammed whateffer; but how can you know that Mr. Ross of Styornoway, or Mr. Macleod of Harris, iss in the black books? But I will say no harm of your father, Moira Fergus."

And, indeed, Mr. MacDonald had some cause to be silent; for—always excepting on Sundays, when he proved himself a most earnest and faithful shepherd—he was himself given to the use of strong language and a little strong drink. He was none the less respected by his flock that occasionally he worked himself into a passion and uttered phrases that would have driven the Free Church Synod into fits. On the Sundays, however, he always had a clean shirt, would touch no whiskey, and made use of no vehement language—unless that vehemence appeared in his Gaelic sermons, which were of the best of their kind.

"Oh, Mr. MacDonald," the girl suddenly cried out, with a strange pleading in her eyes, "you will be a frient to me, and I will tell you why I hef come all the way from Ardhilleach. It wass Angus M'Eachran and me—you know Angus M'Eachran, Mr. MacDonald?—it wass Angus McEachran and me—well, we were thinking of getting married—ay, it iss many a day since he hass talked of that—"

"Well, well, Moira, and what more? Is there any harm in it that a young man and a young lass should think of getting married?"

The girl still kept nervously twitching the corner of her shawl.

"And there iss many a time I hef said to him, 'Angus, we will get married some day; but what for should we get married now, and the fishing not very good what-effer?' And there iss many a time he hass said to me, 'Moira, you hef done enough for your father and your father's children, and if he will not let you marry, do you think, then, that you will neffer marry?'"

"Your younger sisters must be growing up, Moira," the minister said.

"And the days went by," the girl continued, sadly, "and the weeks went by, and Angus M'Eachran he wass ferry angry with me many a time, and many a time I hef said to him, 'Angus, you will be doing petter if you will go away and get some other young lass to be your wife, for it will be a bad tay the tay that I quarrel with my own people to come to you and be your wife.' And it iss many the night I hef cried about it—from the night to the morning; and it wass many a time I will wish that I had neffer seen him, and that he had neffer come down from the Lewis, the year that the herring came round about Darroch and Killeena. And now—and now——"

Well, the girl burst into tears at this point; and the minister, not knowing very well what to do, brought out a bottle of whiskey, and said—

"Now, Moira, be a good lass, and do not cry ass if you wass without friends in the world. What iss it now that iss the matter?"

"Well, Mr. MacDonald," the girl said, between her sobs, "it wass five days or four days ago that Angus came to me, and he said to me, 'Moira, it iss no more any use the trying to get married in Darroch, for your father he iss a violent man, and he will not hear of it; and what we hef to do is to go away from Darroch, you and me together, and when the wedding iss all over, then you can come back and tell your people.'"

"That wass not well spoken," said the minister. "It iss a bad day for a young lass when she hass to run away from her own people."

He was beginning to see the cause of the trouble that was visible on the fair young face.

"And I said to him," continued the girl, struggling to restrain her tears, "I

said to him, 'It iss a hard thing that you ask, Angus M'Eachran, but it iss many a long day and many a long month you hef waited for me to marry you, as I said I would marry you; and if it iss so that there will be no chance of our getting married in Darroch, I will go away with you.' Then he said, 'Moira, I will find out about a poat going up to the Lewis, and if they will put us ashore at Borvabost, or Barvas, or Callernish, we will walk across the island to Stornoway, and there we will get the poat to tek us to Glassgow.'"

"To Glassgow!" cried the minister. "Wass you thinking of going to Glassgow, Moira Fergus?"

The girl looked rather abashed.

"And you do not know what an ahfu' place is Glassgow—ay, indeed, an ahfu' place," said the minister, earnestly. "No, you do not know—but I hef been more ass three times or two times in Glassgow—and for a young lass to go there! You do not know, Moira Fergus, that it iss filled, every street of it, with wild men that hef no more care for the Sabbath-day ass if it wass Tuesday, ay, or even Monday—and the sodgers there—and the Roman Cātholics—and no like the Cātholics that you will see, one of them, or two of them, about Lochaber, where they are ferry like good, plain, other people—but it iss the *Roman* Cātholics, Moira—it iss the real *Roman* Cātholics, Moira—you will find in Glassgow, and they are ferry wild men, and if they were to rise against the town in the night-time, it would be the Lord's own mercy if they did not burn every person in his bed. Indeed, indeed, Moira Fergus, you must not go to Glassgow!"

"And I do not want to go to Glassgow!" Moira said, excitedly, "that iss what I hef come to you about this tay, Mr. MacDonald. I hef a great fear of going to Glassgow, and I wass saying to myself that it wass you, Mr. MacDonald, that maybe could help me—and if you wass to see Angus M'Eachran——"

"But if I wass to see your father, Moira Fergus—there iss no man so mad ass not to know that a young lass will be thinking of getting married."

"That will be of no use whateffer, Mr. MacDonald. It iss a ferry angry man he is, and if there iss any more word of the marriage I will be afraid to go back to Ardtilleach."

"Then the teffle—and tam him!—hass

got into his head!" said the minister, with a furious blow on the table. "It iss no patience I hef with a foolish man!"

Moira was rather frightened, but she said in a low voice—

"Ay, ay, it iss a ferry angry man he is; and there iss no use going to him, Mr. MacDonald; but this iss what I wass thinking, Mr. MacDonald, if you wass being so kind ass to go to Angus M'Eachran, and tell him that it iss not a good thing for us to go away to Glassgow. I hef given my word to him—yes, and I will not draw back from that—but now I hef a great fear of going to Glassgow—"

The minister was during this time shifting rather uneasily from the table to the window and from the window to the table. He was evidently much excited: he seemed scarcely to hear what the girl was saying. At last he suddenly interrupted her.

"Listen to me, Moira Fergus. It iss no business of mine—no, it iss not any business of mine—as a minister, to interfere in the family affairs of any one whateffer; and you had no right to come to the minister and ask him to go and speak to Angus M'Eachran. No, you had no right; and yet I will say this, Moira Fergus, that you had a ferry good right—ay, the tefle iss in it if you had not a ferry good right. For I am a natif of this island—well, it wass in Harris I wass born, but what iss the use of being ferry particular?—and I am a natif of this island as well as a minister, and I hef known your family for a great many years, and I hef known you to be a good lass—and—and this iss what I wass going to say to you that, before I will see you going away to Glassgow, I will marry you and Angus M'Eachran myself, ay, so that no one shall know of it until it is all ferry well ofer. And what do you say to that, Moira Fergus?"

The girl started, flushed, and then looked timidly down.

"It iss a ferry good man you are, Mr. MacDonald," she said, hesitatingly, "and a ferry good friend you hef always been to me—but—but it iss not for me to say that I hef come to ask you to marry us; and it is Angus M'Eachran, Mr. MacDonald, and not me, that hass to say 'yes' or 'no' to that."

"Ay, ay!" said the minister, cheerfully and courageously, "it iss no fault for a

young lass to be shy; and it iss right what you hef said, Moira, that I will speak to Angus M'Eachran. And there iss another I will speak to apout it, for it iss no trifling matter, Moira, and I will hef to see that we are sure and safe in what hass to be done; and you know that there iss not any one about the islands that hass travelled so far ass Mr. Mackenzie, of Borva; and it iss a great many things he will know, and I think I will go and say a word to him, Moira."

"It iss a long way the way to Borva, Mr. MacDonald."

"Well, I wass told by Alister Lewis that the men of the *Nighean-dubh* were coming up from Taransay about one o'clock or twelve o'clock to-morrow's morning, and if it iss not very pad weather they will go on to Loch Roag, so I think I will go with the *Nighean-dubh*. Now, you will go back to Ardtilleach, Moira Fergus, and you will say not a word to any one until the time wass come I will be speaking myself to Angus M'Eachran; and now you will tak a tram, Moira, for it iss a ferry coorse sort o' day, and a healthy young lass will hef no harm from a trop of good whiskey."

"You are ferry kind, Mr. MacDonald, but I do not touch the whiskey."

"No? Then I will hef a drop myself, to wish you good luck, Moira; and when I come back from Borvabost, then I will tell you what Mr. Mackenzie says, and you will keep up your spirits, Moira, and you will find no need to go away from your own people to be married in Glassgow."

When Moira Fergus went outside, a new light seemed to fill the world. Certainly the sea was green and rough, and there were huge white breakers heaving over on the black rocks. But it seemed to her that there was a sort of sunshine in the green of the sea; and she had a consciousness of sunshine being behind the grey clouds overhead; and the dull brown moorland—mile after mile of it, in low undulation—was less lonely than when she had crossed it an hour before. And that red-faced irascible little minister, who lived by himself in the solitary manse out by the sea, and who was just a trifle too fond of whiskey and fierce language during six days of the week, was to her as a bright angel come down from heaven with pro-



mises of help, so that the girl, as she thought of the future, did not know whether to laugh or to cry for joy.

## CHAPTER II.

### A VISIT TO GREAT PEOPLE.

"THE tefle—and tam him!—is in the carelessness of you, Alistair-nan-Each!" cried the minister, catching up his coat-tails. "What for will you knock your fish against my coat, and me going up to see Mr. Mackenzie and his daughter, that iss ass good ass an English lady now?"

Alistair made a humble apology to the minister, and took his own bonnet to remove any lingering traces of the *Nigheandubh* from the minister's costume, and then Mr. MacDonald got ashore at Borvabost. He had a word or two to say to some of the people whom he knew; then he went up and over the hill to the house of a certain Mr. Mackenzie, who was called by some folks the "King of Borva."

"And iss Mr. Mackenzie in the house, Mairi?" said he to the young girl who came to the passage—the doors in this part of the world are kept shut against rain, but never against strangers.

"No," said she, "Mr. MacDonald, he iss not in Borva at all, but away over at Styornoway, and it is ferry sorry he will be that you hef come to Borva and him away from his own house. But there iss Miss Sheila, she will be down at her own house; and she will be ferry ill pleased that you will come to Borva if you will not call at her house."

"Oh, I will call at her house; and it is ferry glad I am that she hass not gone away ass yet; and I am glad to see that you are still with Mr. Mackenzie, Mairi."

The old minister, grumbling over his disappointment, set out once more, and walked away across the moorland and down to a plateau over a quiet bay, where there was a large stone house built, with a verandah and a flower-garden in front. He saw there a young lady watering the tree-fuchsias—a handsome healthily-complexioned young woman, with dark hair, and deep blue eyes, who was the daughter of Mr. Mackenzie. She was rather well liked by the islanders, who generally called her "Miss Sheila," notwithstanding that she was married; although some of them had got into a shy, half-comical, half-tender fashion of

calling her "Princess Sheila," merely because her husband had a yacht so named.

"And are you ferry well?" said she, running forward, with a bright smile on her face, to the minister. "And hef you come all the way from Darroch, Mr. MacDonald?"

"Ay, ay," said the minister, a little embarrassed, and looking down, "I hef come from Darroch; and it iss a proud tay this tay that I will shake hands with you, Miss—Mrs. Laffenter; and it iss ferry glad I am that I will come to Borva, although your father is not here, for it iss not effery time in the year that a stranger will see you, Mrs. Laffenter."

"Oh, but you are no stranger, Mr. MacDonald," said this Mrs. Lavender. "Now come into the house, and I will ask you to stay and have some dinner with us, Mr. MacDonald, for you cannot leave for Darroch again to-night. And what did you want to see my father about, Mr. MacDonald?"

He followed her into the house, and sat down in a spacious sitting-room, the like of which, in its wonderful colors and decorations, he had never seen before. He could compare it only with Stornoway Castle, or his dreams of the palace in which the Queen lived in London.

Well, he told all the story of Moira Fergus and Angus M'Eachran to Mrs. Lavender, and said that he had come to ask the advice of her father, who was a man who had travelled much and amassed knowledge.

"Surely you yourself are the best judge," said the handsome young wife. "They have lived long enough in the parish, hef they not, Mr. MacDonald?"

"Oh, that iss not it—that iss not the matter at all, Mrs. Laffenter!" said he, emphatically. "I can marry them—oh, yes, I know I can marry them—in my own house, if I like. But it iss the prudence—it iss the prudence, Mrs. Laffenter—of it that iss in the question; and I am not sure of the prudence of it."

"Then I must ask my husband," said Sheila.

She went to the open window, took a whistle from her pocket, and blew a note loud and shrill that seemed to go echoing far across Loch Roag, away amid the blue and misty solitudes of the great Suainabhal. She stood there for a minute or two. Far below her there was a

schooner yacht resting quietly in the bay; she could see a small boat put off, and land on the shore a man and a very tiny boy. The man was clad in rough blue homespun; he set the child of three or so on his shoulder, and then proceeded to climb the hill. In a few minutes there was the sound of some one on the gravel outside, and presently a tall young man, somewhat heavily bearded, marched into the drawing-room, and threw the child into its mother's outstretched arms.

"Mr. MacDonald of Darroch?" he cried. "Why, of course! And haven't you got such a thing as a glass of whiskey in the house, Sheila, when a visitor comes all the way from Darroch to see you? And what's the best of your news, Mr. MacDonald?"

Sheila—or Mrs. Lavender, as one ought to call her—having deposited the very young gentleman on the sofa, and given him a mighty piece of cake to console him for maternal neglect, proceeded to tell her husband of the causes of Mr. MacDonald's visit. His decision on the point was quickly taken.

"You'll get yourself into trouble, Mr. MacDonald, if you help them to a clandestine marriage. I wouldn't touch it, if I were you."

"Yes, I am afraid you will get yourself into trouble," said Sheila, with an air of wisdom.

"But, Kott pless me!" said the minister, indignantly, "hef I not told you they will run away to Glasgow?—and iss there anything ass bad ass that—that a young lad and a young lass will go away to Glasgow, and not one of them married until they get there?"

"Well, there's something in that," said Mr. Lavender. "What sort of fellow iss this Angus M'Eachran?"

"Oh, he is a ferry tiligent young man—he hass a share in the poat, and he hass some money in the pank, and there iss none more cleffer than he iss at the fishing. Ay, ay, he is a cleffer young man, and a good-looking young man; but if he wass not so free with his laugh, and his joke, and his glass—well, I will say nothing against the young man, who is a ferry respectable young man whateffer, and there iss no reason why John Fergus should shut the door against him."

"Then can't the father be talked over?" said Mr. Lavender, pretending to snatch

at the cake which his son was busily eating.

"Oh, couldn't I say something to him!" Sheila said, with entreaty in her eyes.

"You, Miss—Mrs. Laffenter!" said the minister, with surprise. "You, to go into John Fergus's house! Yes, indeed, it would be a proud day the day for him that you went into his house—ay, if he wass fifteen or a dozen John Ferguses. But you hef no imagination of that man's temper—and the sweerin of him!"

"Oh, I should stop that," said Mr. Lavender. "If you like to go and talk to him, Sheila, I will undertake that he shan't swear much!"

"How could you know?" the girl said, with a laugh. "He would swear in the Gaelic. But if there is no other means, Mr. MacDonald, I am sure anything is better than letting them run away to Glasgow."

"Sheila," said her husband, "when do we go to London?"

"In about a week now we shall be ready, I think," she said.

"Well, look here. You seem interested in that girl—I don't remember her having been here at all. However, suppose we put off our going to London, and see these young folks through their troubles?"

Of course he saw by her face that that was what she wanted: he had no sooner suggested such a thing than the happiest light possible sprang to her eyes.

"Oh, will you?" she cried.

"And in for a penny, in for a pound," said he. "I suppose you want witnesses, Mr. MacDonald? What if my wife and myself went round in the yacht to Darroch, and helped you at your private wedding?"

"Hey!" said Mr. MacDonald, with his eyes staring. "You, Sir, come to the wedding of Moira Fergus? And Miss Sheila too? Why, there iss no man in all the islands would not gif away his daughter—ay, twenty daughters—if he wass told you will be coming to the wedding—not any man but John Fergus; and there is the anger of the teflle himself in the nature of John Fergus; and it iss no man will go near him."

"But I will go near him!" said Sheila, proudly, "and he will speak no rough speech to me."

"Not if I can understand him, and there is a door handy," said her husband, with a laugh.

"Ay, ay, you will come to the wedding?" said the minister, almost to himself, as if this assurance were almost too much for mortal man to bear. He had made a long and disagreeable voyage from the one island to the other, in order to seek the advice of a capable man; but he had not expected such high and honorable sanction of his secret aims. Now, indeed, he had no more hesitation. Mr. Mackenzie was a wise man, and a travelled man, no doubt; but not even his counsel could have satisfied the old minister as did the prompt and somewhat reckless tender of aid on the part of Mr. Lavender, and the frank and hearty sympathy of the beautiful "Princess Sheila."

### CHAPTER III.

#### A MEETING OF LOVERS.

A STILL, calm night lay over the scattered islands; there was no sound abroad but the occasional calling of the wild-fowl; in the perfect silence there was scarcely even a murmur from the smooth sea. Night as it was, the world was all lit up with a wonderful white glory; for the moon down there in the south was almost full; and here the clear radiance fell on the dark moorland flats, on the bays of white sand fronting the sea, and on the promontories of black rock that jutted out into the shining water. Killeena lay cold and silent under the wan glare; Darroch showed no signs of life; the far mountains of the larger islands seemed visionary and strange. It was a night of wonderful beauty, but that the unusual silence of the sea had something awful in it; one had the sense that the mighty plain of water was perhaps stealthily rising to cover for ever those bits of rock which, during a few brief centuries, had afforded foothold to a handful of human beings.

Down in one of the numerous creeks a young man was idly walking this way and that along the smooth sand—occasionally looking up to the rocks above him. This was Angus M'Eachran, the lover of Moira Fergus. There was obviously nothing Celtic about the young man's outward appearance: he was clearly of the race descended from the early Norwegian settlers in these islands—a race that, in some

parts, has, notwithstanding intermarriage, preserved very distinct characteristics. He was a tall young fellow, broad-chested, yellow-bearded, good-looking enough, and grave and deliberate of speech. Moreover, he was a hard-working, energetic, shrewd-headed youth; there was no better fisherman round these coasts; he had earned his share in the boat, so that he was not at the mercy of any of the curers; he had talked of building a small stone cottage for himself; and it was said that he had a little money in the bank at Stornoway. But if Angus M'Eachran was outwardly a Norseman, he had many of the characteristics of the Celtic temperament. He was quick to imagine and resent affront. His seeming gravity of demeanor would, under provocation of circumstances, disappear altogether; and there was no one madder than he in the enjoyment of a frolic, no one more generous in a fit of enthusiasm, no one more reckless in the prosecution of a quarrel. They said he sometimes took a glass too much on shore—led away by the delight of good-fellowship; but the bitterest cold night, the most persistent rain, the most exhausting work, could not tempt him to touch a drop of whiskey when he was out at the fishing.

A young girl, shawled over, came over the rocks, and made her way down to the sands.

"You are ferry late, Moira," said he. "I was thinking you wass not coming at all the night."

"It iss not an easy thing for me to get away, and that no one will know," said she, timidly.

"Ay, ay, and that iss the worst of it!" said he, bitterly. "It is no ferry good thing that you will hef to come away from the house like that, as if you wass a thief; and if it wass any other young lass, she would not hef suffered that so long; and now, Moira, this is what I hef to say to you—that you must do what you hef promised to do, and when we go to Glasgow—"

"Oh, Angus!" she said; "it iss not to Glasgow I can go—"

Even in the pale moonlight she could see the quick look of surprise, and anger, and jealousy that leapt to his eyes.

"And you will not go to Glasgow?" said he.

"Angus!" the girl said. "It iss ferry much I hef to say to you, and you will

not be angry with me until I tell you. And it wass yesterday I went ofer to Mr. MacDonald, and I wass saying to him that there wass no more use in trying to speak to my father, and that you and me, Angus, we were thinking of going away to Glassgow——"

"And it iss a foolish lass you are!" he said, impetuously, "and now he will come ofer to Ardtilleach——"

"He will not think of coming ofer to Ardtilleach; it iss a ferry kind man that Mr. MacDonald is; and he will say to me, 'Moira, will it not be petter, and a great deal petter, that I will marry Angus M'Eachran and you in Darroch, and no one will know until it iss over, and then you can go and tell your father.'"

"Ay, did he say that?" exclaimed the young man, with his eyes wide.

"Indeed he did."

"Ay, ay, and it iss a ferry good man he iss whateffer," said Angus, with a sudden change of mood. "And you, Moira, what wass it you will say to him?"

"Me?"

"Ay, you."

"Well," said the girl, looking down, but with some pride in her tone; "it iss not for a young lass to say yes or to say no about such a thing—it iss for you, Angus, to go to the minister. But this is what I hef said to him, that the going to Glassgow wass a great trouble to me—ay, and a ferry great trouble——"

"Then I will go and see Mr. MacDonald!" said Angus, hastily. "And this iss what I will say to him—that he iss a ferry good man, and that before three weeks iss over, ay, or two weeks, or four weeks, I will send to him a gallon of whiskey the like of which he will not find from the Butt of Lewis down to Barra Head. Ay, Moira, and so you went all the way across the island yesterday? It iss a good lass you are; and you will be ferry much petter when you are married and in your own house, and away from your father, that hass no petter words for his own children ass if they wass swines. And it iss ferry early the morn's mornin' that I will go over to Mr. MacDonald——"

"But you need not do that, Angus," the girl said, "for Mr. MacDonald has gone away to Borva, to ask the advice of Mr. Mackenzie. Yes, it is a great teal that Mr. MacDonald is doing for us."

"It will be the good whiskey he will

hef from me!" muttered Angus to himself.

"And now, Angus, I will be going back, for my father he thinks I hef only gone over to get a candle from Mrs. M'Lachlan; and you will say nothing about all that I hef told you, only you will go ofer to Mr. MacDonald, Angus, on Saturday or Friday, and you will speak to him. And I will say good-night to you, Angus."

"I will go with you, Moira, along a bit of the road."

"No, Angus," the girl said, anxiously; "if there wass any one will see us and will take the story to mv father——"

She had no need to complete the sentence. Her companion laughed lightly and courageously as he took her hand.

"Ay, ay, Moira, it iss not always that you will hef to be afrait, and the story they will hef to take to your father, that will be a ferry goot story, that will be the ferry best story he will ever hear. Oh yes, he will say three words or two words to efferypody around him when he hears that tefle of a story."

If Angus was inclined to make light of the old man's probable rage, his sweet-heart was not. The mere mention of it seemed to increase her desire to depart; and so he kissed her, and she went on her way home.

Perhaps he would have grumbled at the shortness of the interview but that this new project had almost taken his breath away, and now wholly occupied his mind. He clambered up the rocks, got across to the road, and slowly walked along in the clear moonlight, in the direction of the cottages of Ardtilleach. To have a lover's meeting cut short on such a night would have been grievous under other circumstances; but that was forgotten in the suggestion that his marriage of Moira Fergus had now become possible and near.

Angus M'Eachran had never been to Glasgow, and he had the vague fear of the place which dwells in the minds of many islanders. The project of flight thither wass a last and desperate resource after all hope of conciliating John Fergus wass abandoned. But the young man had never felt so confident about it as he pretended to be in speaking to Moira Fergus. He knew nothing of how the people lived in Glasgow; of the possibility of two



strangers getting married; of the cost of the long journey. Then he might have to leave his fishing for an indefinite period, and embarrass his comrades in the boat; he had a suspicion, too, that old John Fergus, having been robbed of his daughter, would appeal to the sheriff, and impound the money which he, Angus M'Eachran, had in the bank at Stornoway.

It was with great joy, therefore, that he heard of this proposal. It seemed so much more fitting and proper for a man and a woman to get married in their own island. There would be no stain on the fair name of Moira Fergus, if she was married by Mr. MacDonald himself; whereas no one knew anything about the character of the Glasgow clergymen, who might, for all one knew, be secretly Roman Catholics. And then there was the remote chance that the wedding would have the august approval of the far-known Mr. Mackenzie, the King of Borva; which would silence the most censorious old hag who ever croaked over a peat-fire.

Angus M'Eachran reached the long and straggling line of hovels and cottages known as the fishing hamlet of Ardtileach. Down there, on the white shores of the small creek, several of the boats were drawn up, their hulls black in the moonlight. Up on the rocks above were built the two long and substantial curing houses, with plenty of empty barrels lying round the doors. There was scarcely any one about, though here and there the smoke from a chimney showed that the peats were being stirred within to light up the gloomy interior of the hut. He passed the rude little cottage in which John Fergus and his family lived.

"Ay, ay, Moira," he was thinking to himself, "you will have a better house to live in by-and-by, and you will have better treatment in the house, and you will be the mistress of the house. And there will no one then say a hard word to you, whether he is your father or whether he is not your father; and I will make it a bad day for any one that says a hard word to you, Moira Fergus."

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### THE GOOD NEWS.

ANGUS M'EACHRAN hung his head in a sheepish fashion when he stood before the minister. The stalwart, yellow-bearded

young fisherman found it was not an easy thing to have to speak about marriage; and the proposal to give Mr. MacDonald a gallon of the best whiskey had gone clean out of his head—banished, perhaps, by an instinctive reverence for spiritual authority. The little red-faced minister regarded him sternly.

"It wass not well done of you, Angus M'Eachran," said he, "to think of running away to Glassgow with John Fergus's daughter."

"And whose fault wass that, Mr. MacDonald?" said the fisherman. "It wass the fault of John Fergus himself."

"Ay, ay, but you would hef made bad things worse. Why to Glassgow! Do you know what Glassgow is? No, you do not know; but you would hef found out what it iss to go to Glassgow! It wass a ferry goot thing that Moira Fergus had the goot sense to come ofer to me; and now, ass I tell you, we will try to satisfy effery one if you will come ofer on the Wednesday morning."

"It wass ferry kind of you, Mr. MacDonald, to go all the way to Borva to ask apout the marriage; I will neffer forget that, neffer at all. And I will tell you this, Mr. MacDonald, that it wass no great wish I effer had for the going to Glassgow; for when a man gets married, it is but right he should hef his friends apout him, for a dance and a song. And it wass many a time I hef peen thinking, when I first became acquent with Moira Fergus, that we would hef a ferry goot wedding, and hef a tance and a tram; and it wass Alister Lewis the schoolmaster said to me the other day, 'Angus,' says he, 'do you not think of getting married? And when you are married,' says he, 'my wife and me will come and trink a glass to you and Moira Fergus.' And now, Mr. MacDonald, there will be no wedding at all—and not a single tance—or a tram—and no one to be there and be quite sure that we are married."

Angus M'Eachran had become rather excited, and had blundered into eloquence. It was, indeed, a sore point with the young fisherman that Moira and he were to be deprived of the great merry-making in the life of a man or woman. They would be married in a corner, with no joyous crowd of witnesses, no skire of the pipes, no whiskey, no dancing or reels under the midnight sky.

"And you will not think, Mr. MacDonald," said he, returning to his ordinary grave and shy demeanor, "that I hef no thanks for you, although we will hef no goot wedding. That is not anypotty's fault but the fault of John Fergus; and when I will go to tell John Fergus that his daughter is married——"

"You will not go to tell John Fergus that, Angus M'Eachran," said the minister. "It is another that will tell John Fergus. It is Miss Sheila Mackenzie, that iss Mrs. Laffenter now, that will be coming to tek the news to John Fergus."

The minister spoke proudly. He was vain of his acquaintance with great people. He had, indeed, reserved this piece of news until he saw fit to overwhelm his visitor with it.

The young fisherman uttered an exclamation in the Gaelic; he could scarcely believe what he heard.

"Iss it Miss Sheila Mackenzie will be coming all the way from Borva to the marriage of Moira Fergus?" he said, with his eyes full of wonder.

"Ay, and her husband, too!" said the minister, proudly. "Ay, and they are coming with their schooner yacht, and eight men aboard of her, to say nothing of Mrs. Patterson's boy. And you were saying, Angus M'Eachran, there would be no one at your wedding. Oh no, there will be no one at your wedding! It will only be Mr. and Mrs. Laffenter that will be at your wedding!"

Angus could not reply to this deadly sarcasm; he was lost in astonishment. Then he suddenly said, snatching up his cap—

"I am going, Mr. MacDonald, to tek the news to Moira Fergus."

"Wait a minute, it iss a ferry great hurry you are in, Angus," said the minister. "You need not be afrait that any one will tek the news before yoursell. There iss many things we hef to settle apout first——"

"But I will come ofer to-night again," said the fisherman—he was impatient to carry this wonderful news to Moira.

"Then there iss the teffle in your hurry, Angus M'Eachran!" said the minister, angrily. "You will come ofer again to-night? You will not come ofer again to-night! Do you think you can waste the tays and the nights in running apout Darroch, when it iss to Styornoway you hef to

go, for the ring, and the money, and all that I hef told you?"

The fisherman stood abashed; he put his cap on the table, and was content to receive his instructions with patience.

But when he went out, and had got a safe distance from the house he suddenly tossed his cap high in the air.

"Hey!" he cried, aloud, "here iss the good news for Moira Fergus!"

He laughed to himself as he sped rapidly across the moorland. It was a fine, bright morning; the sun was warm on the heather and the white rocks; now and again he saw before him a young grouse walk coolly across the dusty road. He took little notice, however, of anything around him. It was enough that the fresh air and the sunlight seemed to fill his lungs with a sort of laughing-gas. Never before had he walked so rapidly across the island.

The consequence was that he reached Ardtilleach about one o'clock.

"Now," said he to himself, "the girls will be at the school; and old John Fergus will be up at the curing-house; and what if Moira Fergus be all by herself at home?"

The news he had gave him so much courage that he did not spy about; he walked straight up to John Fergus's cottage, and, stooping, passed in. Sure enough, there was Moira, and alone. She was seated near the fire, and was cleaning and chopping up some vegetables for the big iron pot that stood beside her. When she recognized Angus M'Eachran, she uttered a little cry of surprise, then she hastily jumped to her feet, and beat the parings out of her lap. But the young fisherman was not offended by the untidy scraps of carrot and turnip that clung to her apron; he was the rather pleased to see that she was chopping up those vegetables very neatly—and he knew, for many a time he had had to make broth for himself.

"And are you not afrait, Angus, to come into this house?" she asked, anxiously.

"No, I am not afrait!" said he. "For I hef the good news for you—ay, ay, I hef the good news for you this day, Moira——"

"Iss it my father——?"

"No, no!" said he. "It iss nothing of your father. I will not ask your father for anything, not if he wass to live for sixty years, ay, and twenty years mirover. But I wass ofer to see Mr. MacDonald this

morning—ay, I set out ferry soon, for I heard last night he wass come back from Borva—and this morning I wass with him for a ferry long time. And now it iss all settled, Moira, my lass, and this ferry night I will be going away to Styornoway to buy the ring, Moira, and get some money out of the bank, and other things. And Mr. MacDonald, he will say to me, 'Angus, you will hef to go and ask Moira Fergus to tell you the day she will be married, for effery young lass hass a right to that;' but I hef said to him, 'Mr. MacDonald, there iss no use for that; for it wass next Wednesday in the next week we wass to go away to Glassgow to be married; and that iss the day that iss fixed already'—and so, Moira, it iss Wednesday of the next week you will be reaty to go ofer—and—and—and iss there anything wrong with you, Moira Fergus?"

He offered her his hand to steady her; she wass rather pale, and she trembled. Then she sate down on the wooden stool again, and turned her eyes to the floor.

"And it iss not ferry glad you are that the wedding is near?" said he, with some disappointment.

"It iss not that, Angus M'Eachran," she said, in a low voice. "It iss that—I am afrait—and it is a ferry terrible thing to go away and be married all by yourself—and no friend with you——"

"No friend?" said he, with a sudden joy: if this wass all her doubt, he would soon remove it. "Ay, ay, Moira Fergus, you hef not heard all the news. There will be no one to come to your wedding? Do you know this, Moira, that it iss Miss Sheila Mackenzie and her husband that iss an Englishman, and they are both coming to your wedding—ay, in that fine poat that iss the most peautiful poat that wass effer come in to Styornoway harbor—and who iss it in all this island that has Mr. and Mrs. Laffenter come to her wedding—tell me that, Moira Fergus!"

Well, when Moira heard that Sheila Mackenzie and her husband were coming all the way from Borva to be present at her wedding, she burst into a fit of crying, and even the young man beside her understood what that meant.

"Ay, ay," said he, "it is a ferry great deal the rich and the grand people can do for the poor people when it iss in their mind to do it, and it would be a pad tay for the poor people of Borva the tay that Miss Sheila

would go away altogether to London; but there iss no fear of that now; and she is coming to your wedding, Moira, and it iss not pecause she is ferry rich and ferry grand that you will be proud of that, but I hef seen that you wass sore put about that there will be no woman at all at the wedding, and now here is one, and one that iss known through all the islands—and it iss nothing to cry about, Moira Fergus."

"No, it iss nothing to cry about," said the girl, "only—it iss a ferry great kindness—and I will not know what to say—ay, are you quite sure they are coming all the way to Darroch, Angus?"

"Indeed there iss more than that to tell you, Moira; for it iss Mrs. Laffenter will be for coming to Ardtilleach to speak to your father as soon as the wedding is ofer——"

"What do you say, Angus M'Eachran?" the girl said, suddenly rising. "Hef you no sense to let her speak of such a thing? You will know what a man father iss when he iss angry; and it iss you and me that will hef to tek his anger, not a stranger that hass done us a great kindness; and it iss very thoughtless of you, Angus, to hef let Miss Sheila speak of that——"

"Moira, what are you thinking of?" he said. "When wass it that I hef seen Miss Sheila, and her away at Borva? It wass the minister, he wass speaking to both Mr. and Mrs. Laffenter, both of the two of them together, and it wass Miss Sheila herself will want to see your father sure enough and mirover."

The girl said nothing in reply, for a sudden fear had fallen over her: a shadow darkened the doorway. Angus M'Eachran half instinctively turned round—there wass John Fergus, staring at him with an anger which for the moment could not express itself in words. Moira's father wass almost a dwarf in stature; but he wass broad-chested, bandy-legged, and obviously of great physical strength. He had a hard, grey, and sullen face, piercing black eyes under bushy grey eyebrows, thin lips, and a square jaw.

"Ay, it iss you, Angus M'Eachran," said he, still blocking up the doorway as if to prevent escape; "it wass a true word they will bring me that you will be for going into my house. And what iss it that will bring you to my house?"

"It iss not a ferry friendly man you are, John Fergus," said the tall young sailor, rather gloomily, "that you will say such

things. And what iss the harm that one man will go into another man's house, and both of them neighbors together——"

"Ay, this iss the harm of it!" said John Fergus, giving freer vent to his rage. "You wass thinking that the lasses were at the school; and you wass thinking that I was away ofer at Killeena with the new oars; and then you wass coming about the house—like a thief that will watch a time to come about a house—that wass the harm of it, Angus M'Eachran."

The younger man's face grew rather darker, but he kept his temper down.

"I am no thief, John Fergus. If it wass any other man than yourself will say such a thing to me——"

"No, you are no thief," said the father, with sarcastic emphasis; "you will only come about the house when there iss effery one away from it but a young lass, and you will think there iss some whiskey in the house——"

The younger man burst into a bitter laugh.

"Whiskey! Iss it whiskey! I hef come after the whiskey! Indeed and mirover that would be a fine day the day I tasted a glass of your whiskey; for there iss no man alife in Darroch or in Killeena too that effer had a glass of whiskey from *you*, John Fergus!"

At this deadly insult the older man, with something of an inarticulate cry of rage, darted forward, and would have seized his opponent had not Moira thrown herself between them.

"Father," the trembling girl said, putting her hands on his breast, "keep back—keep back for a minute, and I will tell you—indeed it wass not the whiskey that Angus M'Eachran will come for—it wass a message there wass from Miss Sheila Mackenzie—and he will hear of it from the minister—and he will come into the house for a minute—and there wass no harm in that. It iss your own house, father—you will not harm a man in your own house——"

He thrust her aside.

"Angus M'Eachran," said he, "this iss what I will say to you—you wass saying to yourself this many a day back that you will marry this lass here. I tell you now, by Kott, you will not marry her—not this year, nor the next year, nor many a year after that. And there iss more ass I hef to say to you. This house iss no house

for you; and if it iss any day I will come in to the house and you will be here, it will be a bad day that day for you, by Kott."

"That is ferry well said," retorted the younger man, whose eyes were afire, but who kept himself outwardly calm; "and this iss what I will say to you, John Fergus. The day may come to you that you will be ferry glad for me to come into your house, and you will be ferry sore in your heart that you wass saying such things to me this day. And I will say this to you—do you think it iss the fighting will keep me out of the house? Wass you thinking I wass afraid of you? By Kott, John Fergus, two men like you would not mek me afraid; and that day will be a bad day for you that you tek to fighting with me."

The girl wass once more for interfering with her entreaties.

"No, Moira," said her lover, "stand back—I am for no fighting—if there iss fighting it iss not in a man's own house that iss the place for fighting. But this iss what I will say to you, John Fergus, that you hef no need to fear that I will come to your house. No, not if I wass living for thirty or twenty years in Ardtilleach will I come into your house—neffer, as I am a living man."

And that vow he kept.

## CHAPTER V.

### THE WEDDING.

THE *Princess Sheila* lay at her moorings in the bay; and the morning sunlight shone on her tall and shapely masts and on the gleaming white decks. It wass a lonely part of the coast of Darroch; there wass not another vessel on the smooth plain of the sea; far away in the direction of some rocks a couple of seals were alternately raising their heads above the water—like the black head of a man—as if in wonder over this invasion of their silent haunts. Beautiful, indeed, wass the morning of Moira Fergus's marriage. The water around the shore wass so calm and so clear that one could distinguish the sand and the white star-fish at an extraordinary depth. The sea wass of a light blue fading into grey at the horizon. The sky wass of a darker blue; and the almost motionless clouds dappled the sunlit shoulders of the hills and the wide expanse of the moorland.



About ten o'clock a pinnacle put off from the yacht, and the quiet bay echoed the sound of the rowlocks as the four sturdy seamen pulled into the land. They ran her by the side of some loose stones that served for a rude landing-jetty; and then Mr. and Mrs. Lavender stepped on shore. The former was certainly not in proper wedding attire, for he had on his ordinary boating-suit of blue homespun; but the young lady wore a yachting-costume which had been designed by her husband, and which was the wonder of all the islands around. The old women who had seen Miss Sheila, as they mostly called her, but once in this costume, had many a long story to tell about it over the peat-fire to their neighbors who had not been so fortunate; and it was gravely doubted whether the wife of Sir James, or the wife of the Duke of Argyll, or even the Queen herself had such a wonderful dress and hat and gloves.

They walked up and over the rough shingle, until they reached a path skirting some low sand-hills, and this they followed along the shore until they reached the manse. The minister was at the door; he came out bare-headed to receive them; there was a great dignity in his speech.

"Well, are the young folks here?" said Sheila.

"Yes, indeed and mirover," said the minister, "and it will be a proud day for them that you will sign the marriage-lines, Mrs. Laffenter, and you, Sir, too. And I hef got the horse for you, Mrs. Laffenter, if you will be determined to go to Ardtilleach. And I hef peen told that the English hef two dinners in the day, which is a strange thing to me, but it iss no pusiness of mine whateffer; and you will be so long in England every year, Mrs. Laffenter, that you will hef gone away from the way you used to live at home; but if you wass so kind, now, ass to tek the first dinner—that iss at one o'clock—in my poor house, it would be a proud day for me too. And it iss no ferry fine dinner I hef, but some mutton just ass goot ass you will get it in London; and I hef some ferry goot whiskey—there is no petter apout here. And if you wass so kind, Miss—Mrs. Laffenter—"

"Certainly, Mr. MacDonald," said Mr. Lavender, interposing; "we will dine with you at one, on condition you dine with us at seven—that is, if we can get from

Ardtilleach by that time. You must try the English way of having two dinners—you may call the second one supper, if you like. Now don't let us keep the young people waiting."

Angus M'Eachran and Moira Fergus were seated in the minister's parlor, both of them very silent. When Mrs. Lavender entered the room, the girl rose hastily, as if she would rush forward to thank her; then she paused, and seemed to shrink back.

"And are you ferry well, Moira?" said Mrs. Lavender, advancing and holding out her hand. "And do you remember the last time I saw you at Ardtilleach?"

The girl, trembling a good deal, made a curtsey, and timidly took the hand that was offered to her.

"It iss no words I hef this tay—to thank you," she said, "that you will come to the wedding of a poor lass—for Angus M'Eachran he wass wanting me to tek the money to get the clothes for the wedding, but if I had got the clothes for the wedding, it wass effery one in Ardtilleach would know of it. And—and—that iss why I hef not the clothes for the wedding."

It was an apology. Moira was ashamed of her rough clothes, that were not fit for a wedding to which Miss Sheila Mackenzie of Borva had come. But Sheila made her sit down, and sate down beside her, and talked to her of a good many things, so that there was soon an end to her shamefacedness.

"Mr. MacDonald," said Angus M'Eachran, rather anxiously—seeing that the minister was thinking more of his distinguished guests than of the business in hand, "if you wass ass kind ass to be quick—for it iss Moira's father if he was to go back to the house, he might hef some thought of it."

"Ay, ay," said the minister, recollecting himself. "Where is Isabel?"

He called his housekeeper into the room; she was smartly dressed, and she wore a gold chain that her son had sent her from America. The minister now grew formal in his manner. He spoke in a solemn and low voice. He directed Angus M'Eachran and Moira Fergus to stand up together; and then, with a closed Bible in his hand, he placed himself before them, the three witnesses of the ceremony standing on one side. The light from the small window fell on the young Highland

girl's face—she was now very pale, and she kept her eyes bent on the floor.

He began offering up a prayer—a strange, rambling series of Biblical quotations, of entreaties, of exhortations addressed to those before him—which was at once earnest, pathetic, and grotesque. Mr. MacDonald would rather have prayed in the Gaelic; but the presence of the strangers led him to speak in English, which was obviously a difficulty to him. For into this curious prayer he introduced a sort of history and justification of what he had done with regard to the young people.

"Ay," he said, "it wass to Glassgow they were going, and they would hef peen as sheeps in the den of the lions, and as the young lambs among the wolves. For it iss written of Babylon the evil city, Lo, I will raise and cause to come up against Babylon an assembly of the great nations from ta north country, ay, and Chaldea shall be a spoil. Put yourselves in array against Babylon round about; all ye that will pend the pow shoot at her, ay, and spare no arrows, for she has sinned against the Lord! And it wass to Glassgow they were going; and it wass no man could hear that and not safe them from going. And we had the great help of frients from far islands, ay, from the desolate places of the islands, and they came to us in our trouple, and it wass a great help they would gife to us, and the Lord will tek that into account, and reward them for the help they hef given to the young lad and the young lass that iss before us this tay."

Then he went on to denounce anger and evil passions as the cause of much of human trouble; and he closed his prayer with an earnest hope that Divine influence would soften the heart of John Fergus, and lead him to live in peace and affection with his daughter and her husband.

The exhortation following the prayer was shorter than the prayer. It referred chiefly to the duties of married life; but even here Mr. MacDonald brought in a good deal of justification of his own conduct in having assisted a young lad and a young lass to get married.

"Ay, ay," said he, "it iss written that a man shall leaf his father and his mother and ko and be joined unto his wife; and the wife, too, she will do the same, as it hass peen from the peginning of the worlt, amen. And why no? And if there iss any man so foolish ass to say to a young man or a

young lass, 'No, you will hef to wait until I die before you will be for getting marriet, and until I die you will not be for getting marriet at all,' I will say to him that he is a foolish man, and a man who has no sense in his head whateffer. And there iss too much of the young men going away from the islands about us, and they will go away to Glassgow, and to Greenock, and to America, and to other places, and they will marry wifes there, and who iss to know what kind of wifes they will marry? No, it iss petter, ay, and ferry much petter, for a young man to hef seen a young lass in the years of her young tays, and he will know of her family, and he will hef seen her going to the church, and he will know she is a fit lass to be a wife for him and no strange woman that hass lifed in a great town, where there are wild men, and sodgers, and the Roman Catholic priests."

Presently the simple ceremony had to be performed; and when Angus M'Eachran was bidden to take the young girl's hand, and when the minister demanded to know if any one were present who had aught to say against the marriage of these two there was a silence as if every one was listening for the sound of a footstep on the gravel outside.

There was no answer to that summons; wherever John Fergus was, he was certainly not in the neighborhood of Mr. MacDonald's manse.

"And so you are a married woman, Moira," said Sheila, when it was all over.

The girl could not speak, but there were big tears in her eyes, and she went forward and took Mrs. Lavender's hand and timidly kissed it. Angus M'Eachran had been standing about, silent and awkward; at length he, too, went forward, and said in desperation—

"Mrs. Laffenter, it iss a ferry goot pair of oars for a small poat I hef made last week at Ardtilleach. Will I send you the oars to Borva?"

"Oh, no, Angus," the young lady said; "that is ferry kind of you, but we have plenty of oars at Borva. But this is what I will be ferry glad if you will do—it is a ferry good carpenter they say you are, and any day you have the time to make a small boat for a boy that he will be able to pull about with a string, then I will be ferry glad to have the boat from you."

"Ay," said Angus, with his face brightening, "and will you tek the poat? Ay,

ay, you will gife me time to mek the poat, and I will be ferry proud the day that you will tek the poat from me."

Then he turned to the minister.

"And, Mr. MacDonald," said he, rather shamefacedly, "if you will not be ferry angry, there iss a gallon of goot whiskey—oh, ay, it iss ferry goot whiskey, I hefpeen told—and I will pring it over this morning when I wass coming ofer, and I hef left it out in the heather——"

"You hef left it out in the heather!" said the minister, angrily; "and it iss a foolish man you are, Angus M'Eachran, to go and leaf a gallon of goot whiskey out on the heather! And where is the heather? And maybe you will go now and get it out of the heather!"

"I wass afrait to say apout it pefore," Angus said. "But I will go and get you the whiskey, and it iss ferry proud I am that you will tak the whiskey—and it iss not ferry pad whiskey mirover."

As soon as Angus had gone off to the hiding-place of the jar, they all went outside into the clear air, which was fresh with the sea breeze and sweet with the smell of the peats.

"Sheila," said Mr. Lavender, "can you hurry on Mr. MacDonald's housekeeper? The great work of the day has to be done yet. And there will be little time to cross to Ardtilleach."

"Oh, Mrs. Laffenter!" cried Moira. "You will not go to see my father!"

"Indeed, I will," said Sheila. "Are you afraid he will eat me, Moira?"

"I am afraid—I do not know what I am afraid of—except that you will not go to him, that iss all I ask from you, Mrs. Laffenter——"

"The teffle——" exclaimed Mr. MacDonald, fiercely, and then he recollected in whose society he was. "What iss it will keep Mrs. Laffenter from speaking to any one? Your father iss an angry man, Moira Fergus—ay, you will be Moira M'Eachran now—he iss a ferry angry man—but will he use his pad language to Mrs. Laffenter? It iss not to be thought of, Moira!"

At this moment the yellow-bearded young fisherman came back with the jar of whiskey; and he blushed a little as he handed the little present to the minister.

"Ay," said Mr. MacDonald, going into the house. "Isabal must be ferry quick, for it iss a long way the way to Ardtilleach,

and the second tinner of the tay it will be on poard the yacht at eight o'clock or seven o'clock or between poth of the two. And Isabal she must go town to the yacht and tell that tall Duncan of Mr. Mackenzie's to gife her the saddle for Mrs. Laffenter's horse."

It was with great difficulty that they could persuade Angus and Moira to come into the house and sit down at the table with the great people from Borvabost. Mr. MacDonald of himself could never have managed it; but Sheila took Moira by the hand and led her into the room, and then the young husband silently followed.

The minister had been too modest in speaking of the banquet he had had prepared for his guests. He had promised them but mutton and whiskey; and behold there was a bottle of claret-wine on the table, and the very first dish was the head and shoulders of a magnificent salmon.

"Well, that is a fine fish!" said Mr. Lavender, regarding its mighty proportions.

"Oh, ay," said the minister, immensely flattered. "He wass a fine fish—a grand fish. He wass ass big ass a dog—and more."

It was a great grief to the minister that Mr. Lavender would not taste of the claret, which had come all the way from Stornoway, and was of so excellent a vintage that it was named after the Prime Minister in Parliament himself. But Sheila had some of it in a tumbler, and pronounced it very good; though the minister observed that "there wass no great strength to go to the head in the French wines," and he "wass ferry much surprised to see that Mrs. Laffenter would hef water with the claret-wine."

"And I hear that Angus is going to build a cottage for you, Moira," said Mrs. Lavender, "further removed from the village and the curing-houses. That will be ferry good for you; and it is not every one that has a husband who can work at two trades, and be a good fisherman on the sea, and a good carpenter on shore. And I suppose you will be going back now to the house that he has at present."

"Ay, that iss the worst of it," said the girl, sadly. "If my father iss ferry angry, it will be a pad thing that we will hef to lif in Ardtilleach together; and all the neighbors will know that he is angry, and

he will hef the long story to tell to each of them."

"But you must not look at it that way," her counsellor said, cheerfully. "You will soon get over your father's anger; and the neighbors—well, the neighbors are likely to take your side of the story, if there is a story. Now, you must keep up your spirits, Moira; it is a bad thing for a young wife to be downhearted, for a man will soon tire of that, because he may not understand the cause of it. And why should you be downhearted? I dare say, now, that when you come over to Ardtilleach—you will not be long after us, I suppose—you will find the neighbors

ready to hef a dance over the wedding as soon as the evening comes on."

As there was little time to be lost on the part of those who were coming back the same evening to the yacht, the small and shaggy animal that was to carry Mrs. Lavender to Ardtilleach was brought round to the door. The young bride and bridegroom, with somewhat wistful eyes, saw their ambassadress set out, her husband walking smartly by her side.

"It iss a great thing they hef undertaken to do," said the minister, "ay, and if they cannot do it, there iss not any one in all the islands will be able to do it."

(To be continued.)

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### ARTISTIC HOMES.

'I wish you a great deal of prosperity with a little more taste.'

BISHOP, *Gil Blas*

A SATISFACTORY change has, within the last few years, come over public opinion respecting all things pertaining to decorative art. It is devoutly to be wished that the new ideas be propagated, and that the step in the right direction which has been taken may prove to be but one leading to many others equally commendable. To cease to live in ugly rooms, walk on ugly carpets, look at ugly wall-papers, and have our dinners served on ugly plates and dishes, would be—although we may not feel convinced of it at the first moment, because there is truth in the saying of a heathen writer: "The gods gave us a *fearful* power when they gave us the power of being accustomed to things"—a very great blessing, though a negative one. But to have beauty—positive beauty—in the place of all this ugliness would be a boon indeed. And there are signs, many and hopeful, of the approach of a time in which possibly—nay, probably—this boon will be ours. To this end Sir Charles Eastlake sighs for the "elevation of the standard of taste in our art-schools." The feeling of the general public by this means might be influenced, the national eye might be educated; and thus the capacity for enjoyment, of a kind practically endless and wholly harmless, might be awakened or strengthened in the popular mind. But Ruskin gives us a very discouraging view of taste when he

says it is "the instant preferring of one material object to another without any obvious reason, except that it is proper to human nature in its perfection to do so." Now, if the decisions of taste rest on "no obvious reason," they are matters very hard to bring to book. What "human nature in its perfection" is, it would be a question for taste to decide, so that reference to human nature in its perfection would by no means settle any disputed taste question. Such an appeal would be but the first step towards endless "traveling in a circle." The faculty of taste, and the artistic temperament generally, seem to be peculiarly unreasoning; they feel, and do not think. This it is that seems to make what Mr. Gladstone calls "the art-life of this nation" so far off, so all but unattainable. We are told that national art is not a thing that can be framed, glazed, and hung on our walls; that it should be the animating spirit of the forge and the workshop, no less than of the *studio*. Now, to this end, must there not first exist a widely-diffused capacity for perceiving beauty, or, in other words, a national taste? Men can be taught to think rightly by weight of argument; but how teach men to *feel* right? how modify their instinctive perceptions? In the attempt to solve this problem many and formidable difficulties will present themselves.



In 'Modern Painters,' Ruskin tells us that "the temper by which right taste is formed is characteristically patient. It dwells upon what is submitted to it. It does not trample upon it, lest it should be pearls, even although it looks like husks. It is a good ground, soft, penetrable, and retentive; it does not send up thorns of unkind thoughts to choke the weak seed; it is hungry and thirsty too, and drinks all the dew that falls on it. It is an honest and a good heart, that shows no too-ready springing before the sun be up, but fails not afterwards; it is distrustful of itself, so as to be ready to believe and try all things, and yet so trustful of itself that it will neither quit what it has tried, nor take anything without trying. And the pleasure which it has in things which it finds true and good is so great that it cannot possibly be led aside by any tricks of fashion or diseases of vanity; it cannot be cramped in its conclusions by partialities and hypocrisies; its visions and its delights are too penetrating, too living, for any whitewashed object or shallow fountain long to endure or supply." And how long, we may ask, will it take to conform the national temper to this pattern? It was, until lately, a received opinion—and one, doubtless, to which many will cling, crying out, "If ignorance be bliss, 'twere folly to be wise!"—that any well-educated lady, in the absence of all special training, must be an oracle in all questions of taste. Refinement of mind, or even of manners, was taken to be a sure guarantee of faultless taste. Much has been done of late towards dispelling this illusion, and decorative art in its relation to our homes is now looked upon as a fit subject for special study, and a field for a new profession.

But if taste cannot, unless with the greatest difficulty, be imparted by teaching, if there be no royal road to the acquisition of "the faculty by which beauty is discerned," there are certain fundamental laws which rule the art of decoration; and some of these laws it may be well to bear in mind at present, when we have begun, as Mr. Gladstone says, "to imbibe the conception that, after all, there is no reason why attempts should not be made to associate beauty with usefulness," but when "the manner of our attempts is too frequently open to the severest criticism. The so-called beauty is administered in

portentous doses of ornamentation, sometimes running to actual deformity." Chief among these laws are two:—

I. That whatever is made should, above all things, fulfil the purpose for which it is destined. Thus, a chair shall be verily a thing to be sat upon; stout and sturdy; restful in use, and not very difficult to move from place to place; constructed in such a way as to suggest the use to which it is to be applied; fulfilling the "ends of its being" with a straightforward simplicity. Ten years ago, the Windsor, or kitchen chair, was the only one in a fashionable house which, if tried by this standard, would not have been found wanting. The chair which is indeed a chair was certainly not then to be found in the drawing-room, for it is neither the unmeaning lump of padding on castors called an easy chair, nor is it the cane seat on attenuated gilt legs which tilts over with an awkward person. If obliged to introduce a chair into his picture, an artist would certainly have taken the Windsor chair in preference to any specimen of fashionable upholstery; and it is noteworthy that the only "interiors" we have which make at all good subjects for pictures are those which are humble and homely—our kitchens, for instance, and the rooms in farm-houses. It is also instructive to remark that our old furniture remains unpicturesque while it becomes shabby; thus it is evident that antique furniture owes its beauty to something besides its age.

II. That the nature of the material of which the object is composed should be well considered, and suitably treated; or, to use the words of Eastlake, who applies these two laws specially to ornamentation, though they rule construction as well: "Every article of manufacture which is capable of decorative treatment should indicate by its general design the purpose to which it will be applied, and should never be allowed to convey a false notion of that purpose. Experience has shown what particular shapes and special modes of decoration are best suited to certain materials. Therefore, the character, situation, and extent of ornament should depend on the nature of the material employed as well as on the use of the article itself. On the acceptance of these two leading principles—now universally recognised in the field of decorative art—must always depend the merit of good

design." If this passage, taken from 'Hints on Household Taste,' should seem trite and obvious, its so seeming must be considered a good sign of the artistic feeling, natural or acquired, of the reader; for it is not very long since these simple laws appeared to those made acquainted with them then for the first time charged with novel and striking wisdom, and by their careful application a flood of light was thrown upon a great number of perplexed taste questions relating to homes and much that they contain.

In accordance with the second of these rules, we may say that it is right to carve wood, but "cut glass" is rejected on æsthetic grounds. "Experience" is in favor of the one, and against the other. To consider only the second: Glass should be dealt with in its molten state; it is, on the face of it, a want of good sense to allow it to harden to the consistency of crystal before giving it shape. Without being extremely sanguine, we may venture to hope that the degree of good taste sufficient to determine the mind in its preference of a Venetian glass jug over a cut-glass decanter is not uncommon amongst us even at the present moment. This question of the right treatment of glass is just one of those cases which show that a clear common sense, combined with a little special knowledge—say, of the properties of the material dealt with—go a long way towards supplying the place of right taste in decorative art, where that faculty, as an instinct, is wanting. Those who look at things from the very practical point of view suggested by common sense are apt to fall into the way of considering utility and beauty as one and the same. So long as there is question only of such things as pertain to the rooms we live in, no serious error would perhaps ensue. Much that Ruskin has written on architecture might be cited as lending a certain amount of countenance to the notion that utility—and that of a practical, work-a-day kind, not the Benthamite idea of art-utility, which is realised when æsthetic aspirations are ministered to and gratified—is not only generally coincident with beauty, but identical with it. To strengthen their position, our utilitarians may point to Aristotle, who quotes with approval the ancients, who "pronounced the beautiful to be the good." The "good" and the *useful* would be identical in all things per-

taining to decorative art. But the *natural* view is the one which Ruskin takes. He recognises beauty as an attribute wholly distinct from all else, and so sensitive is he to it that it is matter of no small astonishment that, in common with his pre-Raphaelites, he "prefers truth to beauty."

A rule which is but a carrying out of the spirit of those already mentioned prohibits the use of imitations and *shams* of all sorts. Eastlake says he cannot reject silver-gilt articles, marble-veneering, and some other things, on "moral" grounds. Certainly, silver gilding is commonly taken for what it is worth, therefore it can scarcely be called a deceit. However, there is a standard of taste so severe as to condemn that to which the one-time President of the Royal Academy lends a certain countenance. But what shall be said of a style of woodwork which pretends to soundness of construction, and yet is fitted with what may be termed a mask—a simulated structure and mouldings to match, all glued on to a foundation of wood! or of ornaments (?), probably brought from the steam saw-mills in Norway, and nailed on to wood-panelling in what were meant to be "artistic" rooms in this country? These things are perhaps less obviously bad than the false jewelry and plate, the false lace, "blind" windows, and hosts of textile, and other "imitations" of the vulgar crowd; but they are Dead Sea fruit after all. In the words of Viollet-le-Duc: "*Espérons un retour vers ces idées saines, et qu'en fait de mobilier comme en toute chose, on en viendra à comprendre que le goût consiste à paraître ce que l'on est, et non ce que l'on voudrait être.*" Machine-made ornament is denounced under the last-named rule, when it has the dishonesty to affect to be what it is not—hand-made. But, even if pretending to be nothing more than it is, it is always repulsive to the artistic eye. In ornament we seek two things: beauty of design, and beauty of execution. The latter affords more pleasure than the former. It is Ruskin's endeavor, in treating of art, to bring everything to a root in human passion or human hope. Eastlake speaks of the work of hands, as "to the end of all time more interesting than the result of mechanical precision." This manner of looking for the worker, and the worker's effort and ingenuity in his work, so grows on one that after a while any other way of





Engraved for the Eclectic by J. J. Cade.

THOMAS CARLYLE.



viewing ornament becomes impossible; an artist will take up a specimen of some rude kind of pottery, and, with childlike delight, trace the potter at his work in the rough thumb-marks and deep-scratched lines, wherewith he has heightened the effect of the simple design—a delight not to be found in the uninteresting smoothness of Sèvres china. And so it is with color in porcelain. The uniformity of tint produced by repeated washings of color, is not half so interesting as the somewhat uncertain and halting coloring given by the brush, of which every stroke can be traced, and each stroke “tells,” though they may not “tell” equally.

“Never hide the construction” is the emphatic charge of our teachers in art matters. Be it a cupboard or a cathedral you are making, let us, above all, see *how* it is made! If the design be sensible and judicious, there is, from that very fact, a pleasure in looking at it; but, even if there be some lack of wisdom in the design, there will be, at any rate, an agreeable candor about the traceable expression of the idea—the plan. To see, for example, in any piece of furniture, how certain means lead to a certain end, makes the object interesting at once. It then becomes a display of skill, an example—great or small—of structural science. To conceal the construction would make it correspondingly insipid and meaningless. The want of meaning, its utter purposelessness, is the besetting sin of that nineteenth-century-type furniture, which is now, let us hope, fast fading out of existence—a type worshipped under the designation of the “pretty;” otherwise, the meretricious; for what word but meretricious describes our “pretty” things—most of them unmitigated shams, and the rest no worse (or better) than “namby-pamby”?

Decorative art is said to be “degraded” when it passes into a direct imitation of natural objects. It would, perhaps, be better to say that pictorial art is “degraded” when applied to purposes of decoration. In any case, pictures used instead

of mere decoration are *out of place*, and are, *ipso facto*, condemned. The famous dictum of Lord Palmerston, that “dirt is matter in the wrong place,” may be translated into art-talk as, “Ugliness is beauty in the wrong place;” so vital a quality is fitness, or appropriateness, to all that is connected with design. It will be readily granted that, to cut up one’s dinner on a picture, into the painting of which the artist had thrown all his heart and mind, would be desecration. An artist who paints on china lately refused to execute a costly order because he would not “waste his own soul” on dessert plates. All honor to him for so refusing! As with pictures, so with sculpture. We do not want, for our decorations, directly imitative carving. Good decorative art treats its subjects conventionally, but much of our wood-carving offends by an over-fidelity to natural forms. Those persons whose bent is distinctively artistic, and whose judgment is not disciplined and toned down to a proper severity, are more prone than others to elaborate ornament, and to deal with decorative much as they would deal with pictorial art. Amongst professed decorators at the present time, the points of difference regard chiefly the kind and quantity of ornament, and the more or less strict adherence to the law against shams.

Besides the large harvest of innocent joy which we shall reap when all the nascent reforms in decoration shall be carried out—when every article of daily use shall delight us by combining in itself “beauty with purpose”—there is another advantage which we may hope to gain, namely, the valuable moral teaching of the honest, artistic objects which will meet our eyes at every turn. Can small and ugly faults of character flourish when surrounded by material beauty, or deceit, in the face of a style of design of which the chief characteristic is a straightforward simplicity? If there be “sermons in stones,” may there not also be a certain eloquence in chairs and tables?—*Temple Bar*.

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THOMAS CARLYLE.

BY THE EDITOR.

THE frequent references to Carlyle, and the reviews of his various books that have appeared from time to time in the *ECLECTIC*, render it unnecessary for us to

give at this time more than a brief outline of his life—the main incidents of which can be told in a single paragraph.

THOMAS CARLYLE was born on the 4th

of December, 1795, at Ecclefechan, Dumfriesshire, Scotland. His education was begun at Annan and finished at Edinburgh University, where he graduated in 1813. Edward Irving had been a fellow-student at the University, and after his graduation Carlyle became his assistant in teaching a school for children at Kirkcaldy. "Together," says Carlyle, "we talked and wrought and thought; together we strove, by virtue of birch and book, to initiate the urchins into what is called the rudiments of learning; until at length the hand of the Lord was laid upon him, and the voice of his God spake to him, saying, Arise and get thee hence; and he arose and girded up his loins. And I tarried awhile at Kirkcaldy, endeavoring still to initiate the urchins into the rudiments of learning. I had been destined by my father and my father's minister to be myself a minister of the Kirk of Scotland. But now that I had gained man's estate, I was not sure that I believed the doctrines of my father's kirk; and it was needful that I should now settle it. And so I entered my chamber and closed the door, and around me there came a trooping throng of phantasms dire from the abysmal depth of nethermost perdition. Doubt, fear, unbelief, mockery, and scoffing were there; and I wrestled with them in agony of spirit. Thus it was for weeks. Whether I ate, I know not; whether I drank, I know not; whether I slept, I know not. But I know that when I came forth again, it was with the direful persuasion that I was the miserable owner of a diabolical arrangement called a stomach."

His ultimate decision was that he could not become a minister, and as some employment was necessary, he took the post of tutor in a private family. While serving as tutor, he made himself master of the German language and literature, and then returning to Edinburgh, entered upon the literary career which he had marked out for himself. His first book was a translation of Legendre's geometry, to which he prefixed an essay of his own on "Proportion." During 1823-4, the "Life of Schiller" appeared in the *London Magazine*; and about the same time he translated Goethe's "Wilhelm Meister." In 1826 he married, and during the six following years resided on the small estate of his wife in the wildest part of

Dumfriesshire, fifteen miles from any town. This was his period of most active literary production. His "Specimens of German Romance," comprising selections from Jean Paul, Tieck, Hoffmann, and Musäus, appeared in 1827 (3 vols.); he wrote many articles for the "Edinburgh Cyclopaedia;" and contributed many of the essays to the *Edinburgh Review* which have since been collected and published as "Miscellanies." In 1832, Carlyle went to London with the manuscript of "Sartor Resartus" in his pocket, and on his arrival there he took a modest house in Chelsea, where he has resided ever since. Failing to find a publisher for the work in book form, "Sartor Resartus" was published in *Fraser's Magazine* in 1833-4; and in 1837 appeared "The French Revolution, a History," one of his most famous works.

The essay on "Characteristics" was written in 1831. "This remarkable essay," says the author of the excellent biographical sketch in the new edition of Appletons' *Cyclopaedia*, "marks the time when Carlyle had begun to embrace that doctrine of pessimism which finally became the leading principle in his philosophy. Taking his own confirmed dyspepsia as a sort of starting-point, he educes the axiom that unconsciousness is not only the sign but the condition of health in the individual and in society. It is the sick, not the well, who are consciously aware of their state. The present age is a self-conscious and therefore a diseased one. 'All this talk about the improvement of the age, the spirit of the age, the march of the intellect, and the progress of the species, is evidence of an unhealthy state, the precursor and prognostic of still worse health.' This idea crops out in the 'French Revolution' and many of the essays, and in some of his later works is developed still further into the assumption that all nobleness, virtue, and belief have died out of the world; that modern civilization is a hollow sham; and that mankind are worse and worse off than they were 500 years ago."

"Chartism" appeared in 1839; "Heroes and Hero-Worship," one of his most characteristic productions, in 1840; "Past and Present" in 1843; and besides these, numerous papers in the *Edinburgh Review* and other periodicals. "Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell" was

published in 1845; "Latter-Day Pamphlets" in 1850; and the "Life of John Sterling" in 1851. In 1858 appeared the first two volumes of the "History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great;" two more appeared in 1862, and the concluding two in 1864. Since that time, with the exception of a magazine article entitled "Shooting Niagara" (1869)

and two letters in the London *Times* on the Franco-German War, Carlyle had published nothing until the appearance of "The Early Kings of Norway," reproduced in recent numbers of this magazine.

An edition of Carlyle's complete works, in 30 vols. 8vo, with three additional volumes of translation, was published in London, in 1869-71.

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#### LITERARY NOTICES.

##### A SHORT HISTORY OF THE ENGLISH PEOPLE.

By J. R. Green, M.A. New-York: Macmillan & Co.

It is worthy of remark that the same year has given us the best compendious history of the United States, and the best popular history of the mother country. We have already spoken in praise of Mr. Higginson's little volume, and the same terms can be applied with even more heartiness to the work of Mr. Green. Entering a field which has been illustrated and adorned by some of the most brilliant intellects in English literature, he has produced, in the space of 820 small pages, a work which has already been accepted by common consent as distinctly the best history of England. The *Academy* but expresses the general verdict when it says that "it [Mr. Green's book] stands alone as the one general history of the country, for the sake of which, all others, if young and old are wise, will be speedily and surely set aside."

As Mr. Green has furnished in his preface a better definition of his work than we could give without more extended explanation, we will quote a paragraph or two from that. "It is a history," he says, "not of English kings or English conquests, but of the English people. At the risk of sacrificing much that was interesting and attractive in itself, and which the constant usage of our historians has made familiar to English readers, I have preferred to pass lightly and briefly over the details of foreign wars and diplomacies, the personal adventures of kings and nobles, the pomp of courts, or the intrigues of favorites, and to dwell at length on the incidents of that constitutional, intellectual, and social advance in which we read the history of the nation itself. It is with this purpose that I have devoted more space to Chaucer than to Cressy; to Caxton than to the petty strife of Yorkist and Lancastrian; to the Poor Law of Elizabeth than to her victory at Cadiz; to the Methodist revival than to the escape of the young Pretender. Whatever the worth of the pre-

sent work may be, I have striven throughout that it should never sink into a 'drum and trumpet history.' It is the reproach of historians that they have too often turned history into a mere record of the butchery of men by their fellow-men. But war plays a small part in the real story of European nations, and in that of England its part is smaller than in any. The only war which has profoundly affected English society and English government is the hundred years' war with France, and of that war the results were simply evil. If I have said little of the glories of Cressy, it is because I have dwelt much on the wrong and misery which prompted the verse of Longland and the preaching of Ball. But, on the other hand, I have never shrunk from telling at length the triumphs of peace. I have restored to their places, among the achievements of Englishmen, the 'Faërie Queene' and the 'Novum Organum.' I have set Shakspeare among the heroes of the Elizabethan age, and placed the scientific inquiries of the Royal Society side by side with the victories of the New Model. If some of the conventional figures of military and political history occupy in my pages less than the space usually given them, it is because I have had to find a place for figures little heeded in common history—the figures of the missionary, the poet, the printer, the merchant, or the philosopher."

It will be perceived from this that Mr. Green is fully imbued with the most enlightened spirit of modern philosophical history; and we know of no other historical work in which the numerous agencies which operate in national affairs, and which shape the national life, are so clearly shown in their due relative proportions. The veteran reader of the usual histories—the "chronicles of kings and battles," as Mr. Buckle calls them—will be surprised to find so many of the familiar landmarks of English history dwarfed beneath the line of vision, while hitherto obscure or scarcely noticed figures crowd the foreground; but even he will be convinced, on laying

down Mr. Green's book, that the story of the English people has been told for the first time with something like completeness and precision. For the younger generation, it will be a great gain, that one of the first histories placed in their hands will impress upon them sound historical principles and criteria.

In addition to a system of arrangement, which materially assists the reader in classifying the details of the narrative, Mr. Green has availed himself of every outside aid that could throw light upon the text. Copious chronological annals and genealogical tables are prefixed to the volume, and five excellent maps illustrate critical points in the progress of the story. A "List of Authorities" for the period covered is also prefixed to each of the sections into which the chapters are divided; these lists will prove invaluable to the student who may desire to acquaint himself more fully with a particular period, and in the aggregate they furnish a complete bibliography of the best English historical literature.

We have only to add that the rather cheap style in which the book is published hardly does justice to its contents.

IDOTHEA; OR, THE DIVINE IMAGE. A Poem.  
By Joseph Salyards. New Market, Va.:  
*Henkel, Calvert & Co.*

If as hearty praise could be given to the contents of this book as to its external appearance, the author would have good reason to be satisfied with the reception of his work. The printing is neat, tasteful, and entirely free from those typographical blemishes which usually disfigure the work of provincial publishers, and the morocco binding is both chaste and elegant.

Of the poem itself, it is more difficult to speak. It (if the somewhat miscellaneous verses can be spoken of as one poem) is not very long, but the framework in which it is set is more complex than Dante's *Inferno*. The subject, moreover, is vast in its scope. The author seems to have set himself no less a task than to construct a complete cosmology, as well as to give the true interpretation of human life. That he should have chosen such a theme is unfortunate; for his thought is too metaphysical for true poetry, and it is evident that the fetters of the rhyming couplets, in which the principal part of his book is written, are too cumbrous to admit of his reasoning clearly. From this, it results that only the most attentive reader can follow the thread of exposition, and even to him at times the verse seems broken up into totally disconnected and irrelevant parts. We conjecture that the poem was written in fragments and at long intervals, and the author,

in putting them together, has failed to realize how difficult it is to make intelligible to others a line of argument which to him may be as plain as a sum in arithmetic.

Not the least difficulty with which the author had to contend, in treating such a theme, is one which he voluntarily took upon himself when he selected for the more important part of his work the metre of Pope's "Essay on Man"—a metre which the genius of Pope himself could hardly preserve from degenerating into mere jingle. In the hands of Mr. Salyards, the necessities of the rhyme now obscure an otherwise clear thought, and again expose the poverty of a vocabulary which, though vigorous, is not copious; and the monotonous recurrence of the perpetually returning cadences breaks up all continuity of thought, and makes the ear the test of the poetry. The verse itself is very unequal. Here and there, we come upon passages which impress the imagination, and linger in the memory; but these are not very frequent, and the larger part of the remainder is characterized by abundance of rhyme, the reason or relevancy of which it is by no means easy to discover.

The truth is, Mr. Salyards chose a subject which overweighed his method of treating it. We are confident that he can do more satisfactory work, if he will but select simpler themes, and subject the product of his muse to more rigorous revision than he seems to have bestowed in the present case.

ENGLISH PORTRAITS. By C. A. Sainte-Beuve  
Selected and Translated from the "Causeries du Lundi." With an Introductory Chapter on Sainte-Beuve's Life and Writings. New-York: *Henry Holt & Co.*

Mr. Rae (we believe the origin of this book is now an open secret) has placed readers of English under obligations in giving them the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the most famous of modern critics through the medium of so excellent a translation. Nor is it probable that the obligation will end with the present work; for in demonstrating that Saint-Beuve is not "untranslatable," as has long been maintained, he has prepared the way doubtless for many more than the seven papers to be found in his own volume.

The first paper selected is a rather slight one on "Mary, Queen of Scots," whose character is analyzed with the author's characteristic insight, though, in view of the discoveries which have rewarded research since 1850, the date of the article, the reasoning is a little antiquated. The next paper, on "Lord Chesterfield," is an excellent illustration of Sainte-



Beuve's critical method, and is perhaps the only one in the book which would rank among the author's best. But for American readers, the most interesting paper will doubtless be the one on "Benjamin Franklin." The career and achievements of our great statesman and philosopher are recorded in a genuinely sympathetic and appreciative spirit, and the noble qualities of the man have never been brought out more prominently. The remaining papers, which we can only mention by their titles, are "Edward Gibbon," "William Cowper," "Taine's English Literature," and "Pope as a Poet."

Mr. Rae's introductory chapter contains a tolerably interesting account of Sainte-Beuve's life, writings, and position as a critic, but it is needlessly and disproportionately long. A good third of the book is filled with it, and it is written in a rambling, discursive style, which degenerates at times into mere literary patchwork. Judicious pruning would have reduced it at least one half, thereby improving its quality, and leaving space for at least two more of Sainte-Beuve's papers.

The translator's intentions were good, however, and the length of his preface does not alter the fact that his book is one which can be commended to all lovers of pure literature.

HARRY BLOUNT. *Passages in a Boy's Life on Land and Sea.* By Philip Gilbert Hamerton. Boston: *Roberts Bros.*

Mr. Hamerton has done such excellent work in other departments of literature that a book of his addressed to children would have to be very good indeed, in order to reconcile us to such a diversion of his powers. "Harry Blount" can hardly be said to be a work of this high character. It is a wholesome, instructive, and fairly entertaining book, and Harry himself presents a manly model for the imitation of the boys who may make his acquaintance; but the author is evidently ill at ease, and the effort with which the narrative is kept in hand is at times quite apparent. We are afraid, indeed, that most boys would vote the story dull, notwithstanding the ardor with which they would enter into Harry's hunting adventures and yachting experiences.

We should not omit to add, however, that while "Harry Blount" is less than first-rate, and is such work therefore as Mr. Hamerton can not be spared to do, it is yet very far superior to the run of juvenile books that are yearly precipitated upon the market. It is a pity, in fact, that being so good, it is not better; but as it is, the boys' library would still not be very large which included all the books which we would name before this one. In addition to typographical errors, which are rather more

numerous than need be, we noted, in reading, one or two slips, which are probably attributable to oversight on the part of the author. The father of one of Harry's schoolfellows, for instance, is spoken of as *John* Wade on page 97, and as *James* Wade on p. 148; while a little girl is mentioned as being thirteen years old on page 169, and only twelve on page 174.

HOW TO MAKE A LIVING. By George Carey Eggleston. Putnam's Handy-volume Series. New York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.*

The title of this useful little book is somewhat misleading. Mr. Eggleston is too sensible a man not to realize the impossibility of formulating into general rules the ways and means of making money; and the few pages of his work that are given to this are confined to pointing out the importance in each individual case of measuring one's inclinations and capacities carefully before selecting one's work in life, and the need of perseverance and vigor in pursuing it when once it has been chosen. Much the larger part of his space is devoted to telling how to use money, how to save it, and how to invest it after it has been saved; and his suggestions on all these points are not only sound, but will, we think, prove really helpful to most young people whose habits of living are not already formed. The relative advantages and disadvantages of buying and renting are analyzed with rare discrimination and practical good sense, and we have never seen the subject of life insurance discussed more fully and fairly than in the closing chapter of this book.

#### FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

M. THIERS is occupied in writing another important work, entitled, "*Histoire de l'Art*," from notes collected during his late tour in Italy.

THE ex-Tycoon of Japan has contributed 2000 yen and 1000 works, consisting of many thousands of volumes, toward the formation of a national library.

A FRENCH translation, in verse, of Goethe's "*Faust*" is about to appear, from the pen of M. Marc-Monnier, the witty author of the "*Théâtre des Marionnettes*."

M. CLERMONT-GANNEAU has been named a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, for the discovery of the Moabite Stone and his other services to archæology.

MR. GEORGE MACDONALD's story about to appear in the pages of the *Graphic* will, it is said, differ from his previous novels in being

more or less of an historical character, Raglan Castle, the Civil Wars, and Lord Herbert, with his steam-engine, figuring largely.

MISS CHRISTIAN MACLAGAN, a lady Associate of the Society of Antiquaries of Scotland, has brought out a folio volume "On the Hill Forts and Stone Circles of Scotland." It is illustrated with forty photo-lithographic plates of the various remains of the kind described, and is dedicated, by permission, to the Queen.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN, on the occasion of his seventieth birthday, on the 2d of May, received from the King the Cross of Commander of the Dannebrog Order. Deputations had arrived at Copenhagen from various parts to present him their congratulations. A splendid edition of one of his works was also published in fifteen different languages, in celebration of the event.

MESSRS. SAMPSON, LOW, AND CO. have in the press a translation of a work on Photography, giving a history of the art, and a description of the various mechanical processes which are based upon it. The original is from the pen of M. Gaston Tissandier, who so nearly lost his life in the late perilous balloon ascent which proved fatal to his companions, Messrs. Sivel and Croce-Spinelli.

THE *Augsburg Gazette* announces the early publication by Lieutenant Stumm, the only foreign officer allowed to follow the Russian expedition in Central Asia, of a work containing a full description of this expedition, and of the admirable manner in which it was carried out. Lieutenant Stumm was formerly one of the military *attachés* of the German Embassy in Paris.

#### SCIENCE AND ART.

PREVENTION OF CONTAGION FROM TYPHOID FEVER.—The Royal Academy of Medicine of Belgium has published a quarto volume on typhoid fever, in which the nature, the causes, and the treatment of that deadly disease are fully considered and discussed by Dr. Cousot, who, by the way in which he has executed his task, has gained the gold medal offered by the Academy. After showing in what typhoid fever consists, Dr. Cousot explains the means to be taken to prevent its contagious effects, and among these, phenic acid and coal-tar occupy a prominent place. Both are active disinfectants, and the acid, mingled with water to a hundredth or a thousandth per cent, is efficacious for sprinkling, for deodorizing, and for washing. The use of these remedies combined with strict cleanliness is so beneficial, that in districts which formerly were never free from typhoid, not a case has occurred during three years.

THE TRANSMISSION OF DETONATION BY TUBES.—A valuable paper on various detonating substances was read by Mr. F. A. Abel, F.R.S., at an early meeting of the Royal Society. The author says that a great difference appeared, at first, to be established in the power possessed by tubes of different materials of favoring the transmission of detonation, the glass tubes being far in advance of the others in this respect. It was eventually established very clearly, by a series of experiments, that this difference was not due, to any decisive extent, to the physical peculiarities (in regard to sonorosity, elasticity, etc.) of the materials composing the tubes, but chiefly to differences in the degree of roughness of their inner surfaces, and in the consequent variation of the resistance opposed by those surfaces to the gas-wave. Thus the power of a glass tube to favor the transmission of detonation was reduced by about two thirds by coating the inner surface with a film of French-chalk, while the facility of transmission through a brass tube was nearly doubled by polishing its interior, and was increased threefold with a paper tube by coating the interior with glazed paper. The following are some of the points established by these experiments on the transmission of detonation by tubes: 1. The distance to which detonation may be transmitted through the agency of a tube to a distinct mass of explosive substance is regulated by the following conditions: (a) By the nature and the quantity of the substance employed as the initiative detonator, and by the nature of the substance to be detonated, but not by the quantity of the latter, nor by the *mechanical condition* in which it is exposed by the action of the detonation. (b) By the relation which the *diameters* of the "detonator," and of the charge to be detonated, bear to that of the tube employed. (c) By the strength of the material composing the tube, and the consequent resistance which it offers to the lateral transmission of the force developed at the instant of detonation. (d) By the amount of force expended in overcoming the friction between the gas and the sides of the tubes, or other impediments introduced into the latter. (e) By the degree of completeness of the channel, and by the positions assigned to the detonator and the charge to be detonated. 2. The nature (apart from strength or power to resist opening up, or disintegration) of the material composing the tube through which detonation is transmitted, generally appears to exert no important influence upon the result obtained. At any rate, the differences with respect to smoothness of the interior of the tubes far outweigh those which may prove traceable to differences in the nature of the materials composing them.

**NATIVES OF NEW GUINEA.**—The last number of the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* contains an account of the discoveries of H. M. ship *Basilisk*, in the year 1874. To the three races of New Guinea already known to inhabit the island, namely, the Papuans, on the south; the Arfaks, of the mountainous country on the north, and the Malays, of the north-west, Captain Moresby has added a fourth by the discovery of another, probably a mixed race of Malays and Papuans, inhabiting the whole of the eastern peninsula of New Guinea, in its northern and southern shores, from about  $148^{\circ}$  longitude to East Cape, which is in  $150^{\circ} 53'$  east longitude, and the adjacent archipelago. This race is distinctly Malayan, but differs from the pure Malay in being smaller in stature, coarser in feature, thicker lipped, and having more frizzled hair. They have high cheek bones, their noses are inclined to be aquiline, the eyes dark and beautiful, with good eyebrows; many of the men have light hair and a Jewish cast of countenance; they rise to a height of from five feet four inches to five feet eight inches, and are sinewy, though not muscular; slight, graceful, and eel-like in the pliability of their bodies. This race merges into the pure Papuan in the neighborhood of Cape Possession, where they vary in color, stature, and feature; and a mixture of habits confirms the idea of a fusion of race. The new race bury their dead in the ground, and build small thatched huts over them. Their houses, like those of the Papuans, are built on piles, and communicate with the ground by means of a pole notched with steps. They are rude but successful cultivators of the ground, using stone mattocks for turning up the soil; they cultivate yams and taro. Cannibalism does not prevail largely among them, though apparently it is not unknown. They are affectionate to their children, but in some cases were willing to barter them for iron axes. They did not keep their women in the background, but allowed them to have a voice in the trading. The men are but slightly tattooed, but the women are tattooed all over in graceful patterns; the women crop their hair short, but the men wear theirs long and frizzled; the men wear a waistcloth only, but the women a short grass petticoat or *ti-ti*. Unlike the Papuans, they possess the art of making pottery. They are better cooks than the Papuans, and boil their food as well as roast and bake it. The Papuans fish only with a hook and line and a barbed spear, but this race make fishing-nets with fibres of a small nettle-like plant. The Papuans use only outrigger canoes, but these have several kinds. They have developed a system of warlike tactics adapted to the weapons they em-

ploy, and when Captain Moresby approached them, they formed up in two regular lines, the first line armed with missile spears, and the second line with clubs. This is in conformity with the system adopted by all nations similarly armed, and has, no doubt, been arrived at independently as the result of experience. Upon the whole, they must be regarded as a more civilised race than the Papuans. Up to the time of their discovery by the *Basilisk*, they appear to have had little or no acquaintance with white men.

**SHADOWS OF JUPITER'S SATELLITES.**—During the last four years Mr. Burton has frequently observed that the shadows of Jupiter's satellites projected on the disk of the planet during transit were elliptical, and that this was, as a rule, the case only when Jupiter was near quadrature, and the shadow therefore seen obliquely. Mr. Burton's explanation of the phenomenon is that the shadow falls on cumulus-clouds, which give rise to the markings on Jupiter's disk, these clouds being dark and therefore invisible wherever the shadow falls, but in full sunshine scattering the light in all directions. The shadow will thus present exactly the same appearance as a cylindrical hole which sends no light to the eye, but allows light from the bright clouds forming its boundary to pass; and such a hole, when viewed obliquely, will appear the more elliptical the greater its depth. From his estimations of the ellipticity on different occasions, Mr. Burton has deduced a depth of atmosphere of from 3,000 to 9,000 miles, a result which would accord well with the small density of Jupiter as a whole, only a quarter that of the earth. On the hypothesis that the bright clouds are scattered at different levels in an atmosphere of considerable thickness, the observed decrease of brightness near the limb is explained by supposing the sunlight to pass freely into space through interstices between the clouds near the limb, so that none of it is received back again by the eye.

**REMEDY FOR CONSUMPTION.**—It has been remarked that certain Tartar tribes who drink freely of *koumiss*, or fermented mare's milk, are free from that distressing malady, pulmonary phthisis. This fact has led to trial of the experiment whether the disease could be cured by doses of *koumiss* artificially prepared; and with a satisfactory result. The artificial *koumiss*, composed of ass's milk and cow's milk, is a lively, sparkling beverage, not very palatable; but in three or four days the patients tolerate it, "and then" unequivocal signs of amelioration set in, the appetite returns, vomiting ceases, flesh is gained, and good sleep is enjoyed."

## VARIETIES.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.—Within the polar circle there is an enormous area, comprising at least two million square miles, of which we know simply nothing. We shall have presently to speak of the various speculations regarding the nature of this vast extent of the world's surface; it is enough for our immediate purpose to say that we do not know anything whatever about it. Whether it is land, water, or ice; whether the climate is cold or warm; whether there are inhabitants, animals, plants, or whether it is a howling wilderness—speculation has included almost every possibility, and almost every absurdity; but of knowledge, such as alone intelligent men can be content with, we have absolutely none. To attain some such knowledge is the first object now proposed in Arctic exploration. It is considered unfitting and unseemly, in the present state of scientific progress, that there should be this large area of our own earth's surface still so utterly unknown. The examination of it is loudly called for; it is a problem of universal interest, the solution of which appeals not to commercial profits, pecuniary advantage, and increased facility of transport or communication, but simply, in the first instance, to those higher feelings and yearnings which, whatever our remote ancestry, now distinguish us from the brutes. We want to traverse this unknown space, and see and know what it is.—*Edinburgh Review*.

MACREADY.—Mr. Macready survived his retirement from the stage more than twenty-two years, which he spent first at Sherborne, and afterwards at Cheltenham, where he died on the 27th April, 1873. It was his fate to see many of his "dear ones laid in earth." His wife and most of his children preceded him to the grave. He married most happily a second time in 1860. Removed from the stage and its jealousies, all his fine qualities had freer scope; and we think now with pleasure of his venerable and noble head, as we saw it last in 1872, and of the sweet smile of his beautiful mouth, which spoke of the calm wisdom of a gentle and thoughtful old age. We have reason to know that he looked back with yearning fondness to the studies and pursuits which had made him famous. The fretful jealousies, the passionate wilfulness of the old times seem to have faded into the dim past, and no longer marred the memory of kindness done and loyal service rendered to him. He had done much good work in the sphere which Providence had assigned him, and we believe had learned to know that it was not for him to repine if "the Divinity that shapes our ends" had so shaped his that his work was to be accomplished upon the stage. It is of the man

as we then saw him, the man whom we had known as a highly-cultivated and essentially kind-hearted gentleman, that we would rather think, than of the actor with all his weaknesses cruelly laid bare, whom these volumes have placed before us.—*Quarterly Review*.

FRANKLIN'S PRESS.—Benjamin Franklin has been described by some writers to have worked at Messrs. Wyman's printing-office as a journeyman printer. This is an error, Franklin having been employed at Mr. Watts's, which was on the south-west side of Wild court, a turning out of Great Wild street, near the western end of Great Queen street. The press which Franklin recognised as that at which he had worked as a journeyman pressman in London in the years 1723-6, stood in Messrs. Wyman's office, however, for many years. In course of time it was taken down, and passed into the hands of Messrs. Harrild and Sons, who in 1840 parted with it to Mr. J. V. Murray, of New-York, on condition that he would secure for them in return a donation to the Printers' Pension Society of London—a highly deserving institution (its object being the support of aged and decayed printers and widows of printers), and of which they were active members. By Mr. Murray the press was exhibited in Liverpool, and afterwards taken to America. So great was the interest excited by the exhibition of the press, that it was ultimately arranged to have a lecture delivered on "The Life of Benjamin Franklin" during its exhibition. This was accordingly done, and with such success as to enable the Committee of the Printers' Pension Society to initiate the "Franklin Pension," amounting to ten guineas per year; and it is interesting to record that one of the early recipients of this small bounty was a very old servant of the firm in whose office he and the press had so long done duty together. The following inscription is engraved upon the plate affixed to the front of the press: "Dr. Franklin's Remarks relative to this Press, made when he came to England as Agent of the Massachusetts, in the year 1768. The Doctor at this time visited the Printing-office of Mr. Watts, of Wild street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, and, going up to this particular Press (afterwards in the possession of Messrs. Cox and Son, of Great Queen street, of whom it was purchased), thus addressed the men who were working at it: 'Come, my friends, we will drink together. It is now forty years since I worked like you at this Press, as a journeyman printer.' The Doctor then sent out for a gallon of Porter, and he drank with them—'Success to Printing.' From the above it will appear that it is 103 years since Dr. Franklin worked at this identical Press. June, 1833."—*Cassell's Old and New London*.



## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

### THE NEW YEAR.

THIS number of the *ECLECTIC* begins the twentieth volume of the new series, and the work itself has now reached the mature age of thirty-one years. Our readers are familiar with the course we have pursued hitherto, and the literary repast which we have furnished for them. Such names as Proctor, Tyndall, Huxley, Owen, Carpenter, Max Müller, J. Norman Lockyer, in the field of science, and Matthew Arnold, Charles Kingsley, Arthur Helps, Alfred Tennyson, James A. Froude, Robert Buchanan, and a host of others in general literature, have all contributed to their entertainment. We are sometimes criticised in regard to certain articles appearing in the *ECLECTIC* which take strong ground upon vital questions where there is a wide divergence of opinion, but our readers must bear in mind the fact that the *ECLECTIC*, as a reflex of current thought and intellectual activity, is bound to present, impartially, the views of the most able writers upon all subjects discussed.

Now that *Every Saturday* has been discontinued, the *ECLECTIC* is the only periodical published which presents all that is best in foreign current literature at a price comparable to that of the American magazines. We shall hope, therefore, to receive, in the future, a still more generous support from the press and public. We shall be glad to have our friends and subscribers aid us by sending in their subscriptions promptly, and we will also thank them for the names and addresses of any parties whom they think would be likely to appreciate the *ECLECTIC*.

**PRATT'S ASTRAL OIL.**—The attention of readers of the *Eclectic* is invited to the advertisement of Astral Oil, on another page. We believe that every claim made therein is justified by the facts, and that up to the present time no form in which kerosene has been offered to the public equals it for illuminating purposes. It is odorless, it burns with a singularly clear and steady flame, and as to its entire safety the Editor can speak from personal experience. Twice within one week an accident occurred in the use of his German student lamp, which, if he had been burning the ordinary kerosene instead of the astral oil, would have cost him his library, if not his life. On one occasion the lamp was overturned while

the cylinder was quite full, the oil streaming over the table, into his lap, down to the carpet, and saturating several books. The oil on the table ignited and burned with a thin blue flame, which was extinguished in an instant by a vigorous puff of breath. Many lives have been lost in the use of common kerosene, by accidents of a far less aggravated character than either of those referred to. When we add that the difference in cost between the astral oil and common kerosene is so slight as to increase by only a few cents a week the expense of each lamp, it would seem that we are justified in urging that the latter be utterly banished from the household.

THE American Institute has recently (November, 1874,) awarded Dr. Jerome Kidder another silver medal for the best electro-medical apparatus. The use of electricity for remedial purposes is rapidly increasing in favor; and one cause of this appears to be the improvements in the apparatus invented by Dr. Jerome Kidder, of this city, by which *different qualities* of electricity are developed, having different and varied physiological and vital properties. This interesting subject, and the method of knowing the genuine from the spurious apparatus, is presented in the catalogue sent free by the inventor. Those interested should address Dr. Jerome Kidder, 50 Union Place, New-York.

IN all the host of inventions which have come to make life's work easier to toiling humanity, nothing has done more real good than the sewing-machine. As in everything else, progress has characterized its history, and the more improved specimens of this great household necessity show an immense advance upon the first crude, clumsy, and noisy devices. It is more than ever important in these days of nerve taxation to have a machine that is *really silent and light-running*. We doubt if this point is sufficiently considered by husbands and fathers. Furthermore, the sewing-machine for the family should sew directly from the spool, should make a strong and elastic seam that can be readily taken out if desired, and should have a short, straight needle, easily set. These points are practically all important, and are characteristically the features of the Willcox & Gibbs sewing-machine.

THE death of Guizot recalls to mind a late incident in his life, which is said to have so annoyed him as to affect his health. It was recently discovered by him that his son some years ago received a present of some 80,000 francs from Napoleon III. He at once offered for sale a splendid Murillo painting, presented to him by Queen Isabella, to raise a sufficient sum to pay the debt. His friends bought in the painting at a very high sum, but the Empress Eugenie refused to receive it, and a lawsuit is pending to compel her to take it.

**TELEGRAPHIC IMPROVEMENT—QUADRUPLE MESSAGES.**—The new quadruple telegraph, invented by George B. Prescott (the electrician of the Western Union Telegraph Company) and Thomas A. Edison, by which four messages are sent simultaneously over a single wire, has been for several days in successful operation on the Western Union Telegraph lines between New-York and Boston, and arrangements are making for immediately extending its use upon all the principal lines in the country. By the aid of this new and important invention, each wire now in use is practically made four, and the traffic of the company may be enormously increased without necessitating the erection of any more lines.

**A USEFUL PRESENT FOR A LADY.**—Our readers may have noticed in the December number of *ECLECTIC* the illustration of the Folding-Table, representing its usefulness to a lady and the annoyance caused by endeavoring to substitute for it something else. For a holiday present or for a wooden weddings we know of nothing more useful or more likely to please at such a small cost. Send for a circular or call and purchase one at the N. Y. Folding-Table Co., Domestic Building, Union Square, in this City.

**FRIED. KRUPP**, the celebrated iron-master and steel-maker of Prussia, has just bought in the Basque provinces of Spain a vast body of iron land containing four hundred and forty-four iron mines, four mines of coal, and five great foundries and workshops which he proposes to devote to the construction of iron ships of war. He has built a railroad about fourteen miles long, to transport the metal to the coast of the Bay of Biscay.

THE Germans are proceeding with the creation of a navy far more rapidly than people here have been led to suppose. Every nerve has been and will continue to be strained by

Prince Bismark to make Germany a great maritime State. In the matter of the acquisition of colonies he has not yet shown his cards, but it is singular with what pertinacity rumors on this subject continue to be propagated. Perhaps the object is to familiarize the public beforehand with the idea of Germany entering the arena as a colonial power.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*The Church Hymn Book, with Tunes: For the Worship of God.* New-York: Iveson, Blake-man, Taylor & Co. Quarto, cloth, pp. 585. Price, \$2.

*The Emigrant's Story, and Other Poems.* By J. T. TROWBRIDGE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 174. Price, \$1.50.

*Eating for Strength: A Book Comprising, 1. The Science of Eating. 2. Receipts for Wholesome Cookery. 3. Receipts for Wholesome Drinks. 4. Answers to Ever-Recurring Questions.* By M. L. HOLBROOK, M.D. New-York: Wood & Holbrook. 16mo, cloth, pp. 157. Price, \$1.

*The Life of Rear-Admiral John Paul Jones; American Pioneers and Patriots.* By JOHN S. C. ABBOTT. New-York: Dodd & Mead. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 359. Price, \$1.50.

*Grace for Grace.* Letters by Rev. WILLIAM JAMES. New-York: Dodd & Mead. 16mo, cloth, pp. 341. Price, \$1.50.

*The Bhagavad-Gita; or, A Discourse on Divine Matters between Krishna and Arjuna.* A Sanscrit philosophical poem. Translated, with copious notes, and an introduction on Sanscrit philosophy, by J. COCKBURN THOMSON. Chicago: Religio-Philosophical Publishing House. 16mo, cloth, pp. 278. Price, \$3.

*Personal Reminiscences of Barham, Harness, and Hodder.* Bric-a-Brac Series. Edited by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 335. Price, \$1.50.

*Fur From the Madding Crowd.* By THOMAS HARDY. Leisure Hour Series. New-York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 474. Price, \$1.25.

*A Foreign Conclusion.* By W. D. HOWELLS. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 265. Price, \$2.

*Echoes of the Foot-Hills.* By BRET HARTE. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 146. Price, \$1.50.

*A Free Lance in the Field of Life and Letters.* By WILLIAM CLEAVER WILKINSON. New-York: Albert Mason. 12mo, cloth, pp. 340. Price, \$1.50.

*Chatter-Box.* Edited by J. E. CLARKE, M.A. (Juvenile). New-York: American News Co. Large quarto, cloth, pp. 406. Price, \$2.50.

## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

**POSTAGE ON THE ELECTIC.**—The new law compels us to prepay postage on every copy of the *ELECTIC* sent through the mails. Whenever we receive the regular subscription price, \$5, in advance, we shall pay the postage without extra charge to our subscribers. But in cases of clubs, or when sent to clergymen and teachers at \$4 per year, these parties will please remit to us 20 cents additional for the postage, which we prepay for them. We have received up to this time quite a number of such subscriptions which have so far failed to pay us for the postage, and we hope they will now remit it without further notice.

**FORCE OF HABIT.**—It has been a prevalent idea for some years past, and is now to a certain extent, that a Sewing-Machine, to perform its allotted task, must of necessity embrace the form and principles which (with the exception of technical improvements and more perfect mechanical construction) have been in vogue a quarter of a century; and any innovation on or deviation from these established rules, although evidently better adapted to the wants of the times, meet partially the same opposition which fronted the early introduction of Sewing-Machines, pecuniary interest governing the dealer, and force of habit the purchaser. But a change for the better is rapidly taking place; people are prone to believe that a family Sewing-Machine need not of itself call for an outlay of sixty dollars or more; or its dimensions require the aid of two or more people to remove it when desired.

What is needed, and that which many have availed themselves of, is a machine at reasonable cost, which is capable of doing all the family sewing the most conveniently, without overtaxing their health or patience. For it is a well-known fact that there are hundreds of women, apparently healthy, to whom the use of an ordinary treadle machine for a few minutes only causes great distress, and sometimes irreparable injury. The Beckwith Sewing-Machine Company, 862 Broadway, New-York, offer to the public a machine, the simplicity of which all can readily perceive, and find pleasure rather than a task in working; a machine which, in point of portability, utility, and ease of operation, make it an ever-ready and convenient companion.

**INDIA RUBBER TIRES.**—In London, it is proposed that the owners of all vehicles which ply in the public streets shall be compelled to have the wheels of their vehicles bound with India rubber tires. At first this has a sound of something wildly impossible. Popular notions of India rubber at once suggest that it would use a set of tires a day. People can scarcely conceive of an article familiar for its yielding softness enduring for any time the friction which destroys the pavements; and the notion of expense, founded on the presumed instability of such tires, is the great objection urged to the innovation. But the fabricators of India rubber answer that they can make tires which will outlast iron. India rubber tires are said, practically, to be doing effective service in Berlin, and the experiment of this change has too much possibility in it not to be well and widely tried. If the experiment proves a success, the great pavement problem will be well-nigh solved.

**PRINTERS' BLUNDERS.**—An article on "Printers' Blunders," in the *Sunday Times*, of New-York, gives some amusing examples. The misplacement of a "space" made Adirondack Murray refer recently to "them asses of the people," when he meant the masses. The same sort of error made a Pittsburg paper spell the name of the owner of the State Legislature "ThomasS ott." Whittier's "Brewing of Soma" was printed "Burning of Laura." A dramatic critic closed his notice just in time for the make-up with "a word of compliment" to the music director, and found it printed "a word of complaint." The Dunkers, the most temperate of people, generally appear in print as Drunkards. General Butler begged the voters in 1867 to give a good account of themselves for the honor of the Old Bay State, and an enthusiastic compositor produced it as "for the honor of the Old Boy's Tail." A printer, who asserted that Mr. Thurlow Weed had once gone out of his way to compliment him on close punctuation and clean setting, made in a single "take" of "copy" one of the most ridiculous blunders on record. It was a portion of a sermon of a prominent divine of Chicago, that had been written: "And he saw Abraham afar off, and Lazarus in his bosom." The "clean setter" read it: "And he saw Abraham afar off, and

a horse's ears in Boston." A compositor-on a St. Louis paper, the other day, made an editor say that "this war cry is the key-hole of victory."

THE Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers have 30,000 members. If an insured member dies, his widow, children, or heirs receive \$3000. Since the insurance company was organized, nearly \$1,000,000 have been paid, the amount the past year being \$10,925. The only salaried officers are the Grand Chief Engineer, First Grand Engineer, and First Grand Assistant.

VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE.—Mr. James Vick, of Rochester, N. Y., has just issued the January number of his Floral Guide. It is a beautiful pamphlet, about the size of the ECLECTIC, composed of 132 pages, and contains almost innumerable illustrations of flowers, plants, and vegetables, with a description of each and their modes of culture. Mr. Vick also announces that he proposes to receive from his customers and others, subscriptions to the fund for the relief of the many suffering families in that portion of the West, which has been desolated by the grasshopper plague, and will himself contribute \$500 to the fund. Our readers can not do better than to send to Mr. Vick for his Floral Guide (25 cts. per year), and at the same time add to this a contribution for these suffering people. We hope that this fund will develop and increase, as Mr. Vick's seeds invariably do.

A TRAIN running at a moderate rate, which is about 21 miles per hour, would run over a distance of 500 miles per day of 24 hours, and at that speed would reach British India from London in about eight and a half days, or Peking in China in 11 days, or from Gibraltar to the Cape of Good Hope in 10 days, or from Quebec to Cape Horn in 17 days, or once round the globe in 51 days, or seven times round the globe in one year, or a distance equal from the earth to the moon in about 16 months, or from the earth to the sun in 500 years, which is 95,000,900 of miles.

LLOYD, the famous map man, has just invented a way of getting a relief plate from steel so as to print Lloyd's Map of American Continent—showing from ocean to ocean—on one entire sheet of bank note paper, 40x50 inches large, on a lightning press, and colored, sized and varnished for the wall so as to stand washing, and mailing anywhere in the world for 25 cents, or unvarnished for 10 cents.

This map shows the whole United States and Territories in a group, from surveys to 1875, with a million places on it, such as towns, cities, villages, mountains, lakes, rivers, streams, gold mines, and railway stations.

THE London Standard says: "Dr. Livingstone's last journals have just made their appearance after a delay which, considering their extent and the difficulty of deciphering them, has been singularly short. Thanks to his faithful attendants, there is reason to believe that not one line of the great traveler's writing has been lost, from the time of his leaving Zanzibar, in the beginning of 1866, to the day when his note-book dropped from his dying hand, in April of last year." The work includes the papers sent home after the explorer's death, and those brought by Mr. Stanley. The scientific observations are reserved for another book.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The Publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*The Starling.* By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D. New-York: Dodd & Mead. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 397. Price, \$1.50.

*Theology in the English Poets.* Cowper, Coleridge, Wordsworth, and Burns. By Rev. STOFFORD A. BROOKE, M.A. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 339. Price, \$2.00.

*A Brief History of Culture.* By JOHN S. HITTLL. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 329. Price, \$1.50.

*Selected Readings.* Serious and Humorous, in Prose and Poetry, with an Appendix on Elocution. By Prof. J. E. FROBISHER. New-York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 168. Price, \$1.00.

*The Bewildered Querists, and Other Nonsense.* By FRANCIS BLAKE CROFTON. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 127. Price, \$1.25.

*Geometry and Faith.* A Fragmentary Supplement to the Ninth Bridgewater Treatise. By THOMAS HILL. Revised and Enlarged Edition. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp. 70.

*The Grange: A Study in the Science of Society.* Practically Illustrated by Events in Current History. By GRACELIUS AMERICANUS. New-York: 1874. 16mo, cloth, pp. 245.



## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

**TO UNPAID SUBSCRIBERS.**—Those subscribers who have not yet remitted for this year, and a few others who owe for previous years as well, will find in this number of the *ECLECTIC* a statement of the amount due, together with an envelope bearing the Publisher's address, in which they can remit, either by Money Order, Draft, or Registered Letter. They will notice on the statement sent, a special notice which requires the bill to be paid before May 1st, or a small amount is added to the bill, which will include the postage, which we prepay.

As the new postage law compels us to prepay postage, and relieves subscribers of its payment, it would seem that we might justly expect at least advance payment from all our subscribers, or, if not this, they should be willing to pay the small advance which we are compelled to charge for the delay. We certainly prefer the advance payment, and hope there will be but very few of our subscribers who will not promptly remit the \$5, and thus save themselves postage, and the publisher all further trouble in regard to their accounts. There are still a few of our subscribers who owe for two or more years, and we ask them particularly at this time to remit the amount of their bills. It is unfair to subject us to long delay and the expense of collecting by means of a collecting agent, when in most cases it is thoughtlessness on the part of subscribers owing. If any of our readers know of any competent persons of either sex who would like to act as agents for us, we shall be glad to communicate with them.

THE *London Publishers' Circular* states that in the year 1874 there were published in Great Britain 3,351 new books, 961 new editions of older books, and 291 importations from America, making a total of 4,603, or 388 less than in the preceding year. This falling off may be accounted for by the increase in the cost of production. There is a decline of nearly 150 in theological books, but an increase in the number of scientific works, and in the books classed under the title, "Essays, Belles Lettres, etc." The publications of the year are divided into fourteen classes. There are 664 theological works, 478 of them being

new books, and not new editions nor American importations. Of educational, classical, and philological works the numbers are 365 in all, 301 being new books; of juvenile works the two numbers are 229 and 207; novels, 825 and 516; law, 124 and 71; on politics and trade, 133 and 101; arts, science, and illustrated works, 623 and 421; travels and geographical research, 244 and 178; history, biography, etc., 393 and 265; poetry and the drama, 305 and 223; year books and serials in volumes, 249 and 243; medicine, 135 and 95; belles lettres, essays, monographs, etc., 211 and 159; miscellaneous, including pamphlets, but not sermons, 103 and 93.

THE statistics of railroad building for 1874 are significant enough. It appears that 1,933 miles were constructed in that year, while in 1873 3,883 miles were built. This is a falling off of more than fifty per cent. Railway building has been a mania for the last ten years, and the craze culminated in 1872, when 7,340 miles of road were constructed. It is safe to say that not one of these roads out of ten was actually required by the business of the country, or was built in a legitimate way; and the depression under which the business of the country is weighed down to-day, is largely due to the burying of hundreds of millions of dollars in railway enterprises that were not needed and will not pay for a thousand years.

**BLACK BAND ORE.**—The Charleston (W. Va.) *Courier* says an important discovery of this ore has been made near that place, and adds that, by analysis, "It contains 33 per cent of metallic iron. And when thoroughly roasted it contains 65 per cent of metallic iron. It has enough carbonaceous matter to roast it." . . . "It is by far the most valuable discovery yet made in the Kanawha coal field, and settles the question about the superior advantages of this region for the manufacture of iron.

THE American Newspaper Advertising Agency of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., New-York, is the only establishment of the kind in the United States which keeps itself persistently before the people by advertising in newspapers. They evidently receive their reward, for we have it from a reliable source that advertising orders issued by them for their customers

have exceeded three thousand dollars a day since the commencement of the year, and this is not a very good year for advertising either.

FORTY-TWO million passengers were carried over Massachusetts railroads the past year, and only one person killed and seven injured, except by the personal carelessness of the victim of the accident.

Of the patent bell-punches manufactured at Colt's Armory, there are about 1,500 in use in New-York, 1,600 in Philadelphia, 400 in Boston, 200 in Chicago, 150 in Buffalo, 100 in Providence, 150 in Albany, and 200 in Troy. In London there are 1,600 in use, in Dublin 1,200, and 150 in Liverpool. These punches are not sold to the companies, but loaned to them at a fixed rate, and there are two punches for each car, the rental being twenty-five cents per day for each punch. The punch used to-day is turned into the office to be reset for tomorrow, and in the meantime the conductor employs the spare instrument. Generally every conductor is compelled to deposit \$100 with the company for the safe keeping and fair usage of the punches.

*The Illustrated Weekly* is a new eight-page paper, handsomely printed, and published by T. E. Moore, New-York. One-half the paper is devoted to illustrations, and an engraving supplement is given with every copy. Subscription price, \$2.50 per year.

A GENTLEMAN was looking into the window of a toy-store the other day, when two boys halted, and one remarked: "Say, Jim, don't you wish we had ten cents to buy a present for our poor lame sister?" Jim replied that he did, and the gentleman pulled out a shin-plaster, and said he was glad to be able to assist them in such a praiseworthy enterprise. He met the same boys half an hour afterward, and each had his pockets stuffed with pop-corn balls.—*Detroit Free Press*.

A CERTAIN zealous but ignorant negro preacher, in expounding to his flock as to the astonishing nature of miracles, got a little confused in the matter. He said: "My beloved friends, de greatest of all miracles was 'bout de loaves and fishes. Dere was 5,000 loaves and 3,000 fishes, an' de twelve 'postles had to eat dem all, and de miracle is dey didn't bust."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Abraham Lincoln.* His Life, Public Services, Death, and Great Funeral Cortege, with a History and Description of the National Lincoln Monument. By JOHN CARROLL POWER. Springfield, Ill.: E. A. Wilson & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 352. Price \$2.50.

*My Story.* A Novel. By Mrs. K. S. MACQUOID, author of "Patty." New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 8vo, paper, illustrated, pp. 189. Price \$1.

*Character Sketches.* By NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D. New-York: Dodd & Mead. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 370. Price \$1.50.

*The Wonderful Life.* By HESBA STRETTON. New-York: Dodd & Mead. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 325. Price, \$1.50.

*The Old House on Briar Hill.* By ISABELLA GRANT MEREDITH. New-York: Dodd & Mead. 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 352. Price, \$1.50.

*Childhood Songs.* By LUCY LARCOM. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. Square 12mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 202. Price \$2.25.

*The Life of His Royal Highness The Prince Consort.* By THEODORE MARTIN. With Portraits and Views. Vol. 1. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 420. Price \$2.

*The Influence of Music on Health and Life.* By Doctor H. CHOMET. Translated from the French by Mrs. LAURA A. FLINT. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 242. Price \$1.25.

*On Teaching: Its Ends and Means.* By HENRY CALDERWOOD, LL.D., F.R.S.E. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 114. Price \$1.25.

*Elements of Magnetism and Electricity.* By JOHN ANGELL. Putnam's Elementary Science Series. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, 120 illustrations, pp. 176. Price 75 cents.

*Principles of Metal Mining.* By J. H. COLLINS, F.G.S. Putnam's Elementary Science Series. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, 76 illustrations, pp. 149. Price 75 cents.

*A Letter to the Duke of Norfolk on Occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Expostulation.* By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. New-York: The Catholic Publication Society. 16mo, paper, pp. 271. Price 50 cents.

*A National Constitution the Only Road to National Peace.* A Letter to the President of the United States. By WILLIAM GILES DIX. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 16mo, paper, pp. 23.

*The Political, Personal, and Property Rights of a Citizen of the United States.* How to Exercise, and How to Preserve them. By THEOPHILUS PARSONS, LL.D. Hartford: S. S. Scranton & Co. 8vo, cloth, pp. 760. Sold by Subscription.

## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

POSTAGE-STAMPS were first used for the prepayment of postage by Great Britain, in 1840. Since then they have been issued by 140 countries. The United States first issued them in 1847. Twenty-three countries have issued postal cards, and thirty-nine countries stamped envelopes.

The question is often asked, "How many kinds of postage-stamps are there?" J. W. Scott gives in his catalogue a description of 2291. F. A. Gray states, in the *American Journal of Philately*, the number as 2362. Other catalogues give different accounts. Spain has issued the greatest number of stamps—119 kinds. The United States stands next in order, its emissions numbering eighty-nine.

The rage for collections of postage-stamps began in this country about fifteen years ago. Several boys were accustomed to meet in front of the old New-York Post-Office, and exchange the canceled stamps of their fathers' envelopes. Soon, older and wealthier persons became interested; the mania spread, until now philatelists are numbered by thousands. Among the many collections of stamps in this country, the finest is said to be in the possession of R. E. Stuart, the New-York sugar refiner. It numbers about 3000, and has cost as many dollars. Stamp-collecting began in England sooner than it did in this country. The following is from the *London Times* of 1841: "A young lady, being desirous of covering her dressing-room with canceled postage-stamps, has been so far encouraged in her wish by her private friends, as to have succeeded in collecting 16,000. These, however, being insufficient, she will be greatly obliged if any good-natured person, who may have these (otherwise useless) little articles at their disposal, would assist her in her whimsical project."

Stamp-collecting is carried on to an enormous extent, both in our own and foreign countries. There are several stamp dealers in the United States. One of them sold in one year 8000 packets of postage-stamps; and issued at one time an edition of 10,000 stamp albums. Another dealer has sold nearly 10,000 copies of *Stamp Collectors' Guide*. The rage now among wealthy amateurs is "provisional" stamps. Several post-offices in the

United States (and especially in the late Confederate States) have, at some time and for some cause, issued temporary stamps. Of some of these kinds not half a dozen now are known to be in existence. To obtain anything like a collection of these rare stamps costs years of labor, and a large outlay of money.

The United States has issued postage-stamps of eighteen denominations. At present we issue only ten denominations. During the last year over 500,000,000 have been made by the National Bank Note Company, of New-York.

THE NEW-YORK LIFE INSURANCE CO.—The thirtieth annual report of this company, which will be seen on our advertising pages, is well worthy of attention from those who have not yet insured their lives, and who contemplate doing so.

The amount of cash assets of the company in January of this year were \$27,348,667.08, while those of January, 1874, were \$24,430,879.32, thus showing an increase of net assets for a single year of the large sum of \$2,917,787.76.

Of course, other circumstances being equal, the best life insurance company is the strongest, and this array of figures ought to be conclusive on this point.

The number of policies issued during the year was 7254, for insurance to the amount of nearly \$22,000,000. From the undivided surplus of the year, amounting to \$2,184,724.05, the company has declared a reversionary dividend, available in settlement of the next annual premium to participating policies, proportionate to their contribution of surplus, and this gives to each policy a return of the amount it has contributed to this fund. The officers and trustees of the company embrace some of the best-known names in the city, and its affairs are ably and successfully managed by them, as the report shows.

WATCHES.—The following statistics, published by the *Annales du Commerce Extérieur*, are of interest: Out of 2,200,000 manufactured in Europe and America in 1870, Switzerland alone contributed 1,600,000; France, holding the second place, but greatly behind, produced 300,000; England, 200,000;

and the United States, 100,000. The Canton of Berne supplies the greater part of the ordinary watches—about 500,000 yearly. Geneva, devoted to the manufacture of the better sort, makes 150,000 a year. The Canton de Vaud confines its labors generally to making the works, exported to the number of 150,000, and the Canton de Neuchâtel is the most productive, alike in quantity and quality, yielding one half of the value. Hitherto the observatory at Neuchâtel has done the most for the regulation of watches. The variations, which in 1862 averaged 1.61 seconds per watch per day, did not exceed 0.57 seconds in 1868. As regards chronometers, out of ninety-nine submitted in 1868, fifty gave less than half a second of variation in twenty-four hours, and eight gave a little more than one second.

**THE WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS.**—As it is computed that about one third of our lives is spent in sleep, it is certainly of the highest importance, that when we do sleep, or attempt to, we should have the best means of conducting to it. Now the **WOVEN WIRE MATTRESS Co.**, after experimenting for a number of years, seem to us to have solved the problem as to what is the best means for the end. They make a mattress of coiled wire, which can be made harder or softer, as may be required, without removing it from the bedstead or hardly disturbing the covering. As the merits of its mattresses are now so well known, the business of the company is constantly increasing. Any one giving them a fair trial will not hesitate to decide as to their entire superiority for health, comfort, and durability.

**THE PRACTICAL SPEED OF TELEGRAPHY.**—The velocity of the electric current is not the measure of the actual rate of communication by means of it. The time required by the operators in adjusting and manipulating their instruments, and in transferring messages from one circuit to another, is the controlling element in the case. A few weeks ago, it is reported, a telegram was sent from New-York to London, and an answer received in thirty minutes, actual time. The distances traversed were: From New-York to Heart's Content, Newfoundland, 1300 miles; by cable to Valencia, 2000 miles; Valencia to London, 300 miles. Each of the telegrams, therefore, traveled 3600 miles, and passed through the hands of eighteen persons.

**NEW-YORK POST-OFFICE.**—There are now employed in postal duties in New-York City, 1032 clerks and carriers—a number which seems none too large when we remember that the work goes on uninterruptedly day and night. The amount of labor accomplished may be better comprehended in view of the fact, that during the year 1873, there were received, assorted and distributed at the New-York Post-Office about 60,000,000 of letters, foreign and domestic. The postal district includes twelve stations in addition to the general post-office, and each one of these stations does a larger business than post-offices in many important cities in our country. For example, Station A receives and delivers a daily average of 17,000 letters and papers, Station D a daily average of 24,000 letters and papers, and Station E 16,000.

HERE is the funeral notice of an Ohio woman:

"Neuralgia worked on Mrs. Jones,  
Till finally death laid her.  
She was a worthy Methodist  
And served as a crusader.  
Her obsequies will be at two,  
With plenty of good carriages;  
Death is the common lot of all,  
And comes as oft as marriages."

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*A Passionate Pilgrim, and Other Tales*. By HENRY JAMES, JR. Boston: J. R. Osgood & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 496. Price, \$2.00.

"*The Miracle of To-day.*" By CHARLES B. WARRING. 12mo, cloth, pp. 292. New-York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. Price, \$2.00.

*Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea.* By JAMES MORGAN HART. 18mo, cloth, pp. 155. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. Price, \$1.00.

*English Grammar.* By DR. K. MORRIS. New-York: Macmillan & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 115. Price, 40 cents.

*Art Journal.* For March. New-York: D. Appleton & Co. Price, 75 cents.

*The French Revolution and First Empire.* By WILLIAM O'CONNER MORRIS. Cloth, 12mo, pp. 305. New-York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co. Price, \$1.50.

*The True and the False Infallibility of the Pope.* By JOSEPH FESSLER. Paper, 16mo. New-York: The Catholic Publication Society. Price, 50 cents.



## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

### RAPID TRANSIT IN NEW-YORK.

At a late meeting of the Rapid Transit Association, Mr. Morrell, who had thoroughly investigated the subject, spoke as follows :

A rapid transit road must be built under existing charters by private capital, or an endeavor must be made to get through a general law at Albany, or the city must build it. It is important that some general law should be passed. The speaker thought that when practical men had given their time to solving the problem, practical men should listen to the results of their labors. The engineers estimated that 150,000,000 of persons are conveyed in the omnibuses and street cars per year. It struck him (the speaker) that this indicated the loss of an immense amount of time. If each passenger lost twenty minutes, the aggregate days lost would be 4,122,500. Deducting one third the amount for night trips, and assuming that workmen comprise half the passengers, at \$3 per day there is lost per year \$6,243,750—enough to make two funds of over \$3,000,000, sufficient to build a rapid transit road. In view of this state of facts, Mr. Morrell thought the time had come for practical men to take the matter up.

**BOUND VOLUMES OF ECLECTIC FOR THE NEW SERIES.**—We have now left only a limited number of bound volumes of the new series from January, 1865, to the present time, and as some of the earlier numbers are out of print, parties desiring them will do well to send us their orders at once. The new series now comprises twenty volumes of the most instructive and valuable articles that have appeared in foreign current literature for the past ten years. They are illustrated with over one hundred and twenty fine steel engravings, and for a public or private library they can not be excelled. We furnish them either in fine library binding, or in green cloth binding, as may be required.

**THE AMERICAN NATIONAL PREACHER** is too well known to need description or recommendation. It consists of forty volumes, ending in 1866. The sermons number a thousand and ten, from about five hundred authors, among whom are many of our most able, talented, and devoted ministers for the last forty years.

These discourses, many of them model ones, are rich in thought and evangelical in tone and spirit. There is no other such series in the world, and it will be handed down as a noble specimen of the style of preaching in the nineteenth century. As the complete sets become scarce, they become more valuable. The late Dr. Ide, of Springfield, said, that in a few years a set would be worth \$100. It is to be regretted that the stock is so limited. Even now complete sets can only be made up by reprinting wanting numbers, at a large expense. We still have, however, a few perfect sets left, which can be had by application to this office. There is a copious triple index of the whole 40 years, of about 50 pages, in pamphlet form. This, with price-list, will be sent to any one requesting it.

**HOW LITHOGRAPHY WAS DISCOVERED.**—After the first triumphant performance of Mozart's opera of "Don Juan," at Munich, the theatre was deserted by all except one man. Alois Sennefelder had still much to do. After seeing carefully around the stage that no sparks had ignited about the theatre, he retired to his little room to stamp the theatre tickets for the following day. As he entered the room he had three things in his hand—a polished whetstone for razors, which he had purchased, a ticket stamp, moistened with printer's ink, and a check on the theatre treasury for his week's salary. He placed the check on a table, when a gust of wind took it, swept it high up in his room for a moment, and then deposited it in a basin filled with water. Sennefelder took the wet paper, dried it as well as he could, and then to make sure of it, weighted it down with the whetstone, on which he had carelessly before put the printing stamp. Returning to his room on the following morning, he was surprised to see the letters of the stamp printed with remarkable accuracy on the damp paper. He gazed long at the check, a sudden thought flashed through his brain; he wondered if by some such means he could not save himself the weary trouble he continually had copying the songs of the chorus. That very morning he went out and purchased a larger stone, and commenced to make experiments, and, as we all know, finally succeeded in discovering the art of printing from stone—lithography.

**PORTFOLIOS FOR ECLECTIC ENGRAVINGS.**—We can furnish neat cloth cases or portfolios for our engravings, holding from ten to fifty quartos, at the moderate price of 50 cents each (for the portfolios). With the aid of our catalogue, comprising some three hundred different subjects, our friends can select a gallery of kings, queens, authors, statesmen, philosophers, or almost any other collection to suit their fancy. A more desirable or useful gift to a person of cultivated taste, can hardly be found, at so small an expense. We send catalogues free, on application.

**THE NEW POSTAL LAW.**—The recent act of Congress, doubling the rates of postage on third-class matter, creates much dissatisfaction. It is charged that it was hurried through during the closing hours of Congress, without discussion, and that it was passed through the influence of the express companies, who will be the only parties benefited by it. For so important a measure, it certainly received but little attention in Congress, and many of those most largely interested knew nothing of it until it had become a law.

**BACK NUMBERS OF ECLECTIC WANTED.**—The constant demand for back volumes of ECLECTIC from the beginning of the old series, has nearly exhausted our supply of some of the earlier numbers, and we are now in want of the following numbers for 1844: February, March, April, and June. Parties having these numbers and wishing to dispose of them, will please write to this office.

We gain some idea of the extent of the pension business from the fact that the rejected applications on file in the Treasury alone number sixty thousand, while the investigation of fraudulent pensions has necessitated the appointment of a general traveling agent, at a salary of \$1800 and \$3 per day for expenses.

A LOG of wood containing a sealed bottle has just been picked up at Havre, France. It was one of the several thrown overboard from the Prince Napoleon, in its Arctic expedition, to test the force of currents. The writing it contained was perfectly legible, although the log had been drifting since 1860.

In the ten years from 1864 to 1874 inclusive, 2718 locomotives were made in three establishments at Paterson, the largest number furnished in one year being 398, in 1873. Last year only 107 were turned out in the three shops.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the ECLECTIC, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Protection and Free Trade.* An Inquiry whether Protective Duties can benefit the Interests of a Country in the Aggregate; including an Examination into the Nature of Value. By ISAAC BUTTS. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 12mo, cloth, pp. 190, with portrait. Price, \$1.50.

*Goethe's Hermann and Dorothea.* Edited, with an Introduction, Commentary, etc., by JAMES MORGAN HART. New-York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 16mo, cloth, pp. 155.

*The Mosaic Account of Creation. The Miracle of To-day; or, New Witnesses to the Oneness of Genesis and Science.* By CHARLES B. WARRING. New-York: J. W. Schermerhorn. 16mo, cloth, pp. 292.

*The True and the False Infallibility of the Popes.* A Controversial Reply to Dr. Schulte. By Dr. JOSEPH FESSLER. New-York: Catholic Publication Society. 16mo, paper, pp. 167. Price, 50 cents.

*Heredity: A Psychological Study of its Phenomena, Laws, Causes, and Consequences.* From the French of "Th. Ribot." New-York: D. Appleton & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 393. Price, \$2.

*Ralph Wilton's Weird.* By Mrs. ALEXANDER, author of "The Wooing O't." New-York: Henry Holt & Co. 16mo, cloth, pp. 267. Price, \$1.25.

*Conditions of Success in Preaching Without Notes.* Three Lectures delivered before the Students of Union Theological Seminary. By RICHARD S. STORRS, D.D., LL.D. New-York: Dodd & Mead. 12mo, cloth, pp. 233.

*God's Word Through Preaching.* The Lyman Beecher Lectures before the Theological Department of Yale College. Fourth Series. By JOHN HALL, D.D. New-York: Dodd & Mead. 12mo, cloth, pp. 274. Price, \$1.50.

*English Portraits.* By C. A. SAINTE-BEUVE. Selected and translated from the "Causeries du Lundi," with an Introductory Chapter on Sainte-Beuve's Life and Writings. New-York: Henry Holt & Co. 12mo, cloth, pp. 310. Price, \$2.

*Macready's Reminiscences, and Selections from his Diaries and Letters.* Edited by SIR FREDERICK POLLOCK. New-York: Macmillan & Co. 12mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 750. Price, \$2.50.

*Postscript to a Letter Addressed to the Duke of Norfolk, on occasion of Mr. Gladstone's Recent Expostulation, and in Answer to his "Vaticanism."* By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, D.D. Together with the Decrees and Canons of the Vatican Council. New-York: Catholic Publication Society. 16mo, paper, pp. 31.

## PUBLISHER'S MISCELLANY.

### REMOVAL.

The office of the *ECLECTIC*, which has been, for the past seven years, located at No. 108 Fulton Street, is now removed to our more commodious quarters, at No. 25 Bond Street.

**SPECIAL NOTICE.**—The publisher has the pleasure of announcing to his subscribers and book-buyers generally, that he has become the New-York Agent for the publications of Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of Philadelphia, and succeeds to their old-established agency, at No. 25 Bond Street.

The list of publications of this house are surpassed by none in the country, embracing as they do, standard works on History, Biography, Science, Education, Law, Medicine, Poetry and Fiction; besides a large variety of light and entertaining literature, and additions are constantly being made. Classified catalogues of these publications will be furnished on application, free of charge.

The publisher would call special attention to the fact that he will send any book on the list of Messrs. Lippincott & Co., or any of their new publications, by mail or express, prepaid, on receipt of price.

He will also keep constantly on hand, at the above location, a full line of all Messrs. Lippincott & Co.'s publications, and will be happy to have a call from any of his subscribers or friends, who may desire to obtain them, or any other books, wherever published.

WHITE-LAW REID, ESQ., editor of the *New-York Tribune*, was the recipient of a handsome present on the 35th anniversary of that paper, from the editorial and city staff, of a magnificent set of silver, handsomely and appropriately inscribed with the picture of the new building and the monograms "H. G., 1841," and "W. R., 1875." Dr. George Ripley made the presentation speech, which glowingly eulogized Mr. Reid, to which he responded in a brief but feeling address.

**A LITERARY MORGUE.**—Twenty-five years ago there was opened in a small cellar on Ann Street, New-York, which still exists, and is used for the same purpose, what may be called a literary morgue, or a reception vault for rejected manuscripts and yesterday's news. For this world moves on so fast, the news of yesterday becomes stale to-day, and to-morrow it

is cast out. What was commenced on April 1, 1850, has proved to be no foolish speculation, but has steadily grown in size, until now a large number of vaults have been added to the original one, as well as many upper chambers, extending from 25 Ann Street round the corner to Theatre Alley, including an old engine-house, used as such when "the boys ran wid der machine." The one basement cellar has grown to eight, and the little first-floor office has expanded into a large number of warerooms on the first and second floors, while something like forty men and women are employed to assort and pack the papers which daily come pouring into the door of 25 Ann Street.

Some idea of the amount of business done may be inferred when it is stated that last year over three thousand tons of paper stock was shipped to the paper mills—enough to keep several of them running. This stock includes almost every thing that is written upon and printed, from a State report or department document to a show-bill or love-letter. At times, as many as fifty orders a day are received by mail or telegraph for a man to call at various places in the city and collect the waste paper which has accumulated in lawyers' offices, in banking houses, in private residences and other places. A Wall Street banking house once sold its stock of waste paper, the accumulation of fifty years, for \$1,900.

Paper stock is worth gold, and since the vast increase of book and newspaper publishing in this country, commands a high price. Every scrap of paper has its value, for the purpose of being transformed into new paper. This stock, as it rolls in a flood into 25 Ann Street, is very interesting to study—counterfeit money, Confederate bonds, rejected plays from the Union Square and other theatres, rejected manuscripts from all the magazine and newspaper offices, envelopes with postage stamps from all parts of the world, unpopular and old books (sometimes rare works), the refuse of book-binders, lawyers' papers and letters of every description.—*Home Journal*.

In calling attention to the advertisement of the Health Lift, we are glad to commend it as the most safe and efficient mode of exercise, and especially for the busy men of professional

city life. Indeed, it makes strong appeals to the common sense of every man and woman, in every walk of life, who value health.

The extraordinary vigor that has been acquired, and the cures that have been effected, demonstrate that it is easy to maintain health if you have it, and by proper efforts, to regain it when lost.

It possesses the merits of simplicity, economy of brain power, economy of time, and the widest adaptability, being suited to the needs of the strongest man or the most delicate woman.

#### BOOKS RECEIVED.

[The publisher will send any book reviewed in the *ECLECTIC*, or any other new publication, postage paid, on receipt of the price.]

*Fungi: Their Nature and Uses.* By M. C. COOKE, M.A., LL.D. Edited by the Rev. M. J. BERKELEY, M.A., F.L.S. International Scientific Series. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 12mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 299. Price, \$1.50.

*Nature and Life.* Facts and Doctrines relating to the Constitution of Matter, the New Dynamics, and the Philosophy of Nature. By FERNAND PAPILLON. Translated from the second French Edition, by A. R. MACDONOUGH. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 12mo, cloth, pp. 363. Price, \$2.

*Science Primers. Astronomy.* By J. NORMAN LOCKYER, F.R.S. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 18mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 120. Price, 50 cents.

*Conquering and to Conquer.* By the author of the "Schonberg-Cotta Family." New-York: *Dodd & Mead.* 12mo, cloth, pp. 181. Price, \$1.25.

*Musical Composers and their Works.* For the use of Schools and Students in Music. By SARAH TYTLER. Boston: *Roberts Brothers.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 426. Price, \$2.

*The Sexes throughout Nature.* By ANTOINETTE BROWN BLACKWELL. New-York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 12mo, cloth, pp. 240. Price, \$1.50.

*English Statesmen.* By THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON. New-York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 363. Price, \$1.50.

*The Chemistry of Light and Photography.* By DR. HERMANN VOGEL. International Scientific Series. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 12mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 288. Price, \$1.50.

*Boys and Girls in Biology; or, Simple Studies of the Lower Forms of Life.* Based upon the Latest Lectures of Professor T. H. Huxley. By SARAH HACKETT STEVENSON. New-York: *D. Appleton & Co.* 12mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 186. Price, \$1.50.

*History Primers. History of Greece.* By C. A. FYFFE, M.A. New-York: *Macmillan & Co.* 18mo, cloth, pp. 127. Price, 40 cents.

*Mr. Smith. A part of his Life.* By L. B. WALFORD. Leisure Hour Series. New-York: *Henry Holt & Co.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 365. Price, \$1.25.

*The Geological Story Briefly Told.* An Introduction to Geology for the General Reader and for Beginners in the Science. By JAMES D. DANA, LL.D. New-York: *Iverson, Blake-man, Taylor & Co.* 16mo, cloth, illustrated, pp. 263. Price, \$1.50.

*Baptism as a Sacrament in the Catholic Church.* By Rev. M. S. GROSS. New-York: *Catholic Publication Society.* 16mo, paper, pp. 47.

*Mr. Gladstone's Expostulation Unravell'd.* By BISHOP ULLATHORNE. New-York: *Catholic Publication Society.* 16mo, paper, pp. 91.

*The Syllabus for the People.* A Review of the Propositions Condemned by His Holiness Pius IX. By A MONK. New-York: *Catholic Publication Society.* 16mo, paper, pp. 51.

*Problems of Life and Mind.* By GEORGE HENRY LEWES. First Series. The Foundations of a Creed. Vol. II. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.* 8vo, cloth, pp. 487. Price, \$3.

*Leisure Day Rhymes.* By JOHN GODFREY SAXE. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.* 12mo, cloth, pp. 269. Price, \$2.

*Transatlantic Sketches.* By HENRY JAMES, Jr. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.* 12mo, cloth, pp. 401. Price, \$2.

*Sex in Industry: A Plea for the Working Girl.* By AZEL AMES, Jr., M.D. Boston: *J. R. Osgood & Co.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 158. Price, \$1.25.

*Home Sketches in France, and other Papers.* By the late MRS. HENRY M. FIELD. With some notices of her Life and Character. New-York: *G. P. Putnam's Sons.* 16mo, cloth, pp. 256. Price, \$1.50.

*Personal Reminiscences.* By CORNELIA KNIGHT and THOMAS RAIKES. Bric-a-Brac Series. Edited by RICHARD HENRY STODDARD. 16mo, cloth, pp. 339. Price, \$1.50.



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